

2. lat. a. 2612 u
(1)

Vergilius Maro, Publius. Aeneid. Eng. King.

THE
ÆNEID OF VIRGIL,

Translated into English Verse.

~~~~~  
BY  
THE REV. J. M. KING,  
(Late Scholar of Ball. Coll., Oxford,)  
VICAR OF CUTCOMBE, SOMERSET, AND CHAPLAIN  
TO THE LORD DORCHESTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
FRANCIS & JOHN RIVINGTON,  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND WATERLOO PLACE.  
1847.





fg 186/40157



64

24

17

12751

EDWARD ELIOT, 1815-18







C1  
873

W. A. L.

21

LONDON:  
RICHARD CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
HENRY,  
LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

---

MY LORD,

As I am indebted, for the only preferment I have obtained in my profession, to your Lordship, who, when raised, by the energy of your own talents, to the highest civil station in this kingdom, did not forget those who had been honoured by your earlier friendship, it is natural that I should wish to present to you the best offering that my ability will permit:

*"Me tener solvet vitulus."*

And as Poetry and Oratory are but two different streams that gush from the same full and sparkling



fountain, it cannot be otherwise than becoming, to dedicate a version of the noblest Poem of Antiquity to the greatest Orator of Modern Times, however unworthy that version may be, both of its subject and its object.

I am, my Lord,

With all respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's

Very obliged and obedient Servant,

JOHN MYERS KING.



## PREFACE.

---

THIS translation of the *Æneid*, undertaken and completed, like its predecessor of the *Georgicks*, solely for the purposes of my own family, is now offered to the public, in the hope that it may not be altogether unacceptable or without use, as well to those who have an interest in forming the taste of others, as to persons generally who may not be perfectly familiar with the Latin tongue. It cannot, I think, be denied, that the works of Virgil contain a more perfect union of imagination and judgment, of poetical inspiration and chastened elegance, and of correctness and delicacy in taste, with melody<sup>1</sup> in sound, and harmony<sup>1</sup> in numbers, than any other composition which the human intellect has produced. They surely, therefore, deserve very frequent perusal from all who would not wish to weaken their

<sup>1</sup> The term melody is applied correctly to sweetness in one single note or sound, harmony to perfection in a union of many sounds or numbers.



intellectual powers by reading only the literature of the present day, which, as it excels that of every other age with which we are acquainted in variety and entertainment, so does it bear upon it (with some great exceptions) the strongest marks of perishableness.

True it is, that with regard to this particular portion of his writings, it may be asserted, that Virgil loved the plains of Mantua better than the battle-field before Laurentum, and that his heart's wish would have been there to wander undisturbed,

“ Warbling and sauntering carelessly along.”

“ Ipsâ dulcedine captus, velut puer, nihil ultra quærit, modo liberis ferri possit campis, cœloque ac sole aperto, nullâ solitudine, nullo strepitu spatari.”<sup>1</sup>

True it is, that the labours of the swain were more delightful to him than the deeds of the warrior; that he enjoyed the character of Tityrus more than that of Turnus, and that the old Corycian peasant found more favour in his eyes than the cold, though pious Æneas; yet who than he is more terrible in the storm, or more glorious in the battle? The *εὐεργεσία*, the vividness in description, is never wanting. He himself, by the exquisite finish of the Georgicks, has been the source of half the criticisms adverse to his Æneid. It has always been the most admired by those whose kindred inspiration rendered them most capable of perceiving and feeling its beauties. Not less in this than in his other poems was he, *e. g.* the

<sup>1</sup> Keble.



favourite poet of the learned and elegant author of the *Minstrel*, the eloquent and critical Essayist on Poetry and Music, on Memory and Imagination, on Fable and Romance, and on the Utility of Classical Learning, who declares that, "in the choice of his words, and the modulation of his numbers, he has never been copied with tolerable success in any other tongue;" a declaration, the truth of which is most forcibly felt by those who have attempted the arduous task. When he describes,

"What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,  
 "When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains  
 "His deep majestic melody 'gan roll,"

we must extend the praise from the Pastoral to the more majestic and not less melodious Epic; to vindicate the author of which from the charge of impiety he contributed to the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1790,<sup>1</sup> "Remarks on some passages in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*;" and of the same book, in another place, he writes, "That though an imitation of the eleventh of the *Odyssey*, it is incomparably more sublime;" he adds, "the night adventure of Diomedes and Ulysses, excellent as it is, must be allowed to be inferior to the episode of Nisus and Euryalus."

Further, I believe I may assert, and this, I hope, without the vanity of supposing that my own version will effect so desirable an object, that if the *Æneid* is to

<sup>1</sup> I have not been able to meet with this paper myself, but mention it on the authority of Chalmers's *Memoir of Dr. Beattie*, prefixed to an Edition of the *Minstrel* and other poems. London, 1806.



become a popular poem at the present day in the English language, a fresh translation of it is required. Dryden was too great a poet himself to submit to be a good translator. Not to mention that he was chained to his task in sickness and weariness, being obliged, as he himself so pathetically observes, to complete, in a short period of worn-out powers, what had taken the whole vigour of life to accomplish. It was Samson grinding at the mill. "His Virgil," observes Dr. Beattie, "abounds in lines and couplets of the most perfect beauty; but these are mixed with others of a different stamp: nor can they who judge of the original by this translation, ever receive any tolerable idea of that uniform magnificence of sound and language, that exquisite choice of words and figures, and that sweet pathos of expression and of sentiment, which characterize the Mantuan Poet."<sup>1</sup>

Again, in commencing my work, not only did I find rhyme most agreeable to my own taste, but I felt equally satisfied that if executed in blank verse, it would never be a favourite with the generality of readers.<sup>2</sup> I would

<sup>1</sup> Note to the Essay on Poetry and Music. Part I. cap. i.

<sup>2</sup> "Some critics, taking all their notions from the practice of Greece and Rome, have represented rhyme of every kind as a ridiculous thing. But that cannot be ridiculous to which we are continually accustomed; which, independent of custom, is in itself almost universally pleasing, and which has acquired additional grace and dignity, by being so much used as an ornament in our most beautiful compositions. In fact, we find that blank verse, except where the want of rhyme is compensated, as it is in Milton, by the harmony and variety of the composition, can never have a good effect in our *heroic* poetry."—*Dr. Beattie's Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, cap. ii.



instance the two celebrated translations of the Iliad extant in our language, which will probably never be equalled, certainly never be surpassed. No one, I should conceive, ever read that of Cowper without the highest admiration of the man, who, uniting the acquirements of the scholar with the noble genius of the poet, has transferred into another tongue the thoughts and images of near 3,000 years ago, almost without passing over or misrepresenting one; and without losing the spirit of any of those numerous and wonderful epithets, which Homer only could have conceived, and the Greek language alone, as one might well have thought, could have expressed. And yet, were this same reader to turn to the pages of Pope, he would probably feel provoked with himself, at finding that he was irresistibly carried on, totally unable to lay down the book, though conscious all the while that he was wandering rather over the flowery lawns of Richmond, than through the groves of Argos. The landscape spreads out as fair, and the moonlight is as beautiful upon it;<sup>1</sup> Nestor is wise in the council, and Hector godlike in the field; Andromache commands our admiration and our tears, the white-haired Priam our reverence and our pity; but the simplicity is not there, (perhaps, considering the different state of letters at the respective periods, it could not be,) nor the wonderful might of genius in its earliest and untrimmed vigour, at which we continue to gaze for

<sup>1</sup> See the inimitable lines at the end of the Eighth Book of Pope's translation of the Iliad, which he who would not give half his substance to have written, but ill deserves to read.



ever with unceasing astonishment and delight, as, great without rule, it pours along with an impetuosity that is checked only by the will of the artist; who struck off a work so perfect, that, when Science would unfold the mysteries of the art, she had first to instruct herself from the thing produced, and Aristotle did but trace out the principles on which Homer had fashioned the *Iliad*.

After all, I am very conscious it may be said, that the translator is only reversing the labours of the good fairy in the German tale, and turning gold into straw; but those who are denied access to the glowing canvass of Rome, may be content to look upon the colder lines of an engraving. Of my own copy I cannot be expected to speak; its success or failure must depend upon the fidelity and spirit it exhibits, or in which it is deficient,—upon the rudeness or delicacy of its touch.

Of the notes, which display neither novelty nor research, I must be permitted, in justice to myself, to observe, that, as they were found to promote the end for which they were set down, viz.—to facilitate our own perusal, so are they printed under the supposition that they may possibly answer the same purpose with others.

The greatest privilege in a Roman family, was to receive, with your own lips, the last breath of the departing member; and affection thus became possessed of a treasure, of which no adverse circumstances could deprive the survivor. In like manner, without any reference to public success, he will find himself in possession of no



mean advantage, no small store for the evening of life, who shall have laboured to infuse into his own breast the slightest breathings of that divine spirit which animated, and placed so far above us,

“ Those masters, o’er whose tomb  
“ Immortal laurels ever bloom.”

“ Whatever is amusing and instructive in fable, whatever in description is beautiful, or in composition harmonious, whatever can soothe or awaken the human passions, the Greek and Roman authors have carried to perfection. From them also we may learn the purest precepts of uninspired morality, delivered in the most enchanting language, illustrated by the happiest allusions, and enforced by the most pertinent examples and most emphatical reasoning.”<sup>1</sup>

No one, I think, can have read the works of Virgil in particular, without feeling how eminently he deserved the homage implied by Horace, when in his playful invitation he writes,

“ *Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.*”

“ Homer and Virgil were,” again to quote from the same Essay, “ skilled in all the learning of their time.” And how great that learning was in the case of the latter will be acknowledged by all who recollect, that it embraced an accurate acquaintance with the poets, the historians, and the philosophers of Greece. Hence it is, that every

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Beattie on Classical Learning.



repeated perusal of his writings opens to the mind fresh sources of enjoyment, and furnishes it with fresh matter on which to draw with advantage, and to reflect with profit.

I thus close my Work, which, undertaken at first for the sake of my children, soon became (as Providence has mercifully appointed that every exercise of our faculties, even in the least degree, for the benefit of our fellows, shall) a source of unfailing delight to myself; and I part from it with regret, as from an occupation always soothing to the mind, often supplying a keen sense of pleasure, and one which has afforded me more hours of quiet happiness, than I can ever expect to enjoy again from any employment unconnected with higher objects than those of this world. And now, whatever may be its fate,—if, as is most probable, it sink at once into obscurity, or, to speak more correctly, never emerge from it,—nay, even though it should be assailed by the just severity of criticism,—the motive which prompted its commencement, and the feelings which accompanied its execution, can never furnish other than pleasurable recollections; much less shall I be discouraged from endeavouring to render this version more worthy of its divine original, by continually practising the celebrated precept of Horace, which Cowper has thus, with equal manliness and truth, confirmed: “To touch, and re-touch, although some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, is the secret of almost all good



writing, especially in verse ;" we may add,—most especially in verse translations. I am too remote from the arena, and too unskilled in the use of its polished arms, ever to enter upon the great struggle for literary fame,—the highest point of civilized man's ambition. I have simply exercised that invaluable privilege of some acquaintance with the noble works of antiquity, which is secured to every English gentleman by the education his country gives him, in favour of that which is most dear to every Englishman—his home. "Every man desires that his son may be learned; and that not so much from a view to pecuniary advantage, as from a desire to have him supplied with the means of useful instruction, and liberal amusement."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Beattie.

J. M. K.

CUTCOMBE VICARAGE,  
*Midsummer Day, 1847.*







## CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

---

|                 | PAGE |
|-----------------|------|
| BOOK I. . . . . | 1    |
| II. . . . .     | 39   |
| III. . . . .    | 79   |
| IV. . . . .     | 117  |
| V. . . . .      | 159  |
| VI. . . . .     | 205  |







## BOOK I.

---

THE Trojans under the command of Æneas having left Sicily, which they had reached after a voyage of seven years, are driven on the coast of Africa, and entertained by Dido. The description of the storm, the appearance of Neptune, the Trojan pictures on the walls at Carthage, the description of the banquet, the song of Iöpas, are points of particular spirit and beauty. The whole book is most perfect, both in the actions of its characters, and the structure and harmony of its verse; it is the beautiful entrance to a noble temple; the genius and judgment of the Author never fail him. The same, indeed, may be said of the whole poem; there is scarcely a faulty thread throughout the web; and where there is, it is because death prevented the master's hand from finishing his task.







# THE ÆNEID.

---

## BOOK I.

THE Bard who late with pipe and pastoral song  
Won gentle maids and charm'd the rustic throng,  
Then left the groves, and taught the barren field  
To swell with fruits, or golden harvests yield,  
Now sings of arms and Troy's great chief, who bore 5  
The gods of Ilium to the Tyber's shore,  
When Juno's wrath descending lash'd the main,  
And discord raged upon Laurentum's plain :  
Whence sprang our Alban sires, our Latian home,  
And thy proud Capitol, eternal Rome. 10

Sing, heavenly maid, what dire offence the queen  
Of courts celestial and of gods had seen  
In one for piety renown'd : and say,  
Can mortal passions on immortals prey.

Fronting the Tyber, where the sounding flood 15  
Sweeps Libya's sands, an ancient city stood :



Carthage, whose sons from wealthy Tyrus came,  
Shone forth in arms, and gain'd a nobler name.  
Here Juno loved, so sacred legends tell,  
Though Samos wept, in costlier fanes to dwell: 20  
Her arms, her altar, and her chariot here,  
In solemn pomp her priestly train appear ;  
And here e'en then she hoped in after days  
The sovereign mistress of mankind to raise.  
Opposing which she heard, so fate decreed, 25  
A martial people should from Troy proceed,  
Who, rival Carthage from her empire hurl'd,  
Should know no limit, and command the world.  
Proudly she thought, how once her aid she bore  
To conquering Argos on the Phrygian shore ; 30  
And still the insult work'd within her mind,  
How scornful youth her proffer'd realm declin'd,  
When Paris turn'd from her majestic grace  
To softer beauty and a fairer face :<sup>1</sup>  
Still Ganymede in Hebe's garland dress'd, 35  
And frail Electra rankled in her breast.  
From hence all Troy the wrath of Juno shared,  
Who sterner slew where stern Achilles spared:  
To every coast the wandering exiles came,  
So vast the work to found the Roman name. 40

Sicilia's cliffs were fading from their view  
As through the waves the Trojan vessels flew,

<sup>1</sup> For this and many other admirable lines I am indebted to my kind friend and neighbour, the Rev. Russell Richards, Rector of Wooten Courtenay, my never wearying assistant throughout this work.



When the glad sight aroused Saturnia's hate,  
And thus she mused: Shall Juno yield to fate?  
Could Pallas all the tempest's force command, 45  
Nay, launch Jove's awful thunder from her hand,  
Avenge on Greece her once polluted fane,  
Scatter the vessels, and upturn the main,  
Stout Ajax fling upon a pointed rock,  
Hissing with flames, and lifeless from the shock; 50  
And yet must I, who courts celestial tread,  
Who born his sister, share the thunderer's bed,  
The queen of gods, with feeble men contend,  
Too weak the war 'gainst one proud race to end?  
O who will then great Juno's name adore, 55  
Their gifts present, or bend her shrine before?

Thus mused the goddess, and to fury wrought,  
The birth-place of the winds, Æolia, sought,  
Where Æolus in gloomy grandeur reigns,  
Compels the whirlwind, and the tempest chains; 60  
Whilst they indignant roar the cave around,  
And fill the mountain with their bellowing sound:  
But calm their king amid the tumult stands,  
Rais'd on a rock, and all their rage commands.  
His hand withdrawn, in wild impetuous race, 65  
Earth, sea, and air were whirl'd through empty space.  
But Jove, this dire confusion to prevent,  
In deepest caves the daring spirits pent,  
Heap'd huge hills on them, and a king assign'd,  
Whose airy sceptre awes each rushing wind. 70



This king can quell the storm, the whirlwind rein,  
Or pour its fury on the trembling main.

On whom the queen of gods in suppliant guise  
Her arts persuasive and entreaties tries :

“ Æolus, for Jove to thee the rule assign’d, 75

“ Which smoothes the waters, or lets loose the wind,

“ A race detested ploughs the Tuscan wave,

“ Their poor remains on Latium’s coast to save ;

“ To Italy they bring the gods of Troy:

“ Unbind thy winds, and all their ships destroy; 80

“ Or drive their scatter’d fleet the ocean o’er,

“ And cast their mangled corpses on the shore.

“ Twice seven young virgins bow to my command :

“ Deïopea, fairest of the band,

“ To thee I give to live in love’s embrace, 85

“ And make thee father of a beauteous race.” <sup>1</sup>

To whom the King of Tempests : “ Queen, ’tis thine

“ To form the project, to complete it mine.

“ To thee I owe that storms my empire own,

“ To thee, that Jove confirms my airy throne ; 90

“ To thee, at blissful banquets to recline,

“ Receiv’d by Gods, and worshipp’d as divine.”

<sup>1</sup> The parallel passage to this will be found in the 14th Book of the Iliad, when Juno prefers her request to Sleep. Scaliger gives the preference to Virgil, but is accused of partiality by Mr. Pope, who, however, admits that the promise of children is here added with great judgment, and very conformably to the religion of the Romans, among whom Juno was supposed to preside over human births ; an office, he observes, not assigned to her in the Greek Mythology.



His spear the mountain struck : the winds rush forth,  
As thundering squadrons charge, and scour the earth.  
East, South, and West, in mighty tumult roar, 95  
And roll huge billows on the sounding shore.  
Loud shout the crews, still louder roars the main,  
And groans the cordage with the tempest's strain.  
Dense clouds roll swiftly up th' ethereal steep,  
Light fails, and darkness settles on the deep. 100  
From pole to pole loud thunder shakes the spheres,  
Fork'd lightnings flash, and instant death appears.  
E'en great Æneas owns unwonted fear ;  
Up-rais'd his hands in pious form appear.  
" Thrice happy ye, whose lot it was to die 105  
" 'Midst kinsmen's tears, with kinsmen's dust to lie !  
" O would that I a nobler death had won,  
" Slain by thy sword, great Tydeus' godlike son !  
" Where fell Sarpedon, Lycia's monarch proud ;  
" Where e'en stern Hector to Achilles bow'd ; 110  
" And whelm'd beneath the Simoïs' crimson'd wave,  
" Troy's mightiest heroes found a soldier's grave ;  
" While to the main the purple current bore  
" The shield and helmet that her warriors wore."  
From the dark north the raging storm prevails, 115  
Lifts the white foam, and strikes the trembling sails ;  
The oars break short, the ship deserts her course,  
And turns a broad-side to the tempest's force.  
Crested with foam, huge mountains towering rise,  
Wave breaks on wave, and thunders to the skies. 120



These hang upon the billows' watery steep,  
Those plunge between them to the boiling deep :  
Here in mid ocean earth laid bare appears,  
Here foam and sand the seething water bears.  
'Three on sunk rocks the furious south-wind throws, 125  
Aræ the name the Latian seaman knows,  
Who marks them rising from the stormy brine,  
Lift their dark backs like some gigantic shrine.  
'Three Eurus drives, too weak to hold their course,  
On shallow sand-banks with impetuous force : 130  
Fix'd on the ridge immovable they stand,  
Their painted hulls embedded in the sand.  
Where good Orontes on his deck is borne  
Towers a huge wave, then dashes on the stern,  
And whelms the helmsman, from his rudder torn : 135  
Thrice whirl'd around, no art the ship can save ;  
She reels, then founders in the yawning wave.  
Here some strong swimmer struggles with his fate,  
Where float the treasures of the Trojan state ;  
Ilioneus, Achates, Abas brave, 140  
And old Alethes, scarce support the wave ;  
The opening seams receive the hostile shower,  
And bends the vessel to the tempest's roar.

Now Neptune, rising through the foaming seas,  
With look severe the raging storm surveys, 145  
Beholds his empire in confusion thrown,  
His power usurp'd, and yet the realm his own ;  
Sees Troy's great chief the sport of every wind,  
And reads the wrath that fills Saturnia's mind.



The furious winds he summon'd to his side, 150

And thus his words the daring spirits chide :

“ Lawless by race, and rebels from your birth,<sup>1</sup>

“ Shake ye the heavens, and unbalance earth ?

“ Whom I—but now these waves my care demand :

“ Repeat the crime, and feel my sovereign hand. 155

“ Hence to your king, and say, 'tis mine to reign

“ With awful trident o'er the azure main :

“ Wild rocks are his, your stormy home, and there

“ Imprison'd tempests are his noble<sup>2</sup> care.”

The deed prevents the word ; the order goes, 160

The swelling waves sink down in soft repose ;

Clouds which up-piled in heaps chaotic lie

Disperse, bright sun-shine glads the smiling sky.

Their powers Cymothoë and Triton show,

And from the rock lift off the shattered prow ; 165

Neptune himself his brazen trident plies,

The sand-bank levelling where the vessel lies,

Then smooths the surface of the angry main,

On light wheels gliding o'er the glassy plain.

And as when faction's noisy passions rise, 170

If while through air each angry missile flies,

Some citizen of grave repute appears,

Awe-struck the rabble stand with listening ears :

So all the uproar of the storm was staid,

Soon as the god his face serene display'd ; 175

<sup>1</sup> The Winds were sprung from Aurora and Astræus, one of the Titans.

<sup>2</sup> There is a tone of irony in the original, “*illâ se jactet in aulâ*,” to reserve which, I have used the word “noble.”



Still was the sky as on his horses flew,  
And smooth the sea where sped his chariot through.

The weary Trojans now, the tempest o'er,  
With shatter'd vessels seek the nearest shore.

Off Libya's coast an islet's rocky side 180

Breaks the rude swell of Ocean's sounding tide ;

The waves divide, and murm'ring o'er the sand

With gentle force run up the winding strand.

Around the bay vast rocks ascend on high,

Rise with twin cliffs, and seem to dare the sky ; 185

Beneath, the tranquil sea unlash'd to foam

With soothing cadence calls the sailors home ;

Above, with waving woods a sylvan scene,

Dusk with deep shade,<sup>1</sup> spreads out a leafy screen.

A grotto fronts the isle, of spacious size, 190

Whose unhewn roof a hanging rock supplies ;

Where silvery streamlets gushing from the wall,

Shed crystal dew, and cool the sea-nymph's hall.

Unanchor'd here may boats securely ride,

Unstrain'd the cable, and unfelt the tide. 195

Seven crews surviving, now the storm is o'er,

On the smooth strand enjoy the wish'd for shore.

Soon on dry leaves a spark Achates caught,

Nurs'd the young flame, and crackling branches brought ;

The famish'd sailors spread this hearth before 200

Heaps of wet corn, and dry their damag'd store ;

Rude preparations for the banquet make,

Bruise the parch'd grains, and knead the wheaten cake.

<sup>1</sup> "Dusk with horrid shade."—*Paradise Regained*, l. 296.



Meanwhile Æneas climbs the harbour's side,  
Expects his comrades, and surveys the tide ; 205  
For Capys long and Antheus looks in vain,  
And seeks Caius on the watery plain.

Three beamy stags along the winding shore,  
Securely browse the dappled herd before ;  
He stood, Achates gave the sylvan dart, 210  
The arrow quiver'd in the victim's heart.

The leaders first receiv'd the feather'd wound,  
And bow'd their branching honours to the ground :  
Others he struck as through the glade they fled,  
Till seven huge deer were numbered with the dead. 215

These with rich wine from kind Acestes' store,  
His gift when late they left Trinacria's shore,  
The chief divides amongst the fleet, and cheers  
Their drooping spirits, and allays their fears.

" Friends, who already with your prince have shared 220

" Worse ills than these, and greater dangers dared ;

" As brighter seasons have succeeded those,

" So these the gods with happier days shall close.

" Ye who, where Ætna rears its fiery head,

" Through all the woods saw shapeless Cyclops spread,

" Who stemm'd undaunted Scylla's raging flood, 225

" Where monsters barking by the virgin stood ;

" Bear as of old ; nor yield to abject fear ;

" Perchance these ills will be to memory dear.

" Through chequer'd scenes our way to empire lies, 230

" And, Gods consenting, Troy again shall rise.



“ Then firm in hope, your faith unshaken, live,  
 “ Till future times more prosp’rous fortunes give.”  
 Thus spoke the Trojan chief; but hope was feign’d,  
 Grief shook his soul, and care in secret reign’d. 235

The hungry crews to speed the banquet toil,  
 Point the light spit, and pierce the quivering spoil;  
 Caldrons of brass suspend in shining line,  
 Entice the flame, and seethe the juicy chine;  
 Then gen’rous wine the foaming goblet fills, 240  
 Blots out the past, recruits for future ills.

The banquet done, their friends employ their care,  
 If still they live, or vain’s their comrade’s prayer;  
 But chief Æneas feels his anxious breast  
 For bold Orontes’ cruel fate distress’d; 245  
 Then noble Gyus and Cloanthus more,  
 And Lycus’ godlike soul his thoughts deplore.

Still was the world: when from Olympus’ height  
 The king of gods to earth direct3 his sight,  
 Surveys the land, and marks how navies ride, 250  
 Their wings expanded on the azure tide.  
 At length he paus’d, his gaze arrested where  
 Libya’s wide realms and rising walls appear.  
 Deep thoughts were lab’ring in the Thunderer’s breast,  
 As Venus thus her heavenly sire address’d; 255  
 ‘Tears bright as diamonds from the Indian mine,  
 Precious as them, in crystal sluices shine: <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thus Milton presents Eve to his readers in matchless loveliness:

“——she was cheer’d,  
 “ But silently a gentle tear let fall



" Almighty Sire, whose flaming wrath descends,  
 " And all the puny strength of mortals ends,  
 " Say for what crime denied his Western home, 260  
 " Doth still Æneas unprotected roam?  
 " Twas once thy promise that on Latian ground  
 " The Dardan race a martial line should found,  
 " Which wise in counsel, resolute of hand,  
 " O'er earth and sea should hold a wide command. 265  
 " What course sufficient could my father see  
 " To blast my hopes, and change his own decree?  
 " This cheer'd my soul in sorrow's darkest day,  
 " Their future fortunes with their past to weigh.  
 " How long shall ills the pious chief depress, 270  
 " And Jove refuse the gods of Troy redress?  
 " No power forbad Antenor to pursue  
 " His destin'd course Illyria's waters through,  
 " Liburnia's inmost realms unscathed to reach,  
 " And cross Timavus thund'ring to the beach, 275  
 " Whose fountains gushing from the mountain's side,  
 " Flood the green meadows with their roaring tide.  
 " There to the town his martial followers gave  
 " Patavium's name, and there his banners wave.  
 " All perils past, no cares disturb his breast, 280  
 " Beneath the olive bough he sinks to rest.

" From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair.  
 " Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 " Each in their crystal sluice he ere they fell  
 " Kiss'd."

So also Homer introduces Helen in tears, thereby securing even from the old men of Troy unconditional homage.



“ Shall we, thy race, decreed in heav’n to dwell,

“ Our vessels wreck’d, O tale too sad to tell !

“ To Juno’s wrath be sacrificed and sent

“ On distant shores our sorrows to lament ?

285

“ Are these the honours pious heroes gain,

“ Shall Dardans thus their promis’d realm obtain ?”

The awful Thunderer kiss’d her brow and smiled  
Mildly majestic on his radiant child ;

Then with that aspect which serenely bright

290

Dispels the clouds, and pours the fulgent light,

He thus began : “ On fair Laurentum’s plain

“ Shall Dardans triumph and Æneas reign.

“ Fierce wars he’ll wage where ancient Tyber flows,

“ (For Jove to thee will secret fate disclose)

295

“ Whose people taught life’s softer charms to prize,

“ Improv’d in arts shall watch their cities rise.

“ For three full years, the mighty Turnus dead,

“ Through that fair land his peaceful sway shall spread ;

“ But when Ascanius bears the rule (the same

300

“ Who shines the founder of the Julian name,

“ Call’d Ilus as the boy from Ilium came),

“ Through thirty long revolving years he’ll hold

“ His court where first his father did of old :

“ Then from Lavinium move the royal seat,

305

“ And Alba-Longa’s palaces complete.

“ Here through three hundred years shall Hector’s race

“ Their throne establish, and their empire place,

“ Till royal Ilia at one wondrous birth

“ Bears a twin offspring, and subdues the earth ;

315



“ And Mars’ true son (his infant cradle made,  
“ A she-wolf’s nursling, in a forest’s shade),  
“ Shall found a mighty state in fame to grow,  
“ Till Romulus in Rome the world shall know.  
“ To these nor date nor limit I assign, 315  
“ The empire theirs, the care to guard it mine.  
“ Then angry Juno shall no longer spread  
“ Alarm through heaven, and fill the earth with dread,  
“ But milder counsel take, and join to raise  
“ A toga’d race, and swell the Roman praise. 320  
“ Assaracus, as onward ages roll,  
“ Phthius and famed Mycenæ shall control,  
“ And in his children from Æneas born  
“ Rule over vanquish’d Argos in his turn.  
“ A Trojan Cæsar, who the name shall bear 325  
“ Of Julius, as Iulus’ blood he’ll share,  
“ Shall bound his empire by the utmost sea,  
“ And stars the limit to his fame shall be;  
“ Whom laden with the spoil of Eastern climes  
“ Heaven to its courts shall hail in after times: 330  
“ Safe in thy arms, thyself releas’d from care,  
“ He in his turn shall hear the suppliant’s prayer.  
“ Then Faith with hoary locks again shall reign,  
“ And sacred fires illumine every fane;  
“ Faction subdued shall fail, contention cease, 335  
“ And milder virtues track the steps of Peace;  
“ Till all the earth enjoy secure repose,  
“ And iron bars the gates of Discord close;



“ Where impious Fury, bound in sullen guise,  
“ Broods o’er his armour that neglected lies ;  
“ While round him close a hundred brazen chains,  
“ And bloody froth the foaming monster stains.”

Jove ceas’d: then gave to Mercury command,  
To seek on peace intent the Libyan strand,  
Lest, all unconscious of controlling fate,  
Against the strangers Dido close her gate.  
The god through air his feathery steerage plies,  
Descends to Carthage, and forsakes the skies:  
The haughty tribe the soothing god confess,  
Curb their fierce passions, and their wrath repress ;  
But chief his power the Tyrian queen inclin’d  
To peaceful counsels and a gentler mind.

Æneas, much revolving through the night,  
Rose with the dawn, and bless’d the golden light,  
Then bent his steps along the neighb’ring shore,  
To note the country, and the coast explore,  
Whether the haunt of beasts or home of men,  
And bear the tidings to his friends again.  
His ships were moor’d where circling cliffs ascend  
Round a deep bay, and close concealment lend ;  
Above them trees a waving harbour made,  
And nodding branches cast a leafy shade.  
The chieftain rous’d Achates where he lay,  
And arm’d with spears they took their onward way.  
Lo, with the arms a Spartan virgin bears,  
The Queen of Love in sylvan garb appears :



So fair Harpalyce with flowing rein  
Tires her swift steed, and glows upon the plain.  
Her silken hair waves lightly in the breeze,

No courtly robe impedes her native ease, 370  
Each limb unfetter'd glides with grace along;  
A Thracian quiver from her shoulders slung.

"Say, have ye seen equipp'd in sylvan guise  
"A sister here," the bright-hair'd huntress cries.  
"A lynx's skin for silken vest she wears, 375  
"And a light boar-spear through the thicket bears."

To whom her son: "No sister met our sight.  
"No wild boar pass'd us foaming in his flight.  
"O sylvan maid, if sylvan maid I greet,  
"Whose voice, whose form for heavenly courts are meet  
"Sister it may be of the god of song, 381  
"Born from some nymph, or from the Dryads sprung;  
"O say beneath what clime of heaven we roam,  
"Cast on what shore we seek a wanderer's home;  
"What coast it is, what people here may dwell, 385  
"To us, storm-toss'd and wreck'd, in mercy tell:  
"So shall to thee ascend the suppliant's call,  
"The vow be utter'd, and the victim fall."

"Let not to me," his mother straight replies,  
"Victims be slain, or clouds of incense rise. 390  
"We Tyrian virgins all the quiver bear,  
"Bare to the knee the purple busk;  
"There Dido's rising battlements behold  
"(Long were the tale if all her wrongs were told),



- “ From Tyre she sail’d, and fled Pygmalion’s hate, 395  
“ Whose power was boundless as his crimes were great.  
“ With purest flame when rich Sichæus burn’d,  
“ And she his love with equal love return’d;  
“ A doating sire consign’d her virgin charms  
“ ’Mid happiest omens to his longing arms. 400  
“ But when before his country’s shrine he knelt  
“ And fear’d no ill, Pygmalion’s steel was felt :  
“ Blind love of gold his greedy soul possess’d,  
“ Careless what grief transfix’d a sister’s breast.  
“ Some vain excuse employ’d with subtle art 405  
“ Hides his foul deed, and cheats her sickening heart.  
“ When lo! as waned the gloomy hours of night,  
“ A grisly phantom met her startled sight,  
“ With pallid lips the murd’rous tale declar’d,  
“ Shew’d his blue wounds, his gaping bosom bared; 410  
“ Told how he fell before the altar slain,  
“ And cursed the tyrant and his bloody reign.  
“ Her course to aid, the ghost the spot reveal’d,  
“ Where lay vast heaps of hoarded gold conceal’d.  
“ Dido alarm’d, for instant flight prepar’d, 415  
“ Who shared her hate, her exile also shared.  
“ Ships ready launch’d upon the tide they seize,  
“ Lade with the gold, and fly before the breeze :  
“ The wealth Pygmalion’s greedy spirit sought  
“ To distant shores a woman’s daring brought. 420  
“ The land they reach’d where now the eye descries  
“ The lofty citadel of Carthage rise,



“ And bought the soil, for so the contract bound,  
“ Whate’er they could with one bull’s hide surround :  
“ And Byrsa hence the name the region bore, 425  
“ To mark the fraud first practis’d on its shore.  
“ Declare in turn what strangers here I meet;  
“ From whence : and whither bend the wand’rers’ feet.”

To whom her son, in accents deep replies,  
His voice contending with his rising sighs : 430

“ Ere I, O Nymph, could number half our woes,  
“ The gates of day the evening hours would close.  
“ To Libya’s shores from ancient Troy we came,  
“ If fame to thee has borne the Trojan name;  
“ My pious care the gods of Ilium own, 435  
“ And ’midst the stars is just Æneas known.  
“ I sail’d these gods in Italy to place,  
“ Whence sprung from Jove first came the Dardan race.  
“ Twice ten stout ships the Phrygian waters plough’d,  
“ So fate’s decree my goddess-mother shew’d; 440  
“ Seven only left, and these in shatter’d form,  
“ Have reach’d the haven, and survive the storm.  
“ Exiled from Asia, Europe’s shores denied,  
“ I stand a wanderer by the Libyan tide.”

Venus no more the chief’s complaints could bear, 445  
But gently soothed him with a mother’s care :

“ Whoe’er thou art that com’st a stranger here,  
“ Thy life, I ween, to heavenly powers is dear :  
“ Prescient of good, e’en now I bring thee word,  
“ Thy fleet’s in safety, and thy band’s restored, 450



“ Or vain the tidings yonder omen brought,  
“ And vain the science which my parents taught.  
“ See, twice six swans, which late the bird of Jove  
“ Through the clear air, in whirling circles drove,  
“ In long succession now survey the land, 45  
“ Or slowly wheeling choose the smoothest strand.  
“ As these with clapping wings securely sail,  
“ Raise their glad notes, and sport upon the gale,  
“ So thy stout ships, safe-moor’d, at anchor ride,  
“ Or spread their canvass, and enjoy the tide. 46  
“ Follow where fate thy onward steps would lead,  
“ And, fortune guiding, to the queen proceed.”  
O’er her fair bosom, as she turn’d her head,  
Celestial light a rosy brightness shed;  
Ambrosial unguents from her locks distil, 46  
And all the ambient air with perfumes fill.  
Her robe, unclasp’d, around her loosely flows,  
She glides majestic, and the goddess shows.  
Then as she vanish’d from his anxious view,  
Words mix’d with sighs her parting form pursue. 47  
“ Say why with empty visions still deceive,  
“ O why thy son to hopes delusive leave?  
“ Why the embrace refuse, the fond caress,  
“ The ears that listen, and the words that bless?”  
Part chiding, part in grief, Æneas calls, 47  
Then turns his footsteps to the Punic walls;  
Venus around them hangs a sable cloud,  
Whose mists impalpable the heroes shroud:



Through crowded cities though the chiefs should go,  
Nor touch nor vision might their presence show. 480

She, borne through air, resought her Paphian isle,  
Where myrtle bowers with constant freshness smile ;  
Where the proud temple rises from the ground,  
Whose hundred shrines perfume the air around.

Along the opening path the comrades speed, 485  
And boldly follow where their fortunes lead ;  
Then climb a hill whose beetling summits frown  
Above the ramparts, and command the town.  
Where late were huts, Æneas, with surprise,  
Sees lofty walls, and' bristling turrets rise : 490

Turn where they may, their eyes with wonder meet  
The massive portal and extended street.

The buzz of labour falls upon the ear,  
Where Tyrians toiling at their tasks appear :  
Workmen huge masses for the fortress square, 495  
Roll on the stones, the spacious site prepare ;  
One marks his humbler dwelling on the ground,

And runs a trench his future home around ;  
One hews vast columns from the solid rock,  
And shapes for shaft and capital the block ; 500

Here runs the port where fleets shall proudly ride ;  
There springs the theatre in gorgeous pride ;  
Here halls for justice, far renown'd shall stand,  
And patriot senators the crowd command ;

E'en as the honey-bees their labours ply 505  
From flower to flower beneath the vernal sky ;



Now lead the swarm just ready for the wing,  
Now to their homes the golden treasure bring,  
Now force the idle drones the camp to leave,  
And now the bee bow'd down with sweets receive: 510  
Swift speeds the work, the hive with ardour glows,  
The fragrant cells the rich perfume disclose.  
"O happy race!" the Trojan leader cries,  
And to the turrets lifts his wondering eyes.  
Then, strange to tell, the chiefs their way pursue, 515  
Surveying all, themselves conceal'd from view.

Full in the centre of the city seen  
A waving grove affords a grateful screen;  
The spot where first, embedded in the ground,  
A horse's head the Tyrian settlers found: 520  
The emblem Juno gave to mark the place,  
The future capital of Sidon's race;  
Meet type a nation's progress to proclaim,  
Fertile in produce, and of martial fame.  
To Juno here the Tyrian Dido rear'd, 525  
Rich in the gifts that on its shrine appear'd,  
A lofty fane, where crowds adoring tell  
The queen of gods with man delights to dwell.  
From polish'd steps the brazen threshold springs,  
Wide on its hinge the gate refulgent swings, 530  
From end to end the solid timbers pass,  
Beam bound to beam, and girt with shining brass.  
A sight fresh hope well fitted to impart  
Here meets his view, and cheers his drooping heart.



The chieftain's eye survey'd it as he stood, 535  
He read the omen, and confess'd it good.  
Where in the grove Æneas stops to watch  
The busy crowd, and waits the queen's approach,  
Admiring how each master works his part  
With glowing pencil and elaborate art, 540  
Pourtray'd upon the walls in lengthen'd line  
By graphic skill the Trojan battles shine.  
Here Atreus' sons, here Priam stood confess'd,  
With both Achilles there his wrath express'd.  
"Behold," he cries, "how valour meets with praise, 545  
"And Troy's long labours can compassion raise.  
"The woes, the glories of the Dardan name,  
"These gain respect, and those protection claim."  
Still nature triumph'd in the hero's sighs,  
And lived each lifeless picture in his eyes. 550  
Pale terror here through Grecian armies spread,  
And Troy's swift youth pursued, as Argives fled;  
There Trojans yielding wage unequal war,  
Where plumed Achilles thunders in his car.  
Here the white tents of Rhesus on the plain 555  
By bloody Diomede are fill'd with slain:  
The full-maned<sup>1</sup> steeds reward the victor's toil,  
Who to the camp conducts the fiery spoil,  
Ere yet their mangers Phrygian grain receiv'd,  
Or Xanthus' waters had their thirst reliev'd. 560  
Here Troilus, beneath the Trojan walls,  
A hapless prey to stern Achilles falls;

<sup>1</sup> καλλιτριχεῖ.—Homer.



Ill-fated youth, who dared his strength to boast  
'Gainst the best warrior of the Grecian host.  
Hung to his car, and dragg'd along the plain, 565  
His dying finger clutches still the rein;  
The ground is furrow'd by the trailing spear,  
Dust stains his neck, and clots his streaming hair.  
There Ilium's dames in long procession wind  
To Pallas' shrine, and cold reception find, 570  
Though the rich robe of costliest price they bear,<sup>1</sup>  
And beat their breasts, and rend with wails the air :  
The goddess hears, but turns her head aside  
With gloomy aspect and offended pride.  
Achilles here the corpse of Hector sold, 575  
Thrice dragg'd round Troy, and barter'd now for gold;  
The spoils, the chariot, which the sculptor wrought,  
Deep groans from out his inmost bosom brought;  
There lies the lifeless body of his friend,  
There aged Priam's feeble hands extend ; 580  
Mix'd with the Greeks himself the chief descries,  
And swarthy Memnon's arms uplifted rise.  
Penthesilea here her daring shows,  
The virgin's face with fire heroic glows;  
With crescent shield, with golden girdle bound, 585  
She wheels her squadrons on the battle ground :  
Her breathing form instinct with martial rage  
With Grecian champions rushes to engage.

<sup>1</sup> This "peplum" is mentioned in Homer for its exceeding costliness and beauty; the work of Sidonian women; and the richest ornament of Hecuba's wardrobe.



But as this scene the Trojan prince surveys  
With unfeign'd wonder and arrested gaze, 590  
With youthful court fair Dido seeks the place,  
Of peerless beauty and surpassing grace.  
As Dian o'er her virgin choir presides,  
On proud Eurotas<sup>1</sup> banks or Cynthus' sides,  
To verdant plains when mountain nymphs resort, 595  
Quit the deep groves, and round their leader sport;  
With golden clasp her zone a quiver bears,  
And grace majestic in her form appears,  
While silent rapturè swells Latona's breast  
At all the goddess in her gait express'd: 600  
So Dido charms, her cheerful smile inspires  
Each Tyrian's heart, and all their ardour fires.  
Beneath the temple's lofty dome the queen,  
In martial pomp and regal splendour seen,  
Just laws assigns as each contending ask, 605  
Watches the lot, and regulates the task.  
When lo! the prince advancing through the trees,  
Antheus, Cloanthus, and Sergestus sees,  
With many a Trojan chief whom tempest-toss'd  
On the dark sea their comrades mourn'd as lost. 610  
With mingled joy and fear the heroes gaze,  
Anxious their friends to greet, the veil to raise,  
But doubtful how th' unlook'd for chance may turn,  
They pause the issue of the scene to learn,  
Uncertain who survives, what purpose calls 615  
The Trojan party to the Punic walls;

<sup>1</sup> Eurotas was called the King of Rivers.



For chosen from the rest their steps they bent  
To ask for aid, on peaceful mission sent.

The porch they enter'd; when with placid breast  
The great Ilioneus the queen address'd: 620

“ O thou to whom the king of gods assign'd  
“ A state to found, a haughty people bind  
“ With social law: to thee we raise our prayer;  
“ Shipwreck'd we are; the Trojan name we bear.  
“ Respect our woes, nor turn from our desire, 625  
“ But save our vessels from unholy fire.  
“ We come not war on Libyan hearths<sup>1</sup> to pour,  
“ Nor Libyan beeves to hurry to the shore.  
“ No swelling thoughts like these our minds engage;  
“ The vanquish'd bosom knows no noble rage. 630  
“ A place there is which Greeks Hesperia name,  
“ Ænotrian settlers once possess'd the same;  
“ Their sons, 'tis said, Italia call the land,  
“ From Italus who bore the chief command:  
“ A smiling land, where ancient valour reigns 635  
“ O'er teeming valleys and extended plains.  
“ 'Thither we steer'd: when sudden from the brine  
“ Herald of tempests rose Orion's sign,  
“ Cast us on shelves before the south-wind's force,  
“ Whelm'd in the surge and driven from our course. 640  
“ On the white crests of foaming billows toss'd,  
“ Few float surviving, and attain the coast.  
“ What race so savage that its shore denies  
“ To him who wreck'd from instant peril flies?

<sup>1</sup> “ Populare Penates.”



- “ But if nor man, nor mortal arms you fear, 645  
“ Just are the gods, and will the righteous hear.  
“ A prince we had who joined to high renown  
“ For martial deeds the just <sup>1</sup> man’s holier crown;  
“ If rescued now he breathes ethereal light,  
“ By Jove preserved, nor rests in realms of night, 650  
“ Nor ill we fear, nor shalt thou e’er repent  
“ Of timely succour to Æneas lent.  
“ Friendless we live not; on Sicilia’s coasts  
“ His Dardan blood renown’d Acestes boasts.  
“ Then grant to haul our vessels on your shore, 655  
“ To fell the pine, and shape the sweeping oar.  
“ Our comrades found, once more our Phrygian band  
“ Shall trust the sea, and seek Hesperia’s strand.  
“ But if, great prince, on whom the hopes depend  
“ Of Troy, with thee these hopes are doom’d to end, 660  
“ And dreams of grandeur perish in the grave  
“ Where sleeps Iulus ’neath the sounding wave,  
“ These shores again for Sicily we leave,  
“ And good Acestes for our king receive.”  
He ceas’d: from all assenting murmurs rise, 665  
When Dido thus with thoughtful brow replies.  
“ Ye Dardan chiefs, dismiss foreboding fear,  
“ Our infant state demands this jealous care.  
“ Who does not Troy and Troy’s great chieftain know,  
“ Applaud her deeds, and weep for Ilium’s woe? 670

<sup>1</sup> “Pietas” expresses both devotion toward God, and justice heightened by benevolence toward man.



" Warm'd by the generous sun's refulgent rays,<sup>1</sup>  
 " No hearts are ours insensible to praise.  
 " And would ye hence, or Saturn's vineyards gain,  
 " Or good Acestes, and Sicilia's plain,  
 " Safe from her realms your bands will Dido send, 675  
 " Her wealth contribute, and her succour lend.  
 " Or would you here with us in friendship live,  
 " To you our country and our walls we give.  
 " Would that obedient to his people's prayer  
 " Your chief himself might Dido's bounty share! 680  
 " But frequent scouts along the Libyan shore,  
 " Our tribes shall question, and our groves explore."

Rous'd by these words they long to burst the cloud  
 That wrapt the chieftains in its sable shroud;  
 Achates first his leader thus address'd, 685  
 Fresh hope awaken'd in his faithful breast:  
 " Sprung from a goddess, say what thoughts employ  
 " Thy godlike breast, long suffering prince of Troy?  
 " Orontes lost alone our hearts deplore;  
 " While these, the omen true, have reach'd the shore. 690  
 Æneas turn'd: the cloud that veil'd the pair  
 Vanish'd, dissolving into liquid air.  
 Erect he stood: celestial brightness shed  
 A godlike splendour round his fulgent head;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Those who dwelt near the rays of the Sun were supposed to be more generous and humane than the inhabitants of a colder zone.

<sup>2</sup>

" As from a cloud his fulgent head  
 " And shape star-bright appear'd."—*Paradise Lost*, X. 449.



His mother's art the bloom of youth supplies, 695  
And breathes a sparkling lustre on his eyes.  
So shines the marble in its golden band;  
So glows the iv'ry 'neath the workman's hand.  
All stand amaz'd as thus he speaks. "O Queen,  
" In me the object of your search is seen; 700  
" The Trojan prince whom fates propitious send  
" To find on Libyan shores a royal friend.  
" Thou who alone for Trojan woes dost feel,  
" Whose generous soul would Troy's misfortunes heal,  
" Who dost the houseless to a home invite, 705  
" And friendless men in friendship's bands unite:  
" Nor we, nor all the Dardan race that live,  
" Meet thanks for such beneficence can give.  
" But heaven, for heaven must charity respect,  
" Shall guard the sovereign, and her realm protect; 710  
" Whilst the same breast from which such feelings flow  
" Shall on itself the best reward bestow.  
" Blest are the parents who have call'd thee child.  
" Happy the age on Dido's birth that smil'd!  
" While streams descending to the ocean roll, 715  
" While orbs of fire move round the heavenly pole,  
" While from the hills the evening shadows fall,  
" Thy grateful memory shall thy name recall:  
" Still shall these lips, though cast on distant coast,  
" Thy grace, thy glory, and thy goodness boast." 720  
He ceas'd: Ilioneus his right hand grasps,  
With equal zeal his left Serestus clasps;



Then the bold Gyas and Cloanthus bold,  
And each in turn their chief's embraces hold.

Amaz'd Sidonian Dido thus began, 725  
His woes she pitied, and admir'd the man:  
“ What power, O chieftain, whom a goddess bore,  
“ Has cast thee here on Libya's savage shore?  
“ Art thou the great Æneas Venus gave  
“ To good Anchises by the Phrygian wave? 730  
“ Well I remember to have heard thy name,  
“ To Sidon's towers when injur'd Teucer came,  
“ And sought, from Salamis compell'd to roam,  
“ On Cyprus' shores to found another home,  
“ Whose fertile plains then Tyrian Belus held 735  
“ By right of conquest, and their suit compell'd.  
“ Your wars, your fortunes oft would he relate,  
“ Name Græcia's princes and each hero's fate;  
“ Although a foe would all your valour laud,  
“ And his own birth from Trojan blood record. 740  
“ Ours too it was a wanderer's life to lead,  
“ Ere to these walls might Dido's sway succeed;  
“ Then well the stranger may a refuge find  
“ 'Mid hearts to peace by kindred woes inclin'd.”

The prince within the royal halls she led, 745  
Where banquet meet in regal state was spread;  
Then bade due honours to the gods be paid,  
And pious offerings on their altars laid.  
The crews to cheer she orders twenty kine,  
One hundred lambs, one hundred bristly swine, 750



One hundred ewes; then bids her people take  
Full foaming cups, and grateful banquets make.  
Bright is the hall to which the chief she brings,  
Rich with the gay magnificence of kings:

Along the sides are purple couches seen, 755

And groaning tables stretch their length between;  
The Tyrian looms their costliest webs supply,  
Where flames the gold, and glows the crimson dye;  
The boards with massive silver laden shine,  
Where golden gravings chronicle the line 760  
Of ancient fathers, who their race extend  
Through names of glory, and in heroes end.

Meanwhile obedient to the love which reigns  
His breast within, and all his soul constrains,  
That love which warm within a father glows, 765  
That fondness which a father only knows,

He bids Achates to the ships proceed,  
Thence to the city young Ascanius lead,  
And gorgeous offerings from the vessels bear,  
It may not shame a royal dame to wear. 770

A robe where needle-work and gold combine,  
A veil where stems of bright acanthus twine;  
These Argive Helen from Mycenæ brought,  
When lawless passion soft indulgence sought;  
Fair Leda's gift, to whom she ow'd her birth, 775  
Of wondrous texture, and of lasting worth.

With them the sceptre which could Thrace command,  
And graced Ilione's imperial hand;



Long rows of pearls that from her neck hung down,  
And rich with gold and gems her double crown. 780

Achates hastes his chieftain to obey,  
And to the Trojan fleet directs his way.  
But now fresh cares in Venus' breast arise,  
And fresh designs her mind inventive tries;

How Cupid, veiling his immortal grace, 785  
Ascanius' form may wear, Ascanius' face,  
Love's soft infection with the gifts instil,  
Pour the sweet poison, and conceal the ill.

Perplex'd in thought, she dreams of hidden guile,  
Then fancies Tyrian lips dissembling smile; 790  
Juno's stern visage haunts her couch by night,  
And care returns as breaks returning light.

Her winged boy she fondles in her arms,  
The cause revealing that her soul alarms:

" My son, my strength, meet emblem of my might, 795

" Who dar'st alone the Thunderer's vengeance slight;

" To thee I come, my troubles to deplore,

" Engage thy service, and thy aid implore.

" Full well thou know'st thy Trojan brother's state,

" From shore to shore so long pursued by fate; 800

" Whose life, the sport of hostile Juno's rage,

" Would oft with mine thy anxious care engage.

" Him Tyrian Dido's blandishments enthrall

" With honey'd words, and far from glory call.

" 'Tis doubtful kindness Juno's love commands; 805

" Not idle long her restless spirit stands,



“ With flames of love beset<sup>1</sup> fair Dido’s heart,  
“ Till all her bosom feels the pleasing smart:  
“ Vain Juno’s warnings fall; her royal charms  
“ Shall yield to love, and bless the hero’s arms. 810  
“ Now list: Ascanius leaves the Trojan fleet,  
“ A father’s love with equal love to greet;  
“ Rich gifts he bears, a portion of the store  
“ From burning Ilium which Æneas bore.  
“ Him to Cythæra lull’d in balmy sleep 815  
“ My art shall bear, or to Idalium’s steep;  
“ There while his limbs in blissful bower repose,  
“ The bold deceit no risk of failure knows.  
“ Do thou one night Ascanius’ features feign,  
“ And as a boy the boyish part sustain. 820  
“ While rosy cups the royal banquet grace,  
“ The queen shall fold thee in her warm embrace,  
“ With fond endearment hang upon thy lips,  
“ Nor taste the poison while the sweets she sips.  
“ Then breathe soft love with that delicious kiss, 825  
“ And subtle passion mingle with the bliss.”  
Love at her bidding casts his wings aside,  
And gaily mimics young Iulus’ stride.  
The Paphian queen o’er young Iulus pours  
Soft dews, and bears him to Idalian bowers; 830  
There as his eyes in golden slumbers close,  
The Dardan boy enjoys a charm’d repose,

<sup>1</sup> The expression used in beleaguering a town:

“*mœnia cingere flammis.*”



Where sweet amaracus with golden flowers,  
Clasps his soft couch, and fragrant odours pours.

Cupid, Achates leading, took the road 835  
To Carthage gates, and bore his glitt'ring load.  
In halls with rich magnificence array'd  
On central couch of gold the queen was laid;  
The Trojan youth on purple beds recline,  
And in the feast with great Æneas join, 840  
'Their softest napkins chosen damsels bring,  
With ewers of water sparkling from the spring;  
This light-wreath'd baskets for the banquet takes,  
Intent to please, and piles with wheaten cakes;  
Full fifty slaves the household wealth explore, 845  
And bless the gods that guard the fragrant store;  
One hundred boys, with girls of equal age,  
Whose service hospitable cares engage,  
Rich viands heap'd on every table place,  
Where foaming bowls impart the crowning grace. 850  
There many a Tyrian, by their queen's command,  
On painted couch augments the festive band;  
The words of feign'd Iulus all admire,  
The eyes that beam with more than earthly fire,  
Admire the robe whose golden tissue shines, 855  
And veil where stem of bright acanthus twines.  
But more than all, the queen caress'd the boy,  
Insatiate dwelling on the treach'rous joy,  
And still her eyes unsatisfied she feeds,  
Nor in the broider'd gifts destruction reads. 860



Long on Æneas' neck the urchin lies,  
 The kiss receiving which his love supplies;  
 Then Dido seeks, and revels in her charms,  
 Hangs on her breast, and nestles in her arms.  
 Unconscious Dido, doom'd too soon to know 865  
 The mighty god, and feel the destin'd woe!  
 Cupid, intent on all his mother taught,  
 Waked in her breast the long forgotten thought,  
 Gently dissolv'd love's earliest spell, and led  
 The living hero to supplant the dead. 870

But now the meats are carried from the board,  
 The goblets set, the juice of Bacchus pour'd;  
 Through the wide hall the notes of mirth resound,  
 The stately hall re-echoes with the sound.  
 Swung from the fretted roof<sup>1</sup> the cressets play 875  
 On gilded arches like the beams of day.  
 Before the queen a mighty bowl they place,  
 Whence Belus quaff'd and all of Belus' race;  
 In massive gold the sparkling jewels shone,  
 And silence reign'd as thus the queen begun: 880

“ Great Jove, to whom the stranger's god and friend  
 “ Flow our libations, and our prayers ascend,  
 “ Make this to all the source of joy, and may  
 “ Our children's children bless th' auspicious day!

1

“ From the arch'd roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky.” *Paradise Lost*, I. 726.



“ May Bacchus crown with mirth the festive board, 885

“ And Juno bland approving smiles afford !

“ And you, ye Tyrians, celebrate the feast

“ With hearts propitious to our Trojan guest.”

She spoke, and speaking due libations pour'd

Of fragrant wine upon the festive board, 890

Just rais'd the sparkling goblet to her lip,

And lightly touch'd it as she bent to sip;

'Then pass'd the cup to Bitias the bold,

Who drain'd with eager draught the brimming gold.

Each drank in order: while Iöpas brought 895

His golden lyre, and sang as Atlas taught.

He sang the changeful moon, and in his lay

'Told all the labours of the orb of day:

He sang how men and beasts o'erspread the earth;

Whence rain, whence fire deriv'd their secret birth; 900

Arcturus sang who girt with storms appears,

'The rainy Hyades, and both the bears;

'Then told why winter suns more swift descend,

And what forbids long summer days to end.

With plaudits loud the Tyrians shook the hall, 905

While Trojan praise re-echo'd from the wall.

Idido with varied themes prolong'd the night,

And drank large measure of the soft delight;

Of Priam much she ask'd her guest to tell;

Of stern Achilles, and how Hector fell; 910

What horses Tydeus' son from Rhæsus bore,

And what the armour swarthy Memnon wore.



“ Great chief, ” she cries, “ the chequer’d scenes relate  
“ Of Græcian artifice and Trojan fate;  
“ Thy wandering course pursued from place to place 915  
“ To eager ears through seven long summers trace.”







## BOOK II.

---

### THE NARRATIVE OF ÆNEAS.

THIS book is said to have been selected by Virgil as a portion of his poem to be read before Augustus, and undoubtedly it contains many passages and lines of very exquisite finish and perfection. From the circumstance of its being a narrative delivered by a speaker of scenes in which he himself was a principal actor, it presents peculiar difficulties to the translator, requiring a style easy without becoming low, dignified but not turgid, clear without being prolix.







## BOOK II.

---

STILL was the hall, as thus the godlike man,  
From lofty couch, his tale of woes began.

Ask'st thou, great Queen, how Græcians could destroy  
The power of Phrygia, and the wealth of Troy?

What memories still with grief invest the hour, 5

The deeds I witness'd, and the toils I bore?

No tongue can tell th' unutterable pain

Thy wish awakens in this breast again;

No Argive warrior's rugged soul could hear

Unmov'd our sorrows, and restrain the tear; 10

And now the stars to soft repose invite,

As morning rises through the dews of night.

But thou shalt hear, what though this bursting heart

Shrank' from the task, and shudders' at the smart.

The Græcian chiefs, to whom through years of toil 15

Our Trojan valour had denied the spoil,

A vast machine, so Pallas will'd, contrive,

Its hollow womb with chosen bands alive;

<sup>1</sup> Virgil uses this change of tense to mark the shock Æneas felt at the first mention of the subject, and the sense of extreme pain which still continues.



The form a horse, but of gigantic size,  
Whose jointed ribs the forest pine supplies. 20  
The truth conceal'd, report the rumour bears,  
That Greece a vow for safe return prepares.

In sight of Troy, just off the Phrygian land,  
Famed Tenedos extends its sea-girt strand :  
Rich were its shores while Priam's kingdom stood, 25  
Unnoticed now they meet the rolling flood,  
Forsaken bays are swept by roaring tides,  
Nor safe the anchorage where a vessel rides.  
Our foes, we deem'd, had homeward sail'd, the while  
They sought concealment from the desert isle. 30  
Visions of peace, how vain ! possess the mind,  
And Greeks departing with a prosperous wind :  
All Troy releas'd the glad refreshment feels,  
The burst of joy her lengthen'd care reveals.  
Through open gates we issue to explore 35  
The Doric campments and deserted shore :  
Here, fired by Hector, blazed the Argive fleet,  
On this smooth plain would hostile squadrons meet,  
In sullen wrath Achilles paced the strand,  
And Phœnix bold review'd his martial band. 40  
Astonish'd all the monstrous horse survey'd—  
Ill-omen'd offering to the warlike maid :  
And first Thymætēs bids the Trojans lead  
Within Minerva's courts the fatal steed ;  
So guile suggested, or so fate decreed. 45  
Capys, in senate wise, in action bold,  
And all with him who prudent counsel hold,



The signs of Græcian artifice declare,  
 Kindle the torch, or threaten with the spear.  
 The fickle crowd, of doubtful temper seen, 50  
 Now to Thymætēs, now to Capys lean.  
 Laocöon, first descending with a band,  
 Left the high citad' and sought the strand ;  
 And thus, with eager soul, with accents loud,  
 E'en as he ran, he chid the thoughtless crowd : 55  
 " What desperate madness through all ranks has spread!  
 " Deem ye, in truth, the crafty Greeks are fled ?  
 " More justly read Ulysses' subtle guiles,  
 " And count these specious gifts no gifts, but wiles.  
 " Or here enclosed an Argive army lies, 60  
 " Or 'gainst our walls its vast proportions rise.  
 " Some trick, believe me, holds its treach'rous course,  
 " O trust not, Trojans, to this Græcian horse.  
 " If gifts they bring, yet e'en their gifts I fear,<sup>1</sup>  
 " And Greeks to me will nought but Greeks appear." 65  
 He spoke: impell'd by no unjust alarm,  
 Against the horse he rais'd his warning arm ;  
 Straight flew the javelin, for the aim was good,  
 Sang through the air, and quiver'd in the wood.  
 The jointed planks the strong concussion own, 70  
 The hollow womb re-echoes with a groan.

<sup>1</sup> So Sophocles:

Εχθρων αδωρα δωρα, κ' ουκ ονησιμα.

And Milton:

" And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but wiles."

*Paradise Regained*, II. 391.



Then, had not Troy been doom'd, and fate decreed  
 Phrygia to fall, and Græcian art succeed,  
 His warning voice had in our counsels told,  
 And Trojan steel had burst the Argive hold; 75  
 And Ilium's towers, and Priam's noble name,  
 Had liv'd through ages, and increas'd in fame.

When lo! 'mid shouts some Phrygian shepherds bring,  
 With pinion'd arms, a prisoner to the king:  
 A willing captive, steel'd for either chance, 80  
 To die undaunted, or the scheme advance.  
 Around the Trojans press with eager gaze,  
 Insult the youth, and scornful laughter raise.  
 Now learn the cunning of the wily Greek—  
 Let one deceiver for the nation speak. 85  
 See him as though perplex'd, defenceless, stand,  
 And roll slow looks round all the Trojan band.<sup>1</sup>  
 "Ah, wretched me," he cries, with well-feign'd grief,  
 "To whom no sea, no land vouchsafes relief;  
 "By Greeks cast forth; the Trojan aid denies, 90  
 "And for the life-blood of his prisoner cries."  
 That sigh, those words, disarm'd each fiercest mind,  
 To ribald mockery no more inclin'd:  
 In gentle terms we urge the youth to show  
 His name and fortunes to a generous foe; 95  
 And tell what news his secret means afford,  
 What pledge he gives to trust a captive's word.

<sup>1</sup> Virgil has been often praised for having, by the hesitation and slow movement of the verse, admirably expressed the affected confusion of Sinon. The translator has attempted to preserve it.



At length, his fears subdued, he thus began,  
And subtle guile through all his story ran:

“ The simple truth, great king, these lips shall speak, 100

“ I scorn deceit, and own myself a Greek.

“ To fortune’s power compell’d by fate to bow,

“ She stamps no infamy on Sinon’s brow.

“ Through Ilium’s streets ere now perchance hath run

“ The fame of Palamedes, Belus’ son ; 105

“ On false pretence, by impious tongues assign’d,

“ Him Greece condemn’d, to peaceful thoughts inclin’d.

“ Convinc’d at length, too late their fault they know,

“ To Greece a loss, a triumph to her foe.

“ By love impell’d, by ties of blood allied, 110

“ My father early join’d me to his side :

“ Poor was my sire, and sent me here to learn

“ A warrior’s art, a warrior’s portion earn.

“ While safe his kingdom and his power remain,

“ I too some credit and some glory gain ; 115

“ But when Ulysses’ crafty lies prevail

“ His death to compass, ’tis a well-known tale,

“ I brood indignant o’er my slaughter’d friend,

“ And all my days in secret sorrow spend.

“ At length no prudent silence bars my speech, 120

“ I vow revenge if Argos e’er we reach.

“ Immediate hate such bold complainings move,

“ And Sinon’s murmurs his destruction prove.

“ Meanwhile Ulysses through the listening crowd

“ Whispers dark words, his conscious guilt to shroud: 125



“ Fierce thoughts within their angry bosoms rise,  
“ Till Calchas gain'd still darker hints supplies.  
“ But why to Trojan hearers longer speak,  
“ Who know no virtue in the treacherous Greek?  
“ Strike: and great joy stern Ithacus will know,  
“ And Atreus' sons pay largely for the blow.”

130

What all would learn we urge him to impart,  
Duped by the subtleties of Græcian art.  
Trembling he speaks with well enacted fear,  
Pretending grief, while all expectant hear.

135

“ Oft would our army wearied out complain,  
“ Anxious to seek the Argive shores again.  
“ Would that they had! But as they turn to go,  
“ Dark waves arise, and southern tempests blow:  
“ Till, when this vast machine complete appears,  
“ Storms roar through heaven, and thunder shakes the  
“ In deep suspense Eurypilus we send [spheres.  
“ To learn from Phœbus what these signs portend.  
“ Eurypilus, well skill'd in things divine,  
“ This answer brings from Delphos' sacred shrine.  
“ ‘ A virgin's blood appeas'd the winds, and bore  
“ ‘ The Græcian navy to the Phrygian shore:  
“ ‘ As sacrificial blood your armies brought  
“ ‘ To Troy, by blood must safe return be sought.’  
“ Through every breast a freezing horror thrills,  
“ The means we fear, as once we fear'd the ills.  
“ Whose blood does heaven in sacrifice demand,  
“ Or choose what victim to absolve the band?

140

145

150



“ Now forth Ulysses drags the seer, renown’d  
“ Calchas, and all impatient press’d around ; 155  
“ Many the cunning of the chief descried,  
“ And darkly hinted what he sought to hide.  
“ As if to veil the truth his art supplies,  
“ For twice five days apart the prophet lies;  
“ Then, as agreed, the base dissembler speaks, 160  
“ My life devoting to absolve the Greeks.  
“ Loud all applaud : what for himself he fears,  
“ ’Gainst one poor wretch the band rejoicing hears.  
“ The day draws near, salt cakes the priests prepare,  
“ And bring white fillets for the victim’s hair. 165  
“ Desperate from fear I burst my bonds,<sup>1</sup> and take  
“ My panting course, and trust the friendly lake;  
“ There lie conceal’d amid the waving reed,  
“ Till homeward all the Græcian fleet proceed.  
“ Through foreign lands condemn’d for life to roam, 170  
“ No more shall Sinon see his father’s home ;  
“ No child’s endearment his approach shall greet,  
“ His parents’ vow no glad fulfilment meet :  
“ Perchance with vengeance fired, the Argive band  
“ My flight to expiate may their blood demand. 175  
“ But by the gods, who love of truth respect,  
“ Who right regard, and righteous men protect,  
“ If ’neath the sun through all his shining round  
“ Bright truth and faith inviolate be found,

<sup>1</sup> The victims were not bound at the time of sacrifice, that would have been considered unlucky ; Sinon burst from the confinement in which he was placed till the day arrived.



“ To sorrows great as mine compassion show— 180

“ Woe undeserv'd claims mercy from a foe.”

The captive's tears at once <sup>1</sup> his pardon gain,  
And Priam hastens to unloose his chain.

Then kindly thus the guileless monarch speaks :

“ As Priam's son forget the hostile Greeks; 185

“ Ours shalt thou be: do thou the cause declare,

“ Why Græcian counsels this machine prepare:

“ By whose advice; for warlike purpose meant;

“ Or on the service of the gods intent?”

Girded with wiles,<sup>2</sup> and with Pelasgic art 190

Invoking heaven, he play'd the traitor's part;

And while his hands by us unfetter'd rise,

The crafty Sinon impiously replies :

“ Eternal lights in highest heaven that burn,

“ By you I swear, and who that oath may spurn? 195

“ Witness ye altars, and uplifted knife

“ Unpitying rais'd against the victim's life; <sup>3</sup>

“ And ye white fillets, crown'd with which I stood,

“ While gazing numbers sought atoning blood;

“ Nor law of God commands me to conceal, 200

“ Nor bond of kindred, what my lips reveal.

“ Then guiltless here I cast all ties away

“ With faithless Greece, and bare her counsels lay.

<sup>1</sup> “ Misereamus ultro.”

<sup>2</sup> “ Girded with snaky wiles.”—*Paradise Regained*, I. 120.

<sup>3</sup> To excite greater horror and compassion he speaks as if he had been actually led forth to sacrifice.



“ Her truth, her gratitude let Ilium show,  
“ And when deliver’d her deliverer know. 205  
“ When Argos sent her noblest to the field,  
“ Minerva’s favour was their armies’ shield;  
“ Till Ithacus, who prompts each base design,  
“ And sacrilegious Diomed combine,  
“ Destroy the guard that watch her lofty tower, 210  
“ And with the crimson tide pollute the floor,  
“ With bloody hands her virgin <sup>1</sup> fillets stain,  
“ Seize the Palladium and the shrine profane.  
“ Henceforth, her face averted, every day  
“ The Græcian arms keep lapsing to decay: 215  
“ Nor is the vengeance of Tritonia’s queen  
“ In signs that speak of doubtful anger seen.  
“ Scarce the Palladium in our camp we raise,  
“ Ere the eyes starting from their sockets blaze,  
“ The armed image springing from the ground 220  
“ Clangs spear and shield, and wakes a martial sound.  
“ Then Calchas straight directs our homeward course,  
“ And vain ’gainst Troy declares all Græcian force,  
“ Until ’neath Argos’ ancient walls once more  
“ They seek fresh omens, and the gods implore; 225  
“ And bear the sacred image back, the same  
“ As in their hollow ships from Phrygia came.<sup>2</sup>  
“ E’en now they seek Mycenæ’s shores again  
“ With gods propitious to recross the main,

<sup>1</sup> Those of the “ Innupta Minerva ” were of different form from those worn by matrons.

<sup>2</sup> Sinon insinuates this had already been carried to Argos.



“ When sudden force shall fall on Ilium’s towers, 230  
 “ So Calchas’ art directs the Græcian powers.  
 “ ‘This horse the injury of our chiefs declares,  
 “ Proclaims their sorrow, and their guilt repairs;  
 “ Its sides, so will’d the seer, compacted rise,  
 “ Of vast proportions and gigantic size, 235  
 “ Lest Troy reception to the image give,  
 “ And Trojans ’neath their fathers’ worship live.  
 “ ‘This horse refused, Troy’s fall the war shall end—  
 “ O may such ills on Greece herself descend!  
 “ Received, your sons shall arms to Elis bear, 240  
 “ And all proud Argos in the ruin share.”  
 Thus where Tydides and Achilles fail’d;  
 The crafty Sinon’s baser art prevail’d;  
 And fell that Troy all Greece had learnt to fear,  
 Caught by a lie, and vanquish’d by a tear. 245  
 But now the sea a fearful portent shows,  
 O sight unspeakable! and aids our foes.  
 Behold by Neptune’s shrine Laocöon stand,  
 In priestly vestments, with uplifted hand:  
 When lo! two snakes from Tenedos appear, 250  
 And high their blood-red manes terrific rear,<sup>1</sup>  
 Through the still deep with folds enormous glide,  
 And sweep with scaly length the tranquil tide.  
 Lash’d by their strokes now sounds the foaming main,  
 They reach the shore, and swift invade the plain: 255

<sup>1</sup> So Milton:
 “ With brazen eyes  
 “ And hairy mane terrific. ’



Then on with glaring eyes the serpents came,  
And lick'd their hissing jaws with tongues of flame.  
Dispers'd we fly, but with unwavering line  
Coil after coil the snakes approach the shrine;  
In their huge spires his tender sons enclose, 260  
Crush the soft limbs, and stain with gore their jaws.  
Arm'd to their aid the wretched father flew,  
Round him their coils the hissing monsters threw,  
Around his waist twice curls the slimy fold,  
And now his neck its cold embraces hold. 265  
High o'er his head the scaly circles rise,  
Dark poisonous gore the sacred fillet dyes;  
The twisted knots he tries to burst in vain,  
The winding spires a deathful triumph gain.  
Loud is the moan that fills the air around, 270  
As when some <sup>1</sup> bull avoids the glancing wound,  
Bursts through the crowd, and from the altar flies,  
Bellows with rage, and rends the parting skies.  
Gliding along towards the sacred mound,  
Where her broad ægis spreads its mystic round, 275  
To stern Tritonia's feet the serpents wind,  
And 'neath her awful shade protection find.

And now our souls, oppress'd with holy dread,  
See justice waken'd strike the guilty head,

<sup>1</sup> The most perfect representation of a bull prepared for sacrifice, with the fillets on his horns and sacred band over his back, may be seen in the saloon at Appuldurcombe, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough in the Isle of Wight. It is a bass relief of most exquisite workmanship, the ornament of some ancient temple brought from Italy by Sir Richard Worsley, and presents a noble idea of the King of Victims.



And crush the hand that with too daring zeal 280  
Resisting heaven had launch'd the impious steel.  
One voice demands Minerva's love to gain,  
The horse conducting to her sacred fane. .  
Our walls thrown down, all ranks the labour share,  
These the strong rope, these rolling wheels prepare; 285  
Pregnant with arms the vast machine proceeds,  
And scales her walls where wretched Ilium leads.  
Virgins and youths in sacred chorus raise  
Their hymns harmonious to Tritonia's praise:  
On rolls the horse as if in conscious pride, 290  
Where eager hands the monstrous fabric guide;  
Then in the centre of our city stands,  
Threatens her palaces, her towers commands.  
Home of the gods, time-honour'd walls of Troy,  
Where virtue long did heaven's full care enjoy! 295  
Four times the vast machine reluctant stood,  
Four times the clang of armour shook the wood;  
Yet on uncheck'd with frantic zeal we pour,  
And place the monster in the sacred tower.  
Then to deaf ears, so angry gods decreed, 300  
Our future fortunes did Cassandra read.  
And in glad rites the festive day is pass'd,  
That day by angry heaven foredoom'd our last.  
Adoring crowds through all the city round  
With peaceful wreaths <sup>1</sup> the solemn altars crown'd. 305

<sup>1</sup> Of laurel, olive, ivy, &c., in token of a public thanksgiving.



The sun declines, the light in darkness ends,  
 From ocean's bosom night obscure ascends;<sup>1</sup>  
 And earth, and sky, and Græcian fraud<sup>2</sup> are laid,  
 Involv'd beneath her wings in gloomiest shade:  
 Through all man's busy haunts deep silence reigns, 310  
 Sleep's soft refreshment soothes the soldier's pains.  
 Meanwhile from Tenedos the Argive fleet  
 Launch, and 'neath Troy of strife unconscious meet;  
 When moonlight shades and still repose prevail,  
 Raised is the signal fire,<sup>3</sup> the vessels sail. 315  
 Then Sinon's hand unbars the solid planks,  
 Straight from the womb start forth the armed ranks;  
 Foremost the way the bold Machaon leads,  
 With vengeance fir'd great Atreus' son succeeds;  
 These Athamas, Ulysses, Thoas join, 320  
 With Neoptolemus of Peleus' line;  
 Epæus last, the vast machine who plann'd,  
 With hardy Sthenelus complete the band.  
 Through all wide Troy no wakeful voice was heard,  
 Still as the grave<sup>4</sup> no sleeping warrior stirr'd: 325

1

"The sun

"Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career

"To th' ocean isles; and in th' ascending scale

"Of heav'n, the stars which usher evening rose."—

*Paradise Lost*, IV. 353.

<sup>2</sup> It has been remarked that there is great art shewn in singling out Græcian fraud, to be thus brought prominently forward as the great object in earth and heaven which night obscured.

<sup>3</sup> The signal fire was first raised by Helen from the citadel of Troy, which was answered by a light shewn on the stern of Agamemnon's vessel, which also acted as a sailing signal to the rest of the fleet.

<sup>4</sup> *Somno vinoque sepultan.*



The guards are slain, and through the open'd gate  
Arm'd legions pouring seal the slumberers' fate.

Lo! in the drowsy hour when early night  
Draws her dark veil across the garish light,  
And sleep, vouchsafed in mercy to mankind,  
Creeps o'er the sense, and calms the feverish mind,  
Hector, but O! in mournful guise, appears,  
And the sad spirit pours unwonted tears.

330

His feet were pierc'd, as though the swollen wound  
Still held the thong which late his ankles bound,  
When stain'd with lines of dust and foul with gore  
Achilles whirl'd him round the sounding shore.

335

How chang'd from him who late exulting came,  
When Greece lamented the devouring flame:

Or proudly deck'd, 'midst crowds exulting bore  
The spoils which once the stern Peleides wore.  
Uncomb'd and squalid hung the spectre's beard,

340

Clotted with blood his grisly locks appear'd;  
While many a gash his open breast display'd,

Neath Ilium's ramparts by her foemen made.

345

When thus, for so it seem'd, I first began

In words of sorrow to the godlike man:

“ O light of Troy, and Trojans' firmest stay,

“ Whence comes our look'd, our long'd for Hector, say?

“ Our hearths invaded, and our warriors slain,

350

“ Hope comes attendant on thy steps again.

“ What cause has marr'd thy once majestic mien;

“ Why are these marks of hostile fury seen?”



Deep was the groan the mournful spectre gave,  
Then rais'd his last and warning voice to save : 355

“ Chief, sprung from gods, these flaming ruins leave,

“ Jove frowns on Troy, all nobler hopes deceive.

“ A hostile force already holds the wall,

“ Great Ilium nods, and totters to her fall.

“ Could mortal arm availing succour lend, 360

“ Hector had liv'd his country to defend.

“ To thee she now consigns, O sad resource !

“ Her household gods, to join thy flying course.

“ With these thy way through foaming waters take,

“ And distant shores renown'd through ages make.” 365

He ceas'd ; then forth from Vesta's temple came,

And bore her image, and undying flame.

'Tis not one single wail the air that rends,  
Shout following shout in one wild cry ascends ;

Confus'd at first, now ringing full and clear, 370

The clang of arms alarms the startled ear :

And yet far distant from the public way,

Embower'd in trees, my father's dwelling lay.

Mounting a tower, I reach its loftiest round

With hasty steps, and catch the swelling sound ; 375

So, when a flame by furious south winds borne

With crackling noise, invades the standing corn ;

Or mountain torrent thunders roaring down,

And sweeps the harvests that his labours crown ;

Amaz'd the swain the loud confusion hears, 380

Climbs on some rock, and stands with listening ears.



Sad was the scene the burning town display'd,  
 The truth confirming of great Hector's shade;  
 To every roof the fiery ruin came,  
 And all Sigeum kindled with the flame. 385  
 Loud peals the trumpet through its brazen throat,  
 Loud clang their shields, sharp rings the warriors' shout.<sup>1</sup>  
 I arm, and arm'd, now half uncertain stand,  
 To force what passage, or collect what band;  
 Yet burning thoughts of ancient glory call 390  
 In glory's bed the dying chief to fall;  
 When Pentheus, flying from the Græcian throng,  
 Stretches his arms, and breathless speeds along,  
 Rous'd where in Ilium's citadel he lay,  
 And watch'd the temple of the god of day. 395  
 To gain our home<sup>2</sup> his outrag'd gods he bears,  
 His trembling boy, the partner of his fears.  
 "How fares it, Pentheus? must all hope be vain,  
 "And Troy unaided by her sons remain?"  
 Scarce had I spoken, when he thus replies, 400  
 His voice contending with his rising sighs:  
 "Troy is no more, no more our ancient fame,  
 "Great Teucer's glory, and our Dardan name;

<sup>1</sup> This is one of those lines in which Virgil has so perfectly matched the words to the sound, as to render any successful imitation by his translator all but impossible:

"Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum."

<sup>2</sup> Some readings give "litora," the shore, instead of "limina," the threshold, thereby destroying this marked testimony to the piety, valour, and judgment of Æneas, which made the priest of Apollo fly immediately with his sacred charge to his home for protection.



“ By Jove’s decree, to Argos victory turns,  
“ And Greece triumphant reigns while Ilium burns. 405  
“ Arm’d bands the lofty horse disgorging sends,  
“ With smoking brands base Sinon arms his friends ;  
“ Thousands on thousands from Mycenæ’s shore  
“ Through open gates their plund’ring numbers pour,  
“ With point of steel the trembling townsmen meet, 410  
“ Cut down the flying, and blockade the street ;  
“ Foes, in the darkness, scarce discern’d from friends,  
“ The guards’ brief struggle in destruction ends.”

By every thought that prompts to vengeance fir’d,  
By love of country and the gods inspir’d, 415  
Where the loud wail, where the dire Fury calls,  
I rush through arms, and stand ’midst blacken’d walls.  
First, through “ the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,”  
The aged Iphitus attracts my sight ;  
Riphæus, Hypanis, and Dymas brave, 420  
Next join my side, the blazing town to save ;  
And young Choræbus, whom Cassandra’s charms  
Involv’d in death, to aid her kinsmen’s arms ;  
Too bold to hear her voice prophetic chide,  
Too fond for safety to desert his bride. 425  
Then while in firm array the warriors stand,  
To boldest<sup>1</sup> deeds I urge the daring band :  
“ Heroic souls, instinct with noblest rage,  
“ Alas, in vain ! and eager to engage,  
“ The gods, whose shrines our fathers bow’d before, 430  
“ Desert their fanes, and leave this fated shore.

<sup>1</sup> “ Incipio *super* his.”



" See where the waving flames ascend the sky—

" Our homes destroy'd, 'twere best in arms to die.

" One stern resolve alone those arms may guide,

" Reckless to fight, and cast all hope aside."

435

As famish'd wolves, impell'd by keenest pain

Of hunger's gnawing tooth, invade the plain,

To danger blind, through darkness force their way,

And for their thirsting young secure the prey ;

So we through night's impending shadows go,

440

Careless of death, impatient for the foe.

Who shall the havoc of that hour explain,

Weep with the living, and lament the slain !

An ancient city that had reign'd through years

Falls, or a mass of waving flame appears ;

445

In sacred fanes the slaughter'd bodies lay,

Fill'd our lov'd homes, and heap'd the public way ;

And where the Dardans' life blood stain'd the ground,

Full many an Argive's gasping corse was found,

When olden valour kindling in his heart,

450

The dying Trojan play'd the hero's part.

Pale terror reigns, loud wailings lade the wind,

And sulien death<sup>1</sup> gigantic stalks behind.

As on Androgeos with his Argives press'd,

Our band he met, and thus for friends address'd :

455

1

" In no common form

" Death then appears, but starting into size

" Enormous, measures with gigantic stride

" The astonish'd earth."—*Death, by Bishop Porteus.*







" See where the waving flames ascend the sky—  
 " Our homes destroy'd, 'twere best in arms to die.  
 " One stern resolve alone those arms may guide,  
 " Reckless to fight, and cast all hope aside." 435  
 As famish'd wolves, impell'd by keenest pain  
 Of hunger's gnawing tooth, invade the plain,  
 To danger blind, through darkness force their way,  
 And for their thirsting young secure the prey;  
 So we through night's impending shadows go, 440  
 Careless of death, impatient for the foe.  
 Who shall the havoc of that hour explain,  
 Weep with the living, and lament the slain!  
 An ancient city that had reign'd through years  
 Falls, or a mass of waving flame appears; 445  
 In sacred fanes the slaughter'd bodies lay,  
 Fill'd our lov'd homes, and heap'd the public way;  
 And where the Dardans' life blood stain'd the ground,  
 Full many an Argive's gasping corse was found,  
 When olden valour kindling in his heart, 450  
 The dying Trojan play'd the hero's part.  
 Pale terror reigns, loud wailings lade the wind,  
 And sullen death<sup>1</sup> gigantic stalks behind.  
 As on Androgeos with his Argives press'd,  
 Our band he met, and thus for friends address'd: 455

1

" In no common form

" Death then appears, but starting into size

" Enormous, measures with gigantic stride

" The astonish'd earth."—*Death, by Bishop Porteus.*



“ Come ye as laggards to the fruitful toil ?

“ Speed, comrades, speed, and share the Trojan spoil.”

No voice replies, at once the cause they know,

And all irresolute confront the foe.

As when the wanderer in a thorny brake

460

Treads unexpected on a pois'nous snake,

Soon as he sees its azure crest arise,

He stands, turns, trembles, and yet scarcely flies ;

So halt the Greeks, for night forbids to fly,

And terror-stricken in confusion die.

465

Thus seem the gods our first attempt to bless,

And crown our daring efforts with success.

“ Complete the work,” the bold Choræbus cries,

“ While fortune smiles, and Greece half vanquish'd lies.

“ The shields the Argive warriors used we'll bear, 470

“ Their weapons hold, their own devices wear :

“ Who, if our arms succeed against the foe,

“ Or guile or valour for the cause shall know !”

Androgeos' nodding crests protection yield,

He grasps his sword, and lifts his blazon'd<sup>1</sup> shield ; 475

Stout Riphæus, Dymas, and the rest select,

Or spears to wound, or bucklers to protect.

As Græcians we the Græcian arms employ,

The gods are there, but not the gods of Troy ;

Full many a combat rages through the night, 480

And many an Argive leaves the realms of light ;

<sup>1</sup> “ Clypei insigne decorum.”



Some to the vessels trembling urg'd their way,  
And sought concealment where their navy lay;  
Some scale the wooden horse with craven fear,  
And in the hollow fabric disappear: 485

But O! when heaven a race foredoom'd deserts,  
Weak man in vain his puny strength exerts.

Lo! from Minerva's inmost altar torn,  
With hair dishevell'd is Cassandra borne,  
Her frenzied eyes to heaven uprais'd for aid, 490  
Bound were her hands, or else her hands had pray'd.

The brave Choræbus, madden'd by the sight,  
Rush'd on the band, and cheer'd us to the fight;  
But lo! deceiv'd by Græcian armour here,  
'Gainst Trojans Trojans hurl'd the flying spear; 500  
Whilst Atreus' sons inflamed each hostile rank,  
And Ajax thunder'd on our wavering flank.

So when the tempest bursts, fierce winds engage,  
And rend the clouds asunder in their rage,  
Swift scours the South, as swift the West succeeds, 505  
With Eurus glorying in his airy steeds;

Loud roar the woods, and in his watery home  
The angry Nereus stirs the rising foam.  
They too who late had panic-stricken fled,  
Rejoin the combat, and avenge the dead. 510

Borne down our friends in bloody ruin lie,  
'Tis vain to fight, and vainer still to fly.  
Peneleus first, omnipotent in fight,  
Dismiss'd Choræbus to the realms of night;



The youthful chief before the altar fell, 515  
Where once Minerva would indulgent dwell.  
Then Riphæus falls, whose upright soul deserv'd,  
Had gods so will'd, to be by gods preserv'd;  
Next Hyphaniſ and Dymas, drench'd in gore  
By kindred weapons, sought the Stygian shore; 520  
Last, Pentheus, thou whose holy fillets gave  
A better hope thy sacred life to save.  
Ye burning ruins of my country say,  
If in that hour this sword inactive lay;  
Well had I death from Argive steel deserv'd,<sup>1</sup> 525  
A hero's death, but heaven my life preserv'd.  
'Twas now, divided from the Trojan throng,  
With Pelias borne and Iphitus along,  
(Pelias still halting from Ulyſſes' wound,  
And veteran Iphitus in youth renown'd,) 530  
Onward I haſte where agonizing cries  
From Priam's ſtately palaces ariſe.  
With felleſt paſſions foes with foes engage,  
And Mars terrific pours ungovern'd rage,

<sup>1</sup> I am afraid that this literal rendering of the verb "meruisse" by the English word "deserve," which commonly bears a double ſenſe, and one the very contrary to merit, may have weakened the force of this noble ſentiment, which declares death to be the reward of valour, eſpecially valour exerted in behalf of one's country. It is thus alſo that Horace (Lib. IV. Ode 9. in fin.) after declaring that he only is the truly happy man, who puts to their right uſe the talents which heaven has given him, endures trials with dignity, and fears diſgrace, and abhors meanness more than death, adds with ſo much ſpirit,

"Non ille pro caris amicis  
Aut patriâ timidus perire."



As if in Troy were heap'd no other dead, 535  
As if in Troy no other warriors bled.  
With well compacted shields and fiercest hate  
The Græcians thunder at the yielding gate;  
Some to the walls light tapering ladders bring,  
Mount by the steps, and to the summit spring; 540  
Grasping the parapet their efforts aid,  
Raise the left arm, and lift the buckler's shade.  
The lofty turrets which the palace crown,  
Urg'd by despair the Trojan chiefs roll down,  
Ancestral ornaments for missiles throw, 545  
And with bright gilded beams assail the foe;  
Whilst some with swords around the portal wait,  
And with determin'd valour guard the gate.  
A loyal ardour every bosom fires,  
Fresh zeal the danger of our king inspires; 550  
We rush to help the heroes in the strife,  
And aid the vanquish'd in the game for life.  
A postern door, conceal'd within the wall,  
From Hector's palace led to Priam's hall;  
Through which, while Ilium's regal homes remain'd, 555  
And aged Priam o'er his people reign'd,  
Oft would Andromache in silence glide,  
And young Astyanax attend her side,  
Before her Hector's sire to pour her tears,  
Cheat the sad hours, and soothe a matron's fears. 560  
Mounting by this I gain'd the roof, and sought  
The spot where still 'Troy's fainting warriors fought:



Close on the parapet a turret stands,  
Wide is the view that lofty tower commands ;  
Thence might the eye o'erlook the crowded street, 565  
Survey the camp, and reach the Argive fleet.  
'This tower we loosen at the topmost round,  
Strain ev'ry nerve, and heave it to the ground :  
Loud is the crash, the battlements descend,  
And all the air loud shouts of horror rend. 570  
Fresh troops o'er mangled bodies scale the wall,  
Darts pour, and stones in quick succession fall.  
Pyrrhus in front his martial form displays,  
Bright like the sun both helm and corslet blaze:  
As when a snake, which torpid long has lain, 575  
Gorged with the noxious poisons of the plain,  
Shines fresh in youth, and casts his slough aside,  
Courts the warm sun, and hisses in his pride,  
Draws his long folds, with head erect, along  
In speckled pomp, and shoots his triple tongue. 580  
Automedon, Achilles' charioteer,  
And mighty Periphas with him appear ;  
And all the youth from Scyros' isle that came  
High at the roofs the blazing torches aim.  
Leading the band proud Pyrrhus plies his stroke 585  
'Gainst the strong gates, and rends the solid oak ;  
Burst are the bars, the brazen posts give way,  
And kingly halls to lawless gaze display :  
Still on the threshold firm a chosen band,  
Arm'd to the teeth, with steady valour stand. 590



Sad is the scene the palace courts within,  
Low wails at first, and hollow groans begin;  
Then loud the shrieks of frenzied women rise,  
Rend the thin air, and mount the spangled skies:  
Mothers in terror wander through the halls, 595  
Embrace the doors, and kiss the lifeless walls.  
With vengeful ire great Pyrrhus holds his course,  
And thunders there with all his father's force;  
In vain his mighty wrath the bars defy,  
The guards cut down before his faulchion die; 600  
Struck by a vast machine, the barriers fall,  
The useless hinge deserts the failing wall;  
Rage bursts through all, and steel-clad warriors pour  
Through the wide breach, and fill the royal floor.  
Not with such force the stream o'erleaps the mound, 605  
Foams as it flows, and floods the trembling ground,  
Through the wide plain its course impetuous holds,  
Sweeps off the cattle, and beats down the folds.  
The two Atridæ in the tumult share,  
With Neoptolemus, renown'd in war; 610  
Furious they fight, their arms besmear'd with gore,  
Exulting in the blood that drench'd the floor.  
There aged Hecuba I saw, and near  
Of noblest birth a hundred dames appear;  
There white-hair'd Priam, butcher'd where he stood, 615  
His household shrine polluting with his blood.  
Rang'd all along a gallery's sculptur'd sides  
Ran fifty chambers of the royal brides;



For these the gold had left the Indian mine,  
And deck'd with richest spoils the portals shine: 620  
All fell: for where devouring flame had fail'd,  
The deadlier fire of Græcian hate prevail'd.

But dost thou, queen, how died the monarch, ask?  
For thee my voice fulfils the painful task.

Soon as he saw his ancient palace fall, 625  
And battle's crimson tide pollute the hall,  
Across his breast, ill fitted arms to bear,  
The aged monarch flung the weight of war,  
And girt his useless sword upon his thigh,  
Prepar'd amidst the thickest foes to die. 630

O'ershadow'd by a laurel's sacred wood,  
Within a court great Jove's high altar stood;<sup>1</sup>  
The clear blue arch of heaven above it rose,  
And daily blood in grateful worship flows.

As timid doves beneath the angry sky 635  
To some well-known and shelter'd covert fly,  
So seeks the helpless queen the sacred fane,  
Where trembling matrons clasp the shrines in vain.  
But when she mark'd the king bow'd down with age,  
"Oh why," she cries, "in bootless strife engage? 640  
"No mortal strength for Troy can aught avail,  
"If Hector liv'd, e'en Hector's arm should fail.  
"Safe by our altar let us here abide,  
"Or die contented by each other's side."

<sup>1</sup> The altar of Jupiter Herceius, which stood within an open enclosure in the inner court of the palace.



With this she folds in love's still warm embrace 645  
The aged king, and trusts the hallow'd place.

But see Polites, wounded by a lance,  
Through the long gilded porticos advance;  
'Mid clouds of javelins and surrounding foes,  
Swift as he may, the halting warrior goes: 650

See Pyrrhus foaming draw each stride more near,  
Now, now he grasps him, and extends his spear:  
His failing strength just reach'd his father's side,  
When life departed with the crimson tide.

No longer could the aged king contain 655  
His rising passion, or his voice restrain:

"Shedder of blood, whose barbarous wrath," he cries,

"With the son's corse<sup>1</sup> pollutes the father's eyes,

"If mortal woes can heaven's regard command,

"Jove's righteous bolt shall blast the murderer's hand.

"Falsely thou boast'st Achilles for thy sire, 661

"Great in his deeds, and noble in his ire:

"With heart as generous as his soul was brave,

"He Hector's body for interment gave;<sup>2</sup>

"Safe to his gods restor'd a royal foe, 665

"And sacred held a suppliant father's woe."

With this his feeble hand a javelin flung,

'Gainst Pyrrhus' shield the trembling weapon rung,

Just pierc'd the brass, and from the centre hung.

<sup>1</sup> "Funus," a dead body just slain, still warm.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil with great art conceals the fact of any ransom being given for the body of Hector, and makes it the free act of a generous enemy.



Fierce was his answer: "Thine own message bear," 670

"And to the shade of Peleus' son repair.

"There end the lecture thou hast here begun,

"And tell the sire of his degenerate son.

"Now die." With this the aged king he drew

Through his son's blood, and on the altar threw. 675

One hand he twin'd within his silvery hair,

With one he laid his thirsting faulchion bare;

Then plung'd the weapon in the monarch's side,

Whose soul rush'd forth upon the purple tide.

Thus died the king who wept his country's fall, 680

Her rifled altars, and her crumbling wall;

Who once, in empire as in glory great,

Sway'd Asia's tribes, and rul'd in regal state.

A headless trunk the mighty monarch lay,

A nameless carcase, and a thing of clay. 685

Now first our home my thoughts in terror sought,  
By this sad slaughter to my memory brought:

My wife, my son, my sire of equal age,

My plunder'd dwelling all my care engage.

One anxious glance on every side I cast, 690

All friends are gone, alone I stand, and last.

Some to the ground in wild alarm had leapt,

The flames the wounded to the shades had swept.

All objects round the glaring fires reveal'd,

When lo! I see near Vesta's shrine conceal'd, 695

Helen, foredoom'd our country to destroy,

The beauteous pest of Trojans and of Troy:



Dardans and Greeks alike she fear'd to meet,  
Nor dar'd to clasp an injur'd husband's feet.  
Deep vengeance then my country's woes desir'd, 700  
And mingled scorn and hate my bosom fir'd.  
Shall she, I thought, in Sparta's courts be seen,  
And reign triumphant fair Mycenæ's queen ;  
Her spouse, her home, her parents, children greet,  
With Ilian maidens prostrate at her feet? 705  
Shall Priam die the prey of Pyrrhus' ire,  
His kingdom spoil'd, and 'Troy destroy'd by fire,  
While Trojan shores have steam'd with Trojan blood,  
And crimson streaks have ting'd the Phrygian flood?  
What though the deed no warrior's name can raise, 710  
For vanquish'd woman yields ignoble praise,  
Yet would her death the love of vengeance please,  
Punish her guilt, and gloomy ghosts appease.

As thus I thought, through all the gloom of night  
Shone forth my mother in the purest light, 715  
Majestic as when heavenly courts she treads,  
And on surrounding gods fresh radiance sheds.  
With gentle force she grasp'd my lifted hand,  
As holier deeds her rosy lips command:  
" O why, my son, thus violently rage? 720  
" Can love for home no thought, no care engage?  
" Forget'st thou where the old Anchises lies,  
" Creüsa sinks, perhaps Ascanius dies?  
" Foes round them press, my hand alone has staid  
" The fiery ruin and uplifted blade. 725



“ No Spartan bride, no hated Paris blame,  
“ God join’d with god destroys the Trojan name.  
“ Behold; (for now I lift aside the cloud  
“ Which mortal eyes obscures with humid shroud;) 730  
“ There, where you see the breach in yonder wall,  
“ And pile on pile the mighty fragments fall,  
“ Where waving flames with clouds of dust arise,  
“ Against the walls his trident Neptune plies;  
“ The whole foundations of the city rock,  
“ Troy feels from base to battlement the shock. 735  
“ Here Juno rages with eternal hate,  
“ And in full armour keeps the Scæan gate;  
“ Summons her Argive warriors to the fray  
“ With flaming sword, and leads herself the way.  
“ There see Minerva’s warlike form reveal’d, 740  
“ ’Mid rays of glory, with her Gorgon shield;  
“ High on the lofty citadel she stands  
“ With threatening aspect, and the Greeks commands.  
“ Great Jove himself the foe with strength supplies,  
“ And bids the gods against the Trojans rise. 745  
“ Then cease, my son, this vain defence, and fly,  
“ While the path opens, and a god is nigh.  
“ Still shall my power attending guard thy flight.”  
She ceas’d: swift gliding through the shades of night.”  
And now dire shapes through all the air appear, 750  
God urging god against our walls we hear;  
One sheet of living flame is waving round,  
And fated Ilium sinking to the ground;



The power which hands immortal help'd to rise,  
By them o'erthrown in one vast ruin lies. 755

As when against the monarch of the wood,  
Which long on some high mountain ridge has stood,  
Contending swains exert a furious zeal,  
Lift the broad axe, and ply the ruthless steel;  
At each rude blow it nods its stately form, 760  
And seems just yielding to the iron storm,  
Till vanquish'd by the oft repeated wound,  
With one last groan it thunders to the ground.

Uncheck'd through darts and flames that round us play,  
Swiftly the goddess holds her silent way, 765  
Till where its dome Anchises' palace rears,  
That aged chieftain in his halls appears.  
'Tis vain persuasion, vainer force to try,  
The worn-out warrior hesitates to fly.

What if I urge the danger of delay, 770  
And ask to bear him in these arms away?

"Fly ye," he cries, "whose strength entire remains,  
Whose blood still warm flows free through youthful  
Did heaven to me yet lengthen'd days allot, [veins.  
Heaven had preserv'd this long familiar spot. 775

"Enough, once captur'd Ilium<sup>1</sup> to have seen,  
And sad survivor of her ruin been.

"Thus, thus my body for its burial laid,<sup>2</sup>

"One last farewell shall please the parting shade.

<sup>1</sup> When it was taken by Hercules, in the reign of Laomedon.

<sup>2</sup> "Positum Corpus" was a body laid out for burial; considering himself as



" This hand my soul to Pluto's realm shall send, 780  
" Or some kind foe my painful sorrows end.  
" 'Tis not much boast the aged to destroy ;  
" And what avail proud burial rites in Troy ?  
" A burden now this feeble life I find,  
" Hateful to gods, and useless to mankind ; 785  
" Since Jove, of gods and men the awful sire,  
" Blasted this form, and hurl'd avenging fire."  
Thus wandering on the old Anchises ran,  
His purpose fix'd as when he first began.  
Creüsa, weeping, at my side appears, 790  
And young Ascanius adds his boyish tears ;  
All urge the stern necessity to fly,  
Ere fate triumphant sees the lingerers die :  
But still unmov'd the aged chieftain hears,  
And to his purpose and his home adheres. 795  
Urg'd by despair, I seize my arms, to close  
A life of sorrow in death's last repose.  
" Canst thou," I ask, " the coward's part advise,  
" The son to live, what, though the father dies ?  
" If heaven, with will-unchanging, has decreed, 800  
" In vain our bravest and our best should bleed ;  
" If thine own wish would thee and thine destroy,  
" With the last ruins of expiring Troy ;  
" Pyrrhus advances with victorious band,  
" Red is his blade, and red his slaughtering hand ; 805

which, Anchises bids them say over him the last words of farewell, "vare, vare, vare;" and by repeating the "sic," "thus," shows his fixed determination.



“ Who slew Polites where his father stood,  
“ Then stain’d the shrine with white-hair’d Priam’s blood.  
“ Was it for this thy care, bland parent, brought  
“ Æneas forth, ’mid flaming ruins sought,  
“ To see the fierce and lawless Græcians roam 810  
“ Through the wide chambers of our sacred home,  
“ Whilst sire, and wife, and young Ascanius die,  
“ And in each other’s blood expiring lie?  
“ Arms, bring me arms, since this last day must rise  
“ On vanquish’d Troy, with it Æneas dies; 815  
“ O let me then rejoin the deadly strife,  
“ And sell, as warrior should, a warrior’s life.”  
    ’Tis thus I burn the Argive to defy,  
To draw the sword, and lift the shield on high.  
But lo! Creüsa in my path appears, 820  
And to Iulus points, dissolv’d in tears.  
“ If gloriously to die these arms you bear,  
“ Take us that glory and that death to share;  
“ But if success thy efforts may attend,  
“ Remain, and here thy hearth and home defend. 825  
“ Why is thy sire, why young Ascanius left,  
“ Why thy Creüsa, of all aid bereft?”  
As thus her mournful supplications rise,  
A sudden portent meets our wondering eyes:  
E’en while with sad, but yet with fond, caress 830  
Our arms embrace him, and our accents bless,  
From the high crown of young Iulus came  
A fluttering light, of gently streaming flame,



With harmless lustre round his tresses spread.  
And on his temples unconsuming fed ; 835  
Instant we run, impell'd by false alarm,  
To quench the fire, and save the boy from harm.  
With joy the omen old Anchises read,  
And, as he spoke, his hands to heaven were spread :  
“ Thy powerful aid, Almighty Parent, lend, 840  
“ And lead these portents to a prosperous end.”  
A hollow murmur, rising as he speaks  
On the left hand, in pealing thunder breaks ;  
A comet flaming through the shades of night  
Glides o'er our roof, and draws a train of light ; 845  
Pointed our way to Ida's sacred dell,  
Then, prone to earth, in fiery sparkles fell.<sup>1</sup>  
'Twas now his form the aged chieftain rais'd,  
Ador'd the star, and heaven's indulgence prais'd.  
“ No more,” he cries, “ may age your steps delay, 850  
“ With doubting faith, when Jove directs the way.  
“ Gods of our fathers, who o'er Troy preside,  
“ Preserve her children, and their wanderings guide.”  
Scarce had he ceas'd, when the loud crackling flame,  
Roar'd 'mid the roofs, and onward fiercely came. 855  
“ Do thou,” I cry, “ these shoulders swift ascend,  
“ Which stooping now with pious purpose bend :  
“ Let young Iulus join his father's side,  
“ And be my onward course Creüsa's guide.

<sup>1</sup> This last circumstance foreshowed the death of Anchises before Italy was reached.



“ Whate’er our lot, one commor fate we’ll share, 860

“ Together triumph, or together bear.

“ Where Ceres’ temple, springing from the ground,

“ Beyond the city crowns a rising mound,

“ Where, long held sacred by our fathers’ love,

“ An aged cypress waves its boughs above; 865

“ There, by what path soe’er we bend our feet,

“ Let all, if heaven befriend our purpose, meet.

“ Do thou, O sire, in arms from slaughter pure,

“ Unstain’d by war, the gods of Ilium bear.”

A tawny lion’s shaggy hide was flung 871

My neck around, and down my shoulders hung;

On this his seat the aged warrior makes,

Her place behind long-lov’d Creüsa takes,

And where our way through darkest regions bends,

The young Iulus on his sire attends. 875

And now the chief who late had mock’d at fear,

In every passing breeze a foe would hear;

At every shout that rent the air would start,

And press Iulus closer to his heart.

Well nigh the way was pass’d, the gate was near, 880

When the loud tramp of footsteps reach’d the ear;

Through the thick gloom Anchises, gazing, cries,

“ Flashes the blaze of armour on my eyes:

“ See how yon Argive shields are gleaming bright,

“ Where the bright orb flings back the glancing light.”

’Twas then a cloud, mysterious, undefin’d, 886

Came o’er my senses, and confus’d my mind:



Whether some god convey'd her form away,  
Or weak and weary on the path she lay,  
Creüsa never from that awful night 890  
In mortal shape has met our longing sight.  
None guess'd the loss, nor was the error found,  
Till, near the shrine, we trod the sacred mound;  
One form was absent, sought beside the fane  
By comrades, husband, son, by all in vain. 895  
Whom fail'd I then of men, of gods to blame?  
Through that sad night what blow more grievous came?  
My son, my sire, our country's gods I place  
In safe concealment, and my steps retrace;  
Resolv'd again to brave the furious Greek, 900  
And through all Troy my lost Creüsa seek.

The secret gate, and each remember'd place,  
Again I visit, and our steps retrace;  
Dark images of horror crowd my sight,  
The awe augmented by the silent night. 905  
Our halls I tread, but in that ruin'd home  
'The spoiler triumphs, and the lawless roam;  
While flames devouring in the victory share,  
And raging heat oppresses all the air.  
Again through Priam's palaces I go, 910  
And in the citadel confront the foe.  
There, Juno's sacred portico before,  
Where Trojan priests shall minister no more,  
The cruel Ithacus and Phœnix bold  
Appointed guard o'er Trojan plunder hold. 915



Here was the wealth of blazing halls, and here  
The ravish'd offerings of our gods appear;  
Here cups of solid gold lie heap'd around,  
And rich embroider'd vestments strew the ground.  
Young boys are standing by, and captive dames, 920  
Seiz'd by the victors, as they fled the flames.  
Loud shouts again, and yet again I tried,  
But no Creüsa to that cry replied.

Whilst thus in vain the voice re-echoing goes,  
Creüsa's image on my vision rose; 925  
In awful shape she met my troubled eyes,  
A ghost lamented, of unearthly size.  
My faltering voice at once betrays my fears,  
And stiff with horror every hair appears.  
When thus, in accents mild, the blissful shade 930  
Sooth'd my sad bosom, and my cares allay'd:  
" O why in boundless grief indulge in vain,  
" When heaven so wills it, why should man complain?  
" Great Jove, whose nod both gods and mortals fear,  
" Forbids you hence Creüsa's form to bear. 935  
" Long shalt thou roam, and distant seas explore,  
" Till fate conducts thee to Hesperia's shore,  
" Where Lydian<sup>1</sup> Tiber's silent waters glide  
" Through plains of heroes to the Tuscan tide.  
" There prosperous days shall crown thy close of life 940  
" With wide dominion, and a royal wife.

<sup>1</sup> So called, because the Tiber separated Latium from Tuscany, which had been colonized from Lydia.



“ Weep not, nor think or proud Thessalian dame,  
“ Or Argive princess, as her slave may claim,  
“ Whom Venus once beheld with fond delight,  
“ And Ida’s nymphs to purest joys invite. 945

“ Farewell: and, mindful of a mother’s prayer,  
“ Watch young Iulus with still tenderer care.”

Then, ere my lips, from sorrow dumb, reply,  
Dissolv’d in air, she melts into the sky.

Thrice round her neck I strive my arms to clasp, 950

Her form impalpable eludes my grasp,

Like some light wind that courses o’er the plain,

Or unsubstantial vision of the brain.

And thus, the hours of night in danger pass’d,

With morning’s dawn I sought my friends at last. 955

Here, when once more I reach the sacred mound,  
Wondering, I see assembled crowds around:

Husbands and mothers, youths and maidens stand,

Prepar’d to go, a bold but hapless band.

True were their hearts, and in their hands they bore 960

The hard-earn’d relics of their former store;

Resolv’d where’er their chief should point the way,

His steps to follow, and his voice obey.

At every gate the Græcian armour shone,

All expectation of relief was gone; 965

On Ida’s top the morning shadows lay,

Where shone the star, the harbinger of day:

Again my shoulders take their pious load,

I yield to fate, and climb the mountain road.







## BOOK III.

---

### THE NARRATIVE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

To this Book are applicable the same remarks which were made with respect to the second, viz., the increased difficulty to the translator, arising from the circumstance of its being a narrative related by the speaker of scenes in which he himself was the principal actor; the pronoun in the first person being more difficult to manage with elegance in the English language, where it is necessarily expressed, than in Latin, where it is concealed in the verb. The Book is said not to be a favourite with the critics or the public in general. We have, however, Andromache, one of the most charming characters of the Iliad, introduced with a grace, a dignity, and an interest of sorrow, not inferior to that with which Homer has clothed her.







## BOOK III.

---

WHEN the stern sentence of the heavenly powers  
Doom'd Priam's race and Ilium's stately towers;  
And Troy, which rose from an immortal birth,  
Fell,<sup>1</sup> and in ruins smokes <sup>1</sup> upon the earth;  
By omens warn'd to quit the Phrygian shore, 5  
We fell the pines which sacred Ida bore;  
Beneath Antandros' walls prepare our fleet,  
Nor know where fate may guide the wanderers' feet.  
Scarce had returning summer calm'd the seas,  
When at Anchises' word we court the breeze: 10  
Mournful I leave the long familiar plains,  
Where Troy once was, where only dust remains;  
An exil'd chieftain launch'd upon the wave,  
His son, his comrades, and his gods to save.

Where once Lycurgus rul'd with iron reign, 15  
A martial people plough the Thracian plain;

<sup>1</sup> The reader will observe the change of tense:

“*ceciditque superbum*  
*Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troja.*”



The rites of friendship join'd each ancient race,  
And Ilium's gods had bless'd the hearths of Thrace.

Along the winding shore our ramparts rise ;

Vain is the work ; his sanction Jove denies :

20

And yet, all ignorant of forbidding fate,

By my own name<sup>1</sup> I call'd the infant state.

Meet offerings now we bear to Venus' shrine,

And praise the gods who in our labours join,

Our vows to heaven's eternal sovereign pay,

25

His aid implore, the lordly victim slay.

Not far from where our new-built altars stood

Rose from a mound the myrtle's spear-like wood ;

When this, of ill unconscious, I invade,

And grasp a bough to lend its leafy shade,

30

Dire is the portent that confounds my sight,

And mars the progress of the sacred rite ;

Large gouts of blood descend with crimson stain,

Trickling ill-omen'd on the sandy plain.

Around my heart the stream of life congeals,

35

Each quaking limb mysterious dread reveals :

Anxious the fearful secret to unfold,

Again my trembling hand renews its hold ;

Again large drops of dark and clotted gore

Drip from the myrtle, and pollute the shore.

40

To Thracian Mars now rose the suppliant prayer,

To join the wood nymphs,<sup>2</sup> and vouchsafe his care.

<sup>1</sup> Æneadas : called Ænos by Pliny.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the Hamadryades, or rural spirits, whose destiny was connected with some particular trees.



A larger bough then grasping in my hand,  
I kneel, for greater force, upon the sand: <sup>1</sup>  
O shall I tell, or leave in silence bound, 45  
The groan that dreadful shakes the troubled mound?  
“ Let the sad corse in peaceful rest remain,  
“ Nor with rash hand unclosethe wounds again.  
“ In me, great chief, a kinsman's spirit know;  
“ No crimson drops distil from myrtle bough. 50  
“ Entomb'd here murder'd Polydorus lies,  
“ And hostile spears as myrtle branches rise.  
“ Pierc'd by foul hands I welter in my gore——  
“ Fly this false land, O fly this greedy shore.”  
Speechless I stood, and stunn'd: my very hair 55  
Rose on my head, and stood erect from fear.

This Polydorus, with a secret store  
Of hoarded wealth, to Thracia's friendly shore  
Had Priam sent; but Thracia's king withdrew  
From falling Troy, and Polydorus slew. 60  
O'er mortal hearts what empire dost thou hold,  
Thrice cursed thirst of all-enslaving gold!  
Soon as astonishment and fear permit  
The blood-stain'd monument of guilt to quit,  
My lips the awful prodigy relate 65  
To chosen elders of the Phrygian state.  
Their counsel ask'd, united all agree  
The shore to leave, and trust again the sea.

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the many passages which, in a translation, lose all the ease of the original language.



The funeral burrow on the corse is laid  
 With pious duty to our kinsman's shade, 70  
 The cypress<sup>1</sup> guards, the dark blue<sup>1</sup> fillet decks  
 The shrine our sorrow to the dead erects;  
 Around the altars Ilian matrons go,  
 Loose in the breeze their mournful tresses flow.  
 Full frothing cups of fresh drawn milk we pour,<sup>2</sup> 75  
 With chargers meet of sacrificial gore;  
 His spirit next to earth's dark womb consign,  
 As in one last farewell our voices join.<sup>3</sup>  
 Then when an even course the billows keep,  
 Light gales inviting to the silvery deep, 80  
 Borne on the bosom of the waves we fly,  
 Till shore and city fail the straining eye.

In the mid ocean cloth'd with verdant green,  
 To Neptune dear, rich smiling plains are seen;  
 Once loosely drifting, till Apollo gave 85  
 His Delian island to resist the wave.

<sup>1</sup> If the dead was a person of consequence, a branch of cypress was usually placed at Rome before the door of the house where the body lay. The "vittæ" used to decorate altars were in colour "cœruleæ," a dark blue, less bright than purple, and deeper than azure. So Homer uses the corresponding word in Greek, "κυανεός," when describing the anger of Juno (Iliad, Book xv. v. 102), and which Cowper renders "sable brows."

<sup>2</sup> Besides the cups of perfumed oil and of wine usually poured upon the flames and the ashes of the funeral pyre, further libations were offered to the dead, called "inferiæ," from the word "inferimus," here used by Virgil, because they were poured into or upon the grave.

<sup>3</sup> The persons present at funeral ceremonies, after having received purification by being thrice sprinkled with pure water from an olive branch by the priest, took a solemn farewell of the deceased by pronouncing the word "vale."



Hither we sail, and on its peaceful shore,  
Before his walls, the god of light adore.  
Anius, the king of Delos' royal line,  
Who wears the fillets<sup>1</sup> of her holiest shrine, 90  
Receives Anchises with a comrade's care,  
And all the bounty of the sovereign share.  
In ancient grandeur there thine altars rise,  
Great Phœbus, there our prayers<sup>2</sup> ascend the skies:  
"Our toils with rest, O god of Thymbra, crown, 95  
"And grant a country we may call our own.  
"Point out where yet may stand a second Troy,  
"Nor Greeks may reach, nor Peleus' son destroy.  
"Say where the gods our future home would place,  
"Where bliss reviv'd the ancient Dardan race. 100  
"Father of light, some certain token lend,  
"And let thy voice into our hearts descend."  
Scarce ceas'd the prayer, when all things quake around,  
The deep recesses of the shrine resound,  
Vibrates the arch, the sacred laurels nod, 105  
The trembling mount proclaims the present god.  
Prostrate all hearts the deity revere,  
Who pours his counsel on the awe-struck ear:

<sup>1</sup> The "infula" was a flock of wool, white or crimson, slightly twisted into a wreath; the "vitta," a white band, by which the "infula" was bound to the head either of the priest or victim. The "vitta" was sometimes used without the "infula," and was strictly a sacred ornament when used by men and made of wool. The "infula," without the "vitta," was not unfrequently used as a festive wreath.

<sup>2</sup> It is the general opinion of the learned that victims were not slain on the altar at Delos: therefore Æneas simply says, "venerabar," I offer worship and prayers.



“ That land which first the hardy Dardans bore  
“ Recalls the wanderers to her fertile shore; 110  
“ Renown’d shall there the great Æneas reign,  
“ And children’s children his vast fame sustain.”  
As ceas’d the god, with mingled tumult rose  
The joyous hope which sees our wanderings close :  
“ Say, to what land,” each martial chief exclaims, 115  
“ The voice directs, what shore Apollo names ? ”  
Anchises, musing on our earlier days,  
Speaks, and his counsel bolder youth obeys :  
“ Amid the waves a fertile island lies,  
“ Sacred to Jove, where Ida’s summits rise ; 120  
“ The cradle of our race, whose hundred towers  
“ Rise in proud strength, and crown her verdant shores.  
“ And thence, her tale if memory rightly tell,  
“ Came Teucer on our Phrygian coast to dwell :  
“ No stately Ilium show’d her turrets then, 125  
“ But humble valleys were the home of men.  
“ Hence Ida’s grove receiv’d its Cretan name,  
“ When Cybele with silence awful <sup>1</sup> came,  
“ Her brazen cymbals sounding from afar,  
“ And lions harness’d to her sacred car. 130  
“ Due worship paid ; if Jove propitious smile,  
“ Three days shall bear us to the Gnosian isle.”  
To Neptune offer’d by his reverent hand,  
The lordly bull rolls lifeless on the sand ;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the silence observed during the performance of her most solemn mysteries.



To thee again, bright god, the victim dies, 135  
Smokes on the shrine, and fragrant odours rise:  
While sable sheep the raging storms appease,  
And fairer fleeces softer zephyrs please.  
Through all that region round a rumour spread,  
That king Idomeneus from Crete had fled; 140  
That now no hostile army lin'd her shore,  
No hostile sentry watch'd her gates before.  
With prosperous gales Ortygia's <sup>1</sup> port we leave,  
Our vows fair Naxos' sunny heights receive;  
On ocean's breast there silver Paros lies, 145  
Here green Donyssa's <sup>2</sup> marble columns rise.  
Crew calls on crew to seek our father-land,  
The wind blows fair, we make the Gnossian strand.  
With eager haste I urge their willing hands,  
Already Pergamus reviving stands; 150  
The well-known name the crowds rejoicing praise,  
Embrace their homes, and loftier bulwarks raise.  
Dry on the beach the useless ships remain,  
'Neath Trojan labour glows the Cretan plain;  
Then, as the harvest's golden hopes arise, 155  
The youthful breast expands to gentler ties;  
Their chieftain's laws for each a home prepare,  
When sudden pestilence pollutes the air;  
The whole expanse of heaven infected lies,  
The vineyard withers, and the master dies. 160

<sup>1</sup> The ancient name of Delos, from *ορνις*, quail, large flocks of which were found on the island.

<sup>2</sup> Donyssa was celebrated for its green marble, Paros for its white.



These their dead lords and cheerful hearths deplore,  
Or drag their languid limbs along the shore.

Fierce scorching rays beat down from summer skies,  
And wholesome food the sickly crop denies.

Anchises urges the ungrateful task, 165

Counsel again at Delos' shrine to ask ;

Learn whence our wearied hearts may aid expect,

And where the gods our future course direct.

Hush'd by the stillness, lull'd beneath the shade

Of night, all earth in deep repose was laid, 170

When lo ! the tutelary gods I bore

From burning Ilium to the Cretan shore,

Seem'd, as I wak'd, to rise before my sight,

Reveal'd distinctly by the streaming light,

Where the bright moonbeams, glancing from the wall 175

Through the deep windows, on the vision fall.

With aspect mild their sacred forms appear,

Soothe anxious care, and hope desponding cheer.

" By Phœbus sent, thy gods the truth declare,

" Phœbus, who asks not the repeated<sup>1</sup> prayer. 180

" With thee we fled in Ilium's fated hour,

" To crown thy children with eternal power.

" Do thou vast walls for empire vast prepare,

" Nor grudge the labours of long flight to bear.

" Not here your steps the Delian god directs, 185

" Such high renown no Cretan shore expects.

<sup>1</sup> He directs them without giving them the trouble of applying a second time at Delos, as Anchises had suggested.



“ A place there is, CEnotria was its name,  
“ By Greeks Hesperia term'd, but still the same;  
“ And now her tribes Italia call the land,  
“ From Italus, who rul'd with sceptred hand: 190  
“ An ancient land, where fertile plenty reigns,  
“ Bold are her sons, and fruitful teem her plains.  
“ There Dardanus was born, of martial fame,  
“ Whence sprang our nation and our Dardan name.  
“ Do thou, great prince, to good Anchises tell, 195  
“ Fate there appoints the Dardan line to dwell:  
“ Seek Corytus, and fair Ausonia's strand,  
“ For Jove to thee denies Dictæa's land.”

No dream was that: perceptible and clear,  
With fillets crown'd, the gods of Troy appear: 200  
O'er all my limbs cold drops of moisture flow,  
The sacred forms, the heavenly voice, I know.  
Libations pour'd, my frequent prayers arise  
With reverent wonder, and ascend the skies.  
And as my soul the solemn worship cheers, 205  
I tell the vision to Anchises' ears.

He mus'd: he knew our double race before,  
And own'd that Phœbus shew'd a different shore.

“ O, son, on whom the Ilian fortunes hang,  
“ Prophetic thus of old Cassandra sang: 210  
“ Oft, I bethink me, would her accents run  
“ Tow'rd's bright Italia, and the Western sun.  
“ But who would think that Dardans e'er should roam,  
“ And in Hesperia found a Phrygian's home?



“ Yet, though Cassandra’s prescient voice might fail 215

“ To warn, thy words, great god of light, prevail.”

Anchises ceas’d; exulting all obey’d,

The prayer was offer’d, and the vow was paid:

From Crete we launch, (some few behind remain,)

And in our hollow vessels cross the main. 220

Fast fades the beach before our straining eyes,

The sea around us, and above, the skies.

When lo! thick clouds and darkness in its train,

The storm descending howls upon the main;

And as the tempest all its fury pours, 225

Bellow the winds, the boiling ocean roars;

The blast rolls on the foam, the billows rise,

Borne on their curling crests the sailor flies

The whirlwind’s wrath; thick gloom involves the day,

And sable night takes heaven’s fair face away. 230

The sails are rent, the staggering vessel reels,

The lightning flashes, and the thunder peals.

Three days his course scarce Palinurus knows,

Three nights the sky no star directing shows.

On the fourth morn dark wreaths of smoke arise 235

From distant mountains, and obscure the skies.

The sails are furl’d, the oars with lengthen’d sweep

Toss the white foam, and cleave the sounding deep.

The Strophades in wide Ionia’s wave

Rise from the ocean, and our prows receive: 240

The Harpies’ home, from Phineus’ kingdom driven,

Avenging ministers of angry heaven.



Their heads a virgin's comely aspect show,  
But foulest odours from the monsters flow;  
Each loathsome hand in crooked talons ends,  
And pallid hunger on their jaw descends.  
Along the shore sleek herds of cattle pass,  
And goats, unguarded, crop the dewy grass.  
The gods invok'd, too soon the victims feel,  
How craving want impels the strangers' steel.  
On the full board we heap the slaughter'd kine,  
Raise the rude seat, and in the banquet join:  
When lo! the Harpies to our feast repair,  
Clap their dark wings, and beat the troubled air,  
With touch obscene contaminate the spoil,  
Foul odours pour, and loudly screech the while.  
Beneath the unhewn arches of a cave,  
Where trees around protecting branches wave,  
Again the banquet on the board is spread,  
Again with sacred fire the altar fed;  
Again from some obscure retreat they pour,  
Infest our tables, and our feast devour;  
With crooked talons plunder as we eat,  
And with their breath polluting taint the meat.  
Our comrades watch them flapping from afar,  
And with th' accursed brood prepare for war;  
Beneath the waving grass their weapons hide,  
And place their bucklers by each warrior's side.  
Along the winding shore the monsters fly,  
Misemus sounds his trumpet from on high,

245

250

255

260

265

270



On rush our crews, the strange assault to make,  
And 'gainst foul birds the gleaming faulchion take ;  
But though torn flesh and tracks obscene they leave,  
No gash their wings, no wounds their backs receive.  
On lofty cliff apart Celæno plac'd, 275  
Our future toils in words ill-omen'd trac'd :  
" Dare ye our cattle, haughty Dardans, slay,  
" And from the peaceful Harpies drive the prey  
" Uninjur'd in their isle the sisters leave,  
" Respect their power, their warning voice receive. 280  
" What Jove to Phœbus, Phœbus told to me,  
" The Furies'<sup>1</sup> queen, proud chieftain, tells to thee.  
" That land you seek across the Western main,  
" The gods permit your Phrygian bands to gain ; 284  
" But ere their height your new-built ramparts reach,  
" Gaunt famine's scourge the Harpies' power shall teach,  
" Till e'en their trenchers be the wand'rer's food."  
She ceas'd ; then plung'd within the dusky wood.  
With sudden fear each warrior's blood was chill'd,  
Each breast with awe and sad forebodings fill'd ; 290  
No more they press revenge with arms to win,  
But hasty vows and humble prayers begin,  
Whether the Furies are embodied seen,  
Or boding monsters in these birds obscene.  
With hands extended good Anchises pray'd, 295  
And bade due honours to the gods be paid :  
" Ye gods propitious, to our prayers attend,  
" And lead these curses to a holier end."

<sup>1</sup> The Harpies of earth were the same as the Furies of hell.



Th' impatient crews obey their chief's command,  
 Tear loose the cables, and forsake the strand. 300  
 Before the Southern breeze we breast the tide,  
 E'en as the pilot and the winds may guide;  
 Zacynthus'<sup>1</sup> woods reflected in the waves  
 We pass, and cross the flood that Samos laves;  
 Dulichium's<sup>2</sup> isle its sloping summits rears, 305  
 And, crown'd with woods, steep Neritos<sup>3</sup> appears;  
 Swift fly we Ithaca's detested shore,  
 And curse the land which stern Ulysses bore:  
 At length we coast Leucate's heights along,  
 Where gloomiest<sup>4</sup> rites approach the god of song; 310  
 The weary sailor plies once more his oar,  
 Glides 'neath the city, and draws near the shore,  
 Forth from the prow run out the anchor chains,  
 Fix'd on the sandy beach the fleet remains.  
 To greatest Jove our youth an altar raise, 315  
 Present the victim, and proclaim his praise;  
 And high renown the rugged Actium claims,  
 As theatre of Ilium's martial games.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Now Zante.

<sup>2</sup> Now Dolicha.

<sup>3</sup> A mountain in Ithaca. *Νηριτος εινοςιφυλλος*.—*Homer*.

<sup>4</sup> The cliffs of Leucate, jutting out into the sea, were exceedingly dangerous to the navigators of those early days, who never ventured far from land. To propitiate Apollo, whose worship had been established here at a very remote date, a human sacrifice was yearly offered, directly at variance with the worship at Delos, which (as we have seen above) admitted the sacrifice of no animal life.

<sup>5</sup> Virgil supposes Æneas to have instituted these games, in order to pay a compliment to Augustus, who celebrated games in honour of his victory over Antony, at Actium.



Their limbs anointed, on the level strand,  
As Phrygia taught, the hardy Athletes stand: 320  
'Tis joy, our course uninjur'd to have run,  
Past Græcian cities, and the haven won.

Meantime, the sun brings round the changing year,  
And Northern tempests in the sky appear.  
The shield which once to war great Abas<sup>1</sup> bore 325  
I fix in triumph to the temple's door,  
And mark the hand by which the deed was done:  
"These arms from conquering Greece Æneas won."  
Launch'd is the fleet, the oars, with rival sweep,  
Cut the dark waves, and lash the sounding deep. 330  
Our passing vows Epirus' shores receive,  
Behind Phæacia's<sup>2</sup> airy towers we leave,  
Descend upon Chaonia's sandy beach,  
And strong Buthrotus' lofty fortress reach.  
Strange tidings here fame pours upon our ears, 335  
That Helenus a Græcian sceptre bears,  
That Hector's wife a Trojan husband gains;  
And Priam's son o'er all Epirus reigns.  
Amaz'd I hear, then leave the port, and burn  
To greet the hero, and his fortunes learn. 340

It chanc'd that where the dark-leav'd cypress rose,  
There wept Andromache a matron's woes;  
And where the Simois' stream fictitious stray'd,  
Deck'd the green tomb to slaughter'd Hector's shade.

<sup>1</sup> He is supposed to have been one of those Greeks in company with Androgeos, whom Æneas and his comrades slew and stripped.

<sup>2</sup> The modern Corfu.



That tomb was empty, but the once-lov'd wife 345  
Peopled the scene, and rais'd the dead to life.  
Two shrines her hand with pious purpose rears,  
Which nurse her sorrows, and receive her tears.  
Sad gifts of love she slowly bears along,  
And Hector's ghost invokes with mournful song. 350  
But lo! when now the sight of Trojan arms,  
Unlook'd-for prodigy, her soul alarms,  
She stands like chisell'd marble to behold,  
As fair, as fix'd, as lifeless, and as cold.  
"What form," at length, in broken tones, she cries, 355  
"Is this? dost thou in shape substantial rise?  
"Or, if a spectre of unreal life,  
"O, where is Hector? tell his trembling wife."  
She ceas'd: large drops her mental anguish own;  
The grove re-echoes to her hapless moan. 360  
Her strange unearthly tones my soul appal,  
Faltering, and slow, my troubled accents fall:  
"In me, in truth, a child of earth is seen,  
"I live, indeed, but sad my life has been.  
"O say, does Hector's wife remain the same, 365  
"Or, captive, own a Græcian master's claim?"  
Her voice, her eye, of shame, of sorrow spoke,  
As thus Troy's alter'd dame the silence broke:  
"Thrice blest was she<sup>1</sup> her virgin couch who made  
"Neath Ilium's walls, to please Peleides' shade; 370

<sup>1</sup> Polyxena, daughter of Priam, sacrificed by Pyrrhus at the tomb of Achilles.



" The fate who felt not which her soul abhorr'd,  
 " A captive mistress to a Græcian lord ;  
 " Whilst I, who once had borne great Hector's name,  
 " Slave to his lusts, with haughty Pyrrhus came.  
 " But when he sail'd to Sparta's shores to bring 375  
 " Hermione, betroth'd by Sparta's king,<sup>1</sup>  
 " Me he transferr'd to Helenus, to share,  
 " Myself a captive, in a captive's care.  
 " 'Twas then Orestes, raging with the smart  
 " Of love, and guilt still rankling in his heart, 380  
 " At Delphos' shrine his vengeful faulchion drew,  
 " And in their country's<sup>2</sup> temple Pyrrhus slew.  
 " Then fell this coast to Helenus' command,  
 " Who from his brother Chaon named the land.  
 " There frowning Pergamos her foes defies, 385  
 " From yonder mountain Ilium's turrets rise.  
 " But say what chances here your navy bore,  
 " What god impell'd you to Epirus' shore.  
 " The young Ascanius, lives he still to share  
 " Thy lonely state, and cheat an exile's care? 390  
 " Does still his heart to lost Creüsa turn,  
 " Her memory bless, his own bereavement mourn ?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus, and granddaughter of Leda, had been betrothed by her to Orestes, during her father's absence at Troy, where he again had betrothed her to Pyrrhus. Orestes was haunted by the Furies for his guilt in slaying his mother, Clytemnestra, to avenge the share she had in the death of his father, Agamemnon.

<sup>2</sup> Some explain "*patrias aras*," not, as I think, most just, "the great altar of Greece," but as the altar dedicated to the same god, Apollo, before whose altar at Troy Achilles was shot by Paris.

<sup>3</sup> There is something inexpressibly touching and appropriate in this inquiry



“ Can Hector’s deeds a love of fame inspire,  
 “ Or thine own name to acts heroic fire ?”

Deep were the sobs that from her bosom broke,  
 Fast flow’d her tear-drops as the matron spoke;  
 When Helenus, emerging from the walls,  
 Sees Trojan arms, and leads us to his halls.

A mimic Pergamos here meets my eyes.

And there I see an infant Troy arise.

A Xanthus here, scarce trickling through the plain,  
 And there I clasp the Scæan gate again.

The Trojan crews in ample chambers share  
 The proffer’d banquet which their hosts prepare:  
 Raise the full wine-cup to the thirsty lip,  
 And the rich juice from golden goblets sip.

But now with chiding voice the Southern gales  
 Breathe through our rigging, and invite our sails;  
 When thus to Helenus ascends our prayer;

“ Thou to whom birds forthcoming fates declare,  
 “ Who hear’st mysterious words in crackling fires,<sup>1</sup>  
 “ Whose breast divine the Clarian<sup>2</sup> god inspires;  
 “ Know that each priest, each god propitious told,  
 “ To western shores a prosperous course to hold,

in the mouth of Andromache, a widowed mother, who had lost her own son, asking whether the young hero, as he grew up, retained a child’s veneration and affection for the memory of a departed parent.

<sup>1</sup> When a branch of laurel was thrown upon the flame, a good or evil omen was drawn from the sharp or dull sound of the crackling leaves.

<sup>2</sup> An epithet of Apollo, from his temple and oracle at Claros, in Ionia.



" Till dire Celæno, with ill-omen'd voice, 415

" Bade us no longer in such hosts rejoice,

" Threaten'd gaunt famine through our hosts to spread,

" And heap the Furies' vengeance on our head.

" Say, son of Troy, how Troy such ills may shun,

" And close these toils by fate's decree begun." 420

The royal priest round blazing altars pours

The sanguine current, and the gods adores ;

Unbinds the fillets<sup>1</sup> which his hair confine,

Thy suppliant leading to thy sacred shrine,

Great god of light, and to my awe-struck ears 425

Tells the dark future of revolving years.

" Hail, heaven-born chief ! to western shores proceed,

" So haste events, and so great Jove decreed.

" To thee the gods with voice propitious show

" Whate'er the fates permit mankind to know. 430

" Fair Italy, whose shores before thee lie,

" Seem won already, and invite the eye :

" What toils, what troubles, from the chief divide !

" Unfriendly regions, and a pathless tide ;

" Trinacria's waves shall see thy tough oars bend, 435

" Ausonia's sea on thee its fury spend,

" To certain death shall Circe's isle invite,

" And hell's dark lake must meet thy living sight,

<sup>1</sup> The " vitta" had been assumed by Helenus during the time of sacrifice, in his character of priest: as the frenzy of inspiration comes on, and he is about to pour forth the mystic lines of prophecy, he leaves his hair to stream loose in the wind, in accordance with the description given of the Sibyl, under similar circumstances, in the Sixth Book.



" Ere in the region that the gods intend,  
" Thy city rises, and thy trials end. 440  
" One sign observe: when by a distant stream,  
" Where the dark ilex shades the noon-tide beam,  
" A large white sow before thy wondering eyes,  
" With thirty young ones, on the margin lies,  
" All silvery white; then know in that fair land, 445  
" In strength eternal, shall thy empire stand.  
" Celæno's curse need cause no anxious fear,  
" Phœbus shall aid, and heaven a way declare.  
" But all these shores, Italia's nearest side,  
" Lav'd by the waters of Ionia's tide, 450  
" Trojan, avoid: nor trust the hostile coast,  
" Beset with traces of the Græcian host.  
" The Locri there a new position gain,  
" Idomeneus has seiz'd Salentum's plain,  
" And Philoctetes, Melibœa's lord, 455  
" Waves o'er Petilia's palaces his sword.  
" But when, at length, upon Italia's shore,  
" Your altars flame, and crowds their gods adore,  
" With purple veils restrain the wandering sight,  
" Lest some ill-omen'd form disturb the rite.<sup>1</sup> 460  
" Soon as your ships Pelorus' headland near,  
" And now less close the adverse strands appear,

<sup>1</sup> This custom of veiling the head, that the worshippers might not be distracted by any ill-omened appearance, was common in the sacred rites of Rome; and Virgil here compliments the antiquity of the religious ceremonies of his country, by referring the practice to Æneas.



- " Shape with wide circuit to the left your course ;  
" Fly the right shore, and dread the current's force.  
" There was a time, so chronicles relate, 465  
" When the two countries form'd a single state,  
" Till nature heaving shook the solid rock,  
" And rent the earth asunder with the shock :  
" With mighty force old Ocean rush'd between,  
(" By length of time such wondrous change is seen,) 470  
" And fields and towns that neighbours were before,  
" Gaze on each other from a different shore.  
" There troubled<sup>1</sup> Scylla rules the stormy tide ;  
" Charybdis rages on Sicilia's side,  
" With jaws insatiate thrice sucks in the main, 475  
" Thrice belches out the struggling waves again,  
" High in the air the seething billows rise,  
" Roar, boil, and foam, and thunder to the skies.  
" Scylla within a gloomy cave resides,  
" Whose deep recess the virgin monster hides : 480  
" Extended jaws the trembling sailor sees,  
" And sinks engulf'd within the boiling seas.  
" Fair is the show her upper parts assume,  
" A maiden's features, and a maiden's bloom ;  
" From whence a fish its scaly length extends, 485  
" Till in a dolphin's tail the figure ends :  
" Between the two, protruding from the loin,  
" Wolves' heads the dolphin and the virgin join.

<sup>1</sup> Form *εκάλλω*, vexo, I trouble.



" Better round far Pachynum's cliffs to coast,  
" And brook delay, than in those waves be lost ; 400  
" Or once to see extended on the ground  
" The shapeless Scylla, with her sea-green hound.  
" But, O ! if trust in Helenus remains,  
" If skill prophetic in his bosom reigns,  
" Observe with reverence what these lips would tell, 405  
" Now thrice repeated, in thy breast to dwell ;  
" Great Juno's deity with gifts adore,  
" Her power propitiate, and her aid implore ;  
" So as behind Trinacria's cliffs you leave,  
" Shall fairer shores the Dardan chief receive. 500  
" When wafted there, your wanderings Cumæ reach,  
" Where lake Avernus laves the sounding beach,  
" A priestess, burning with prophetic fire,  
" Whose verse declares the truths which gods inspire,  
" 'Neath a dark rock her worshipper receives, 505  
" And writes his mystic fate on forest leaves.  
" These leaves dispos'd in harmonizing row,  
" Herself conceal'd, our future fortunes show,  
" And long their first arrangement fix'd retain,  
" Nor break the union of the sacred strain. 510  
" But when the door upon its hinge revolves,  
" If once a passing blast the link dissolves,  
" If once the leaves around the cave are tost,  
" The spell is broken, and the record lost ;  
" Without an answer worshippers depart, 515  
" And chide the Sybil's tantalizing art.



“ Here, though your comrades blame the long delay,  
“ Though winds propitious call your fleet away,  
“ Heed not the breeze, let all persuasion fail,  
“ Till the god answers, and your vows prevail; 520  
“ Till in clear tones the Sybil’s strains relate  
“ Your destin’d wanderings, and declare your fate.  
“ She will the tribes of Italy unfold,  
“ Teach what to shun, and where your course to hold,  
“ Point where your arms shall fight, your children live,  
“ And duly worshipp’d prosperous fortunes give. 526  
“ Advance: from thence shall Troy again arise,  
“ And in thy mighty deeds ascend the skies.”  
Gifts then he gave resplendent to behold,  
Of India’s ivory, and of burnish’d gold; 530  
Large silver bars our hollow vessels store,  
And brazen caldrons from Dodona’s shore;  
A shirt of mail the generous Trojan brings,  
With triple workmanship of golden rings;  
Then adds a helmet with its plummy crest, 535  
Which once the brow of warlike Pyrrhus press’d.  
Rich were these shining gifts, and join’d to these  
Such as might well the old Anchises please:  
Horses he gives the martial youth to bear,  
Pilots to guide, and hands our toil to share. 540  
Meanwhile Anchises bids each sailor raise  
His tapering mast, and catch the whispering breeze,  
Whom he, that held within his sacred breast  
A prophet’s fire, with reverent voice address’d:



" O thou who once in envied bliss wast seen,  
 " Of love's soft rites with fair Idalia's queen,  
 " Whose life might heaven's peculiar care employ,  
 " Twice snatch'd uninjur'd from declining Troy;  
 " Yon western shore, which hence the eye may view,  
 " Though call'd Ausonia, is denied to you,  
 " Far, far from hence spreads out the destin'd strand,  
 " On which Apollo bids the Dardans land.  
 " Farewell: thy need a pious son supplies—  
 " The waters ripple, and the breezes rise."

545

550

555

And now Andromache, dissolv'd in tears,  
 Rich woven vests of golden tissue bears  
 To young Ascanius, and around him throws  
 A scarf where Phrygia's brighter purple glows.  
 The broider'd gifts she bore oppress'd with grief,  
 And gave in words her throbbing heart relief:

560

" Receive the pledge Andromache hath brought,  
 " The slender web by Hector's widow wrought;  
 " 'Tis the last gift the Trojan dame shall give:  
 " And may her sorrows in thy memory live!

565

" Thou in whose image, to my weeping eyes,  
 " Seems young Astyanax again to rise:  
 " Like were those lips which once my woes beguil'd,  
 " 'Twas thus he fondled, and 'twas thus he smil'd:  
 " And O! had stern Ulysses mercy shown,  
 " To noble manhood youth so fair had grown."

570

Thus ran my answer as our steps depart,  
 The tears fast flowing from a bursting heart:



- " Here long successful may your race remain,  
" 'Tis theirs to hold, 'twas yours the soil to gain.  
" Your toil is over, and your harbour won ; 575  
" Obscure our fate, our labour scarce begun.  
" No shelter on Ausonia's shore you need,  
" Those shores which still from longing eyes recede.  
" For you a Xanthus irrigates the plain,  
" And ancient Ilium flourishes again. 580  
" O may the gods vouchsafe their guardian care,  
" The mild protect you, and the sterner spare!  
" If e'er our fleet the Tyber's harbour gain,  
" In firmest friendship shall our sons remain ;  
" And as from Dardanus their fathers came, 585  
" One shall their children be, their hopes the same."  
Now past Ceraunia's rocks our vessels glide,  
Yield to the oar, and breast the foaming tide,  
Where Chaon's shores scarce fail the sailors' eyes,  
Ere the bold cliffs of Salentinum rise. 590  
His daily course the glorious sun had made,  
And the dark hills were wrapp'd in deepest shade ;  
Stretch'd on the grateful bosom of the soil,  
The weary limbs forget the wanderer's toil ;  
The rippling wave its soothing cadence brings, 595  
And slumber settles with his drowsy wings.  
But ere dull night, by swift-wing'd hours impell'd,  
Through half the heavens her sable course had held,  
Old Palinurus cast his eyes around,  
Survey'd the sky, and caught each rising sound ; 600



Mark'd the stars gliding through the silent air,  
Arcturus, Hyades, and either Bear;  
But scann'd Orion most, that hunter bold,  
Deck'd with his baldrick and his sword of gold.

Then when the tokens of a calm agree,  
The pilot's signal calls us to the sea;  
The eager crews their painted decks ascend,  
Unbind the tackling, and the sails extend.

And now each star the azure vault had fled,  
Aurora, blushing, left Tithonus' bed,  
When, undefin'd, and of a misty blue,  
The hills of Italy arrest our view.

Achates first proclaim'd the wish'd for name,  
Till the glad cry from every vessel came.

On the high stern behold Anchises stand,

A foaming cup<sup>1</sup> supporting in his hand;

Rich was the wreath that round its circle show'd,

And rich the juice that from the goblet flow'd.

"Gods of the sea, gods of the earth," he cried,

"And ye that o'er the tempest's power preside,

"Breathe kindly on us, let a prosperous gale

"With gentle blast inflate each swelling sail."

The breeze blows fair, till clearer to our eyes

Minerva's citadel and temple rise;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The "cratera" was a drinking vessel of a large size, from which the smaller cups, "pocula," were filled with the "cyathus" or ladle; though this latter term is often used also for a cup. The cratera was at a very early period the object of the artist's embellishment. Before the use of it in any sacred rite it was usual for the worshipper to surround the rim of the bowl, and also his own temples, with a wreath of flowers.

<sup>2</sup> On the promontory of Tapygium.



Distinctly next the port its opening shows, 625  
Cheers on the sailor, and invites our prow.  
Two battlemented cliffs the harbour form,  
Shunning with crescent shape the eastern storm ;  
An unhewn pier compels the angry main  
Unmov'd, while dashing billows foam in vain ; 630  
And fair to see receding from the shore  
Rises the shrine the colonists adore.  
Here, our first omen when we quit the main,  
Four snow-white coursers graze the nearest plain.  
“ War, war these steeds,” Anchises cries, “ portend, 635  
“ The wheeling charger is the warrior’s friend :  
“ Yet the same horse obeys the gilded rein,  
“ When peace, returning, brings her smiling train.”  
To Pallas then, in clashing arms array’d,  
Who first receiv’d us, is our worship paid. 640  
A Phrygian veil the wandering sight confines,  
And smokes rich incense on Saturnia’s shrines.  
Our vows once paid, we leave the doubtful fields ;  
The sail yards bend, the ocean’s bosom yields.  
Tarentum’s ramparts now the prospect crown, 645  
Which great Alcides honours as his own ;  
Across the bay Lacinium’s fort appears,  
Where Juno’s fane its sacred turrets rears ;  
In that green vale fair Caulon’s<sup>1</sup> city lies,  
Here Scyllacæum’s iron cliffs arise. 650

<sup>1</sup> Caulonia, called also Anlonia, from αυλη, a valley.



Then, long before Trinacrian Ætna's near,  
 Loud falls the dash of waters on the ear;  
 'Gainst the high rocks the troubled billows roar,  
 With hollow murmur growling on the shore;  
 The shallows boil, and driven to the land 655  
 The waters blacken with the rising sand.<sup>1</sup>  
 "'Tis fam'd Charybdis now assails the ear,"  
 Anchises cries, "the rocks foretold appear:  
 "Bend to your oars, your utmost vigour try:"  
 The men with vigour to their oars apply. 660  
 First Palinurus, turn'd his groaning prow  
 Where to the left the waters smoother flow,  
 Then every crew, with oars and canvas set,  
 Strive a safe offing from the land to get.  
 Rais'd on the billows' curling crests we go, 665  
 Or sink immers'd into the deeps below.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thrice a loud roar the hollow cavern gave,  
 Thrice from the cliffs dash'd off the raging wave;  
 High through the air the snow-white foam is borne,  
 Back from the dripping skies the showers return. 670  
 Meantime the sunbeams kiss the western shore,  
 The failing breeze inflates the sails no more;

1

"Blackens the waters with the rising sand,  
 "And drives vast billows to the distant land."

YOUNG's *Last Day*. Book I. *The description of the Whale that carried Jonas*.

2

"Hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,  
 "Or falls immers'd into the deeps below,  
 "Where the dead silent waters never flow."

DR. YOUNG, *ut supra*.



Our crews worn out, unconscious of the way,  
We bring our vessels to the Cyclops' bay.

Wide in extent, and shelter'd from the breeze, 675  
A spacious harbour calms the swelling seas,  
But sad the waste by burning Ætna spread,  
When thunders roar around its fiery head;  
Dark wreaths of smoke and sulphurous ashes rise,  
And balls of flame ascending lick the skies. 680  
Within, the centre of the mountain glows  
With fiercest heat, and heaves with monstrous throes;  
Its entrails torn are scatter'd on the ground;  
Earth groans, and flings the fiery fragments round.  
Struck by Jove's lightning, so the legend tells, 685  
Enceladus beneath the mountain dwells,  
The ponderous Ætna on his bosom lies;  
Bright flames from out its riven furnace rise,  
Oft as the giant, by the weight oppress'd,  
Changes his side, and lifts his panting breast; 690  
Wide Sicily the gasp convulsive feels,  
Bursts forth dark smoke, and all the heavens conceals.  
The forest howls, oppress'd with secret fear,  
Through the long night unearthly sounds we hear;  
Dense clouds roll on, no star serenely bright 695  
Pierces the gloom, and pours its silvery light,  
Mists veil the moon in the ethereal plain,  
And sable night asserts her darkest reign.

Now rose refresh'd the glorious orb of day  
Through clouds of gold, and chas'd the mists away; 700



When lo ! a form unknown arrests our eyes,  
With famine wasted, and in squalid guise.  
Emerging from the forest shade he stands,  
And to the beach extends his suppliant hands.  
All gaze in awe : his beard was long unshorn, 705  
Unwashed his flesh, his dress with brambles torn ;  
And yet a Græcian warrior, who before  
Had fought with glory on the Phrygian shore.  
The Dardan habit, join'd with hostile arms,  
Seen from afar, the trembling Greek alarms : 710  
He stops, then onward towards the ocean flies,  
With headlong speed and supplicating cries.  
“ By all the gods who heaven’s bright mansions share,  
“ By the clear stars, by this life-giving air,  
“ O take me, Trojans, from this hateful strand, 715  
“ O bear me hence : no more my prayers demand.  
“ Once, I confess, the hostile Græcian strove  
“ The gods of Ilium from their hearths to move ;  
“ And if to death such crime my soul condemn,  
“ ’Twere bliss to perish by the hands of men. 720  
“ Plunge me beneath the billow’s foaming crest,  
“ To sink unnoticed to eternal rest.”

He ceas’d : then flung his arms our knees around,  
In suppliant posture bending to the ground.  
Anchises grasp’d his outstretch’d hand, and gave 725  
The generous pledge a foeman’s life to save ;  
Whilst all surrounding urge him to proclaim  
To friendly ears his country and his name.



Assur'd at length, all terror cast aside,  
 In words like these the hapless wretch replied: 730  
 " My home the island where Ulysses reign'd,  
 " Poor was my sire, would I had poor remain'd !  
 " But when all Greece to arms indignant flew,  
 " Troy, Achemenides<sup>1</sup> a warrior knew.  
 " As late my comrades, half our number dead,<sup>2</sup> 735  
 " Hence from the cavern of the Cyclops fled,  
 " Me they deserted on the gloomy floor,  
 " Heap'd with fresh bones, and foul with human gore.  
 " Of stature vast the monster towers on high.  
 " Disturbs the stars, and strikes against the sky. 740  
 " Sullen in manner, and of visage stern—  
 " Heaven the dire pest from trembling mortals turn !—  
 " The quivering carcase<sup>3</sup> is his loathsome food,  
 " And cups of nectar flow in human blood.  
 " I saw his hand two quaking victims clasp,— 745  
 " Gods, how they struggled in that ponderous grasp !—  
 " Then dash them on a stone, where pour'd around  
 " The bloody current floods the reeking ground ;  
 " And watch'd him all the throbbing flesh devour,  
 " Whence the bruis'd veins distill'd the purple gore. 750

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to be a name feigned by Virgil, from *αχος*, grief, and *μένω*, I remain.

<sup>2</sup> Ulysses and twelve of his companions were captured by the Cyclops, of whom six were devoured before the others escaped.

<sup>3</sup> "Viscera" may mean "the heart, liver, &c." which would form a dainty part of the horrid meal. "Viscera," speaking correctly, has a wider meaning than "*exta*," by which is more properly expressed that portion of the inside which first protrudes when the chest is cleft open. The "*viscera*" are the "*ext'a*," and something more.



“ Mov’d by the sight, but unconfus’d by fear,  
“ Ulysses brought his wonted craft to bear,  
“ When, gorg’d with food, by fumes of wine oppress’d,  
“ Supine he lay, as sleep usurp’d his breast ;  
“ And stretch’d at savage length upon the floor, 755  
“ Belch’d up foul morsels mix’d with trickling gore.  
“ Our prayers we raise, then on the wretch advance,  
“ Pierce his dark brow, and twirl the murderous lance,  
“ Where one huge orb the closing lid conceal’d,  
“ Bright as the sun, and vast as Argive shield.<sup>1</sup> 760  
“ Subdu’d the Cyclops lies in hopeless night,  
“ Our vengeance glutted on his wounded sight.  
“ Then fly from hence, unhappy strangers, fly,  
“ Your cables loosen, nor remain to die.  
“ Like him who here his loathsome empire holds, 765  
“ And in yon cave his milky flocks enfolds,  
“ A hundred monsters o’er these mountains roam,  
“ Haunt the wild woods, and find a savage home.  
“ Now the third moon through plains ethereal borne,  
“ Fills out with stronger light her crescent horn, 770  
“ Since when, or crouching in some wild beast’s den,  
“ I’ve pass’d a wretched life, remote from men,  
“ Or on some cliff have watch’d in breathless fear,  
“ Trembling their footstep or their voice to hear.  
“ Unwholesome roots my scanty meal have made, 775  
“ Or cornel berries from the sylvan shade.

<sup>1</sup> Called by Homer, “*αμφι βροτος*,” as quite encircling the man.



" As rov'd my anxious gaze the ocean o'er,  
 " These ships I saw, and now your aid implore.  
 " To you I yield, and freely yield my breath :  
 " Death from your hands to me were hardly death." 780

Striding along the mountain's shaggy height,  
 We see, and tremble at the monstrous sight,  
 Huge Polyphemus ; round their lord appear  
 His bleating flocks, and to the shore draw near.  
 In form gigantic, barbarous in mind, 785  
 Misshapen, curs'd, inexorable, blind.

An up-torn pine <sup>1</sup> directs the monster's way,  
 His tottering uncertainty <sup>2</sup> to stay :  
 His fleecy sheep alone his wanderings share,  
 His only comfort, and his only care : <sup>3</sup> 790

A twisted collar from his neck depends,  
 And in a pastoral pipe of shepherds' ends.<sup>4</sup>  
 He stopp'd when now his footsteps reach'd the flood,  
 And from the darken'd socket wash'd the blood ;  
 Then gnash'd his teeth in mingled rage and grief, 795  
 And in the cooling waters sought relief ;

<sup>1</sup> Quod illud corpus mente concipiam, cujus trunca manum pinus regit.  
*Quintilian.*

<sup>2</sup> I have chosen these terms as expressive of that want of firmness in the step which is consequent upon not being able to see where the foot is placed. Virgil did not mean that the savage strength of the Cyclops had in any degree yielded to the summary vengeance of Ulysses and his comrades.

<sup>3</sup> It is curious to remark how the author of the *Georgics* gives a charm (if we so may speak) even to the mutilated and barbarous Cyclops, by presenting him in conjunction with the pleasant image of his peaceful flocks.

<sup>4</sup> The text of these two lines is rejected by many critics as spurious.



Where, wading through the deepest of the tide,  
The curling waves scarce reach'd his giant side.  
With trembling hearts we haste the coast to leave,  
And to our care the friendly Greek receive; 800  
In silence slip the cables from the shore,  
Then bend with rival vigour to the oar.  
He caught the sound, and turn'd his footsteps where  
The hum of voices met his restless ear:  
But when he stretch'd his eager hands in vain, 805  
And idly sought to struggle with the main,  
Loud was the shout that from the monster fell,  
All Italy was startled with the yell,  
Old ocean trembling heav'd his thousand waves,  
And Ætna bellow'd through its winding caves. 810  
The Cyclops' race from woods, from mountains pour,  
Rush to the beach, and throng the trembling shore.  
With glaring eye we see the savage band  
Of giant monsters on the margin stand,  
Like rugged oaks that wave their tops on high, 815  
Or mournful cypress that ascends the sky,  
The lofty wood where Jove his presence shows,  
The grove to Dian sacred, and to woes.  
Though press'd by fear, her warning memory gave,  
'Twixt frowning rocks to shun the dangerous wave, 820  
Where rival Scylla and Charybdis seen,  
Twin forms of death, small passage leave between.  
And now descending from Pelorus' strait  
The northern gales decide the sailors' fate:



We hear Pantagias thundering to the tide, 825  
Past Meg'rus' bay and Tapsus' valleys glide;  
For well the Greek along the winding shore  
Could tell each spot Ulysses pass'd before.

Where round Plemmyrium's point the surges rise,  
Fronting Sicania's gulf an island lies; 830  
This isle (if ought of trust belongs to fame)  
From Dian took Ortygia for its name.<sup>1</sup>  
Thy stream, Alpheus, which in Elis springs,  
Here, 'neath the sea, its waves untainted brings,  
From Arethusa's chrystal fountain flows, 835  
And into salt Sicania's water goes;  
With pious thoughts we pass the sacred shore,  
And great Diana's deity adore.  
Next by the green and fertile meadows glide,  
Where deep Helorus spreads his sluggish tide; <sup>2</sup> 840  
Then close beneath Pachynus' headland steer,  
Whose beetling rocks their cloud-capt summits rear;  
Past Camerina's lake and city speed,  
Where man fulfill'd not what the god decreed; <sup>3</sup>  
And coast the plains the fierce Geloï claim, 845  
Whose city, Gela, takes the streamlet's name.

<sup>1</sup> Because it was sacred to Diana, who was born in Delos, called also Ortygia.

<sup>2</sup> The Helorus, like the Nile, at certain seasons overflows, and fertilizes the adjacent country.

<sup>3</sup> The lake Camerina becoming nearly dry, and consequently offensive from the deposit, the inhabitants of the city consulted Apollo whether they should fill it up; his answer was in the negative. Yet they did so, and an enemy took the town by passing over the dry ground.



The lofty walls of Agragas succeed,  
Fam'd as the country of the generous steed;  
Next thou, Selinus, in whose whispering groves  
Each passing breeze the graceful palm-branch moves;  
And Lilybæum's beach, whose shallow tide 851  
Roars o'er the rocks its foaming waters hide.  
Last, Drepana, upon thy gloomy shore  
Our falling tears Anchises' death deplore,  
From coast to coast on heaving billows tost, 855  
Safe borne through all, borne only to be lost;  
Who, the best comfort in my perils, left  
Me of a father and a friend bereft.  
Not Helenus himself this trial nam'd,  
Not dire Celæno had such ill proclaim'd. 860  
There, his long labours to completion brought,  
His rest, his home, the aged chieftain sought;<sup>1</sup>  
And thence, great queen, some god propitious bore  
The wandering chief to royal Dido's shore.

Thus did his toils the godlike hero tell, 865  
On listening ears his tale of perils fell.  
He ceas'd: the waning stars to slumber call,  
And silence settles on the regal hall.

<sup>1</sup> Many explain these two lines as expressing the conclusion of Æneas's own wanderings.







## BOOK IV.

---

### THE PASSION AND DEATH OF DIDO.

Of the beauties of this Book it is impossible adequately to speak, and he must be very unworthy of rendering them into English who does not confess also, on a re-perusal of the original, that it is impossible adequately to translate them.







## BOOK IV.

---

THE tale is ended: but the wounded queen  
Throbs with the passion which consumes unseen.  
The ancient honours of the Dardan race,  
Their chieftain's virtues, and his godlike grace,  
Dwell in her thoughts: his deeds, his words, remain: 5  
Slumbering, she starts: she sees and hears again.

When bright Aurora, queen of rosy dawn,  
With purple spangles gemm'd the dewy lawn,  
Dido the tumult of her soul confess'd,  
Each thought confiding to a sister's breast. 10  
One were their souls, their every wish the same,  
But Dido only fed the treacherous flame.

"O, Anna, tell me what new forms are these  
"Which haunt my dreams, with power mysterious please. 15  
"Say who is this, by adverse fates opprest,  
"That comes a welcome and illustrious guest.  
"In his bold bearing and majestic brow  
"We read the prince, and all the hero know;



“ Nay, e’en ’tis said, and true the fame may be,  
“ In mortal shape the blood of gods we see. 20  
“ Fear tells of an ignoble soul, but here  
“ Swells the proud spirit that can mock at fear.  
“ How ran his story many a peril o’er!  
“ What fights he headed, and what toils he bore!  
“ But that since death love’s earliest fetters burst 25  
“ That bound the heart, the brightest as the first,  
“ Unchanging still my stedfast thoughts remain,  
“ Through life no more to wear the nuptial chain;  
“ But that his bride another’s bed would spurn,  
“ And dim for her the torch rekindled burn; 30  
“ A second passion in these veins might glow,  
“ And this one weakness Dido’s spirit know.  
“ From that sad hour when blood, how foully spilt!  
“ Our household gods defil’d with kindred guilt,<sup>1</sup>  
“ This Dardan prince alone soft thoughts could raise, 35  
“ The fond remembrancers of earlier days.  
“ But sooner be this earth asunder torn,  
“ And to the dread abyss be Dido borne;  
“ Sooner may Jove this form with lightning smite,  
“ And fling it blacken’d to the realms of night, 40  
“ Amid the pale and shivering shades to dwell,  
“ In the deep gloom of an eternal hell;  
“ Than she should break, his lov’d and wedded wife,  
“ The virgin’s vow, that binds the soul for life.

<sup>1</sup> Her husband, Sichæus, was slain by her brother, Pygmalion, when in the act of offering sacrifice.



“ He who first won me, on our bridal day,  
 “ Lord of my charms, bore all my heart away;  
 “ And may that love, his love alone could gain,  
 “ Still his companion in the tomb remain.”<sup>1</sup>

45

She spoke, and speaking, lo! her bosom fill'd  
 With the hot tears that from her eyes distill'd.

50

“ Sister, whose smiles your Anna's eyes delight,  
 “ As morn now gladdens with its golden light,  
 “ Why should bright youth's too transitory bloom  
 “ In fond regrets and lonely state consume?  
 “ Shall royal Dido always childless live,  
 “ When love's turn'd can sweet endearments give?  
 “ Think'st thou the dead can aught of pleasure find  
 “ In this blank life, to dreariest thoughts consign'd?  
 “ What, though at first in Libya, or in Tyre,  
 “ Not one prevail'd thy mournful breast to fire;  
 “ From all her sons, when Afric bade thee choose,  
 “ In triumphs rich,<sup>2</sup> though thou didst all refuse;  
 “ Repuls'd though great Iarbas may complain,  
 “ And with barbaric splendour plead in vain;  
 “ Shall one who woos in gentler tones depart,  
 “ Whose warlike hand defends a grateful heart?

55

60

65

<sup>1</sup> It is not uncommon amongst the rural population of England, for a woman who has outlived two husbands to request to be buried at the side of the first; the earliest attachment of the heart remaining strong in death. This feeling the reader will find beautifully touched on by-and-bye, when he is introduced again to Dido, in the lower regions.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil here displays the richness of his antiquarian lore. It has been shewn, on the authority of Pliny, that triumphal shows were first exhibited by the Africans.



“ Or does thy memory ne’er to mind recall,  
“ How hostile tribes surround thy infant wall ;  
“ How with Gatulia’s fierce, unconquer’d line  
“ Numidia’s wild and swarthy children join ; 70  
“ And Barca spreads her plundering hordes around,  
“ Sweeps off our fruits, and desolates the ground ?  
“ Or need I here the Tyrian armies name,  
“ Whose mustering hosts Pygmalion’s hate proclaim ?  
“ In this, methinks, consentient gods we see, 75  
“ Saturnia joining with the fates’ decree,  
“ Who to our shores with smiles propitious bring,  
“ The Phrygian hero for the Tyrians’ king.  
“ With such alliance as this chance supplies,  
“ How vast shall Carthage in her glory rise ! 80  
“ How wide shall Dido’s queenly power extend,  
“ Renown’d through earth, to earth’s extremest end !  
“ Do thou the favour of the gods entreat,  
“ Slay the fat victim, and thy vows complete ;  
“ Induce the prince, by princely shows, to stay, 85  
“ And fresh inducements frame for fresh delay ;  
“ Whilst foaming waves forbid our guests to fly,  
“ Orion ruling in the adverse sky.”

With words like these she fann’d the kindled flame,  
Resolv’d her doubts, and loos’d the hold of shame. 90  
Their voices first for aid the sisters join,  
In meet procession, to each holy shrine ;  
To Juno, kneeling, pour the frequent prayer,  
The nuptial torch who fans, with fostering care ;



While fleecy victims, as the rites require,  
Bleeding, thy aid invoke, Lyæan sire;  
With their rich odours Ceres' smile invite,  
And rise in fragrant clouds to Phœbus bright.  
In all her beauty Dido walks before  
The shrines and hastes full frothing cups to pour 100  
O'er the white heifer's widely branching horn,  
Which crowds admire, and sacred wreaths adorn;  
Renews the gifts, and anxious seeks to know  
What future hopes the quivering entrails show.<sup>1</sup>  
Ah, vain the wish! for what can vows avail, 105  
Or how can priests with frenzied love prevail?  
The subtle fire her fading bloom devours,  
Through every vein the secret poison pours,  
Till, all her soul dissolving in the flame,  
Through the wide city roams the stricken dame. 110  
So when the timid hind incautious roves,  
In spotted beauty, through Dictæan groves,  
Pierc'd by a shaft, and bounding from the smart,  
She flies, but flies in vain the rankling dart,  
O'er the green meadows strains with trembling speed,  
And deep embedded bears the poison'd reed. 116  
The queen with royal pomp Æneas leads,  
Points out her wealth, and how the state succeeds;  
In vain her parting lips their office try,  
The words, half syllabled, in utterance die. 120

<sup>1</sup> The smoothness of surface, and brightness of colour, in the intestines, were the points particularly looked to.



Then when again the shades of evening fall,  
 Again rich banquets grace the regal hall;  
 Again she seeks the herc's tale to know,  
 And hangs on words that too seductive flow.  
 Till, when the Trojan guests have pass'd away, 125  
 And the pale moon withdraws her waning ray,  
 Alone she wanders through the empty halls,  
 And on the couch in fruitless passion falls;  
 Or young Ascanius in her arms enfolds,  
 And, in the boy's, the father's face beholds. 130  
 Then tries, but, O! how vainly tries! to quell  
 The power of love, which mocks the mightiest spell.<sup>1</sup>  
 Her soul is absent with her Trojan lord's;  
 Her fancy sees him, and she hears his words.  
 Unfinish'd now the rising towers remain, 135  
 No martial games disturb the silent plain,  
 The harbour finds no honour in her eyes,  
 No more the battlemented ramparts rise,  
 No more the vast machines their burden raise,  
 And, half complete, the crumbling pile decays. 140

But Juno now, not unperplex'd with care,  
 Sees love triumphant in the yielding fair;  
 The queen of heaven the Paphian goddess seeks,  
 Her tones are scornful, though she smoothly speaks:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "He who stems a stream with sand,  
 "Or binds a flame with flaxen band,  
 "Has still a harder task to prove,  
 "By firm resolve to conquer love."—*Sir W. Scott.*

<sup>2</sup> There is a tone of playful sarcasm, equally remarkable for its elegance and spirit, running through this conversation, which it is almost impossible to preserve in another language.



“ Great is the praise attends thine art, fair dame, 145

“ And great the glory to thy urchin’s name;

“ Two gods descending shine upon the field,

“ And mortals see one simple woman yield.

“ I know her palaces excite your fears,

“ As high her ramparts lofty Carthage rears: 150

“ But can, in truth, no remedy be found,

“ And shall our contest know no peaceful bound?

“ Dido has love’s unequall’d power confess’d,

“ Nay, clasp’d your boy victorious to her breast.

“ Our joint regard let either people share, 155

“ Themselves united ’neath our guardian care;

“ Till Dido give, as dowry with her hand,

“ Her Tyrian nobles to thy soft command.”

To whom the Paphian goddess thus replied:

(For well she knew what Juno fain would hide, 160

Her purpose to transfer to Lybian ground

The empire Troy’s long-suffering chief should found:)

“ With Juno’s power ’twere madness to contend,

“ If peaceful thoughts might meet a prosperous end;

“ But much I doubt if mighty Jove’s decree 165

“ Will Tyre permit with Ilium to agree;

“ Or grant the people of the Dardan line

“ In firm alliance with your sons to join.

“ Thy words, perchance, the king of gods may bend,

“ And I, dread queen, will on thy steps attend.” 170

To her imperial Juno straight replied:

“ By me, bright goddess, be the labour tried.



“ Now list: when next the sun, with golden light,  
“ From earth rolls back the sable pall of night,  
“ From its deep lair the royal huntress moves 175  
“ The sylvan game, and wakes the silent groves;  
“ There, while the Trojan prince attends her side,  
“ And round the lawns, dispers’d, the horsemen ride,  
“ I in the heavens thick storms of rain will raise,  
“ The pealing thunder, and the lightning’s blaze. 180  
“ Then, while at speed, the scatter’d hunters fly,  
“ Darkness descends, and clouds involve the sky,  
“ To one o’erhanging cave shall each repair,  
“ The Dardan chieftain, and Sidonian fair;  
“ I will be present, and the union bless, 185  
“ And thou shalt minister the bland caress,  
“ Till, as the hour love’s soft endearments crown,  
“ The Punic queen a Trojan lord shall own.”  
The Paphian goddess, with her blindest smile,  
Assents, not ign’rant of Saturnia’s guile. 190

Soon as Aurora rises from the main,  
A gallant band, all eager, scour the plain,  
On tapering poles the open meshes bear,  
Coil the strong cords, and poise the sylvan spear;  
And not less swiftly than the keen-nosed hound, 195  
Massylian horsemen sweep the dewy ground.  
In bright array, before the brazen gate,  
Long for their queen the Tyrian leaders wait,  
While she each gem, each fold, seductive tries,  
Her charms to heighten in the stranger’s eyes. 200



Attendant grooms her noble courser hold,  
In purple furniture, o'erlaid with gold,  
His ardent soul the bit's restraint disdains,  
While flakes of foam emboss the polish'd reins.  
At length she comes, and crowds admiring gaze; 205  
Her Tyrian robe its graceful folds displays;  
Arm'd for the chase, her golden quiver shines;  
A golden clasp her purple vest confines;  
And threads of gold, which nicest art had wound  
Round her fair brow, her silken ringlets bound. 210  
The Phrygian youth display their coursers' speed,  
And young Iulus, reins his prancing steed.  
But far o'er all, in princely garb and mien,  
And manly grace, Æneas joins the queen.  
As when the freshness of returning spring 215  
To Delian shores has brought the Lycian king;  
Where in wild dance the Cretes, with bounding feet,  
Before the shrine the painted Scythians meet;  
Crown'd with soft wreaths, the god majestic moves,  
With sounding quiver, through the Cynthian groves: 220  
So Troy's great chief like comeliest vigour shows,  
And, like the god, with bloom immortal glows.  
From cliff to cliff, with light and fearless spring,  
Their agile forms the startled wild goats fling;  
Rous'd from his lair, the roebuck scours the plains, 225  
Starts at each sound, each nerve in terror strains.  
Down the deep vale Ascanius spurs his horse,  
With youthful ardour and impetuous course;



Now longs to see the forest king descend,  
Now prays the gods a foaming boar to send. 230

Meanwhile, black clouds the face of heaven deform,  
And hail-stones, rattling, mingle with the storm;  
Before the sweeping vengeance of the sky.

The Tyrian youth in wild confusion fly:  
Iulus follows, with his panting friends, 235  
Where, swell'd by rain, the mountain stream descends.

Her train the queen, with Ilium's chieftain, leaves,  
And one o'erhanging cave the pair receives.  
Earth, trembling, first proclaims their guilty love,  
Bright lightnings flash, and thunders peal above. 240  
Nymphs howl on every height, the rocks resound,  
And nuptial Juno pours the storm around.

But now dark ills in lengthen'd train descend,  
Those ills which only Dido's death can end.  
Henceforth her passion no concealment knows, 245  
Reason in vain the guilt, the scandal shows;

1 "When Dido yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit. Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

'Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
'In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,  
'Sky loured, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
'Wept.'

These symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of nature sympathizing in the fall of man."—  
*Addison*. It must be admitted, I think, that the English poet here stands superior; but it may be fairly questioned whether he does not owe that superiority on this occasion, as on some others, to the awful sublimity of his subject.



She calls it marriage, hoping, by the name  
Of lawful wedlock, to annul the shame.

Through Libya's states now Fame exulting goes,  
Fame, the worst pest the world's wide limit knows. 250

Timid at first, she flies from place to place,

But gains fresh vigour in her onward race,

Till, bolder grown, you see the goddess rise,

Her feet on earth, her head invades the skies.

When Jove the giants slew, malignant Fame, 255

From their great parent's womb avenging came:

Hideous in aspect, of unshapely size,

Swift borne through plains of air, sublime she flies,

And every plume on which the monster rides

A wakeful eye 'neath every feather hides. 260

Thousands of ears catch every passing sound,

Thousands of tongues disperse the tales around.

By night on fleecy clouds the goddess floats,

And spreads the world throughout her trumpet notes.

Then, all too restless for indulgent sleep, 265

Unwearied watch through day her eye-balls keep

On some high tower; and still of Fame the dread,

Through ancient cities has confusion spread.

The half told tale, the half suggested name,

The seeming candour, serve the cause of Fame. 270

To discord still with shameless front inclin'd,

Her whisper'd hints inflame the public mind;

How a fair queen whom doubtful nuptials join

With a bold wanderer of the Trojan line,



All the dull winter's length in dalliance spends, 275  
Neglects her duties, and forgets her friends.  
To prince Iarbas next the monster turns, /  
Fann'd by her breath his jealous fury burns.  
Sprung from a nymph whose charms great Ammon<sup>1</sup> fire,  
An hundred fanes attest Iarbas' sire; 280  
Where, on a hundred ornamented shrines,  
Unquench'd the mystic flame eternal shines;  
Priests ever watch, wreaths deck the brazen doors,  
And victims, bleeding, stain the sacred floors.  
The youth once burning with a generous flame, 285  
Now stung to madness by the taunts of Fame,  
Kneeling before his laden altars pray'd,  
With hands uplifted, for the Thunderer's aid:  
"Almighty sire, to whom our Moorish line  
"From painted couches pour their choicest wine; 290  
"In praise of whom we now the banquet make,  
"Roast the rich chine, the frothing goblets take;  
"See'st thou these things? or do we vainly rear  
"These shrines to Ammon, and his judgments fear?  
"Say, does thy thunder pour an empty sound, 295  
"And glance thy lightnings idly from the ground?  
"E'en late to these our shores a wandering dame,  
"Suppliant of help, an houseless exile came,  
"Seeking in humble vassalage to hold  
"A spot Iarbas in compassion sold. 300

<sup>1</sup> Jupiter Ammon, according to Sir Isaac Newton, the father of Sesostris, and contemporary of Solomon; by others supposed to be the same as Ham.



“ This scornful dame no more our suit will own,  
“ Accepts a Phrygian, and divides her throne;  
“ And he, this Paris, to whose train belong,  
“ Weak and effeminate, a pamper'd throng,  
“ Whose Lydian head-gear charms a woman's eyes, 305  
“ With perfum'd tre . wins the beauteous prize;  
“ Whilst we with gifts approach great Ammon's fane,  
“ And his almighty name adore in vain.”

His awful sire the suppliant prince beholds,  
As thus he prays, and thus the altar holds; 310  
Then on the Tyrian citadel looks down,  
Where Dido loves forgetful of her crown,  
And straight his will to Maia's herald speaks,  
Who lists obedient, and the Dardan seeks:  
“ Thy wings expanded to the lucid air, 315  
“ To Troy's inglorious chief our mandate bear,  
“ Who fondly lingers in the Tyrian state,  
“ Ignobly careless of a loftier fate.  
“ Not such the pledge his radiant mother gave,  
“ Who twice descended failing life to save, 320  
“ That he o'er Italy's extended plain,  
“ Pregnant with empire, should triumphant reign,  
“ And streams of social law through nations spread,  
“ From ancient Teucer as their fountain head.  
“ If for himself the chief no fame desires, 325  
“ And labour daunts him more than glory fires,  
“ Shall he, by Dido's blandishments beguil'd,  
“ Of Rome's vast glory rob Creüsa's child,



“ Linger enslav’d upon a hostile shore,  
“ Forget Ausonia and Lavinia’s dower? 330  
“ Great Jove forbids : shall he then longer stay ?  
“ Great Jove commands : let trembling man obey.”  
Soon as Cyllenius hears the wish express’d,  
He turns obedient to the god’s behest ;  
Fast to his feet his golden sandals ties, 335  
And floats sublime through all the ambient skies,  
With equal swiftness borne upon the breeze  
O’er the wide earth, and o’er the boundless seas.  
Then takes his wand ; that wand to realms of light  
Now summons spirits from the depths of night ; 340  
And mortals now in upper air that dwell  
Consigns relentless to the shores of hell ;  
Gives sleep to these, from others takes away ;  
Or wakes the dead, and calls them back to day :  
With this the herald on the storm can ride, 345  
Compel the winds, and turn the clouds aside.  
Now in mid air the heights of Atlas rise,  
Whose shaggy brow supports the spangled skies ;  
Round whom black clouds are for a girdle spread,  
And tempests lash, and mists involve his head, 350  
Like silvery beard the frozen waves depend,  
Snow wraps his breast, and stiffen’d streams descend.  
Pois’d on his wings here first Cyllenius stood,  
Then headlong plunging swept the Libyan flood ;  
And as the sea-bird in the foaming main 355  
Watches its prey, and skims the watery plain,



So when from hoary Atlas' rugged height  
The son of Maia wings his downward flight,  
Their airy path his outstretch'd pinions keep,  
Cleave the blue mists, and glide along the deep. 360

Soon as his feet with feather'd steerage reach  
Where shepherds' <sup>1</sup> huts once stood on Libya's beach,  
The chief he sees, who with attentive eyes  
Watches proud Carthage in her splendour rise;  
A purple robe was o'er his shoulders worn, 365  
Whose texture threads of burnish'd gold adorn,  
And from his jasper-hilted faulchion came  
Bright gleaming flashes like the sunbeam's flame.  
To him in gifts of Dido's love array'd,  
In words like these his speech Cyllenius made: 370  
"Dost thou, enamour'd of a Tyrian dame,  
"Now linger dead to glory's nobler claim;  
"An haughty rival's walls securely trace,  
"And build a city for an hostile race?  
"The king of gods, whom earth and heaven obey, 375  
"Bade me from bright Olympus wing my way,  
"And swiftly floating through the ambient air,  
"To thee, great prince, these words of chiding bear.  
"O why inactive on these shores delay,  
"When wider empire calls thine arms away? 380  
"If for himself no fame the chief desires,  
"If labour daunts thee more than glory fires,

<sup>1</sup> Quid tibi pastores Libyæ, quid pascua versu  
Prosequar, et raris habitata magalia tectis.

*Georgics*, III. 340.



“ Wilt thou, by Dido’s blandishments beguil’d,  
“ Of Rome’s vast glory rob Creüsa’s child ;  
“ Linger enslav’d upon an hostile shore,  
“ Forget Ausonia, and Lavinia’s dower ?  
“ Think on Iülus, whom the fates assign  
“ To live immortal in his Roman line.”

385

The god, no more conceal’d from mortal eyes,  
Resumes his glory, and ascends the skies.

390

The Dardan’s hair erect from terror rose,  
His parting lips dark fear and horror close.  
Stern was the order Hermes’ words convey’d,  
The Phrygian prince the awful god obey’d.  
But though resolv’d to fly the dangerous land,  
And shew his reverence for the dread command ;  
Yet how so chang’d the injur’d queen approach,  
Support her tears, or bear her just reproach !  
Thoughts upon thoughts in quick succession rise,  
One still succeeding as another dies :

395

400

Now love of glory all the hero fires,  
Now gentler passion softer thoughts inspires.  
Still torn with doubts, he summons to his side  
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus tried,  
Bids them their crews collect, prepare to sail,  
And to the Tyrians feign some specious tale.  
He to the queen the sad command will tell,  
Who guess’d no evil, and who loved too well.

405

No further words the joyful sailors need,  
But urge their labour, their departure speed.

410



Their purpose soon the stricken fair perceives,  
No subtlest art love's jealous care deceives.  
Her restless mind his every movement fears,  
E'en open truth conceal'd deceit appears;  
While spiteful Fame still breathes into her ear, 415  
How the arm'd vessels for the sea prepare.  
Dim grows that lustre, once with rapture seen,  
And subjects sorrowing gaze upon their queen;  
Her alter'd form their mournful wonder moves,  
Where'er the dame in frenzied passion roves, 420  
As when the Bæchanalian choir advance  
In frantic measure with triennial dance,  
Then wildly wave their vine-wreath'd spears on high,<sup>1</sup>  
And with nocturnal shouts disturb the sky.

Her tongue at last the lengthen'd silence breaks, 425  
And thus reproachful to Æneas speaks:  
" Say, canst thou mean so basely to deceive,  
" These shores, these arms without farewell to leave?  
" If plighted faith must fail, let Dido's love,  
" With fond endearments, thy compassion move. 430  
" Or is Elissa fated to expire,  
" Shall nuptial torch inflame the funeral pyre?  
" 'Tis cruel speed while wintry stars arise  
" To tempt the ocean, and the storms despise.

<sup>1</sup> The orgies of Bacchus were celebrated every third year in honour of his three years' expedition into India. The Thyrsus, borne by his followers, was a pole crowned with vine leaves, which, having a spear head concealed in them was, according to the fable, used as a weapon against those who opposed them



- " If Troy still stood, could Troy delay reproach, 435  
" When northern blasts forbid the fleet's approach?  
" O fly'st thou me? then here I thee implore,  
" Since she must beg who might command before,  
" By thy right hand, by these hot tears that flow,  
" By our sad nuptials, fountain of my woe; 440  
" If once my bounty did the shipwreck'd cheer,  
" If once to thee thy Dido's smile was dear,  
" If prayer may still avail, to thee I pray,  
" From falling Carthage turn not thou away.  
" For thee at home I've rous'd my people's hate, 445  
" For thee abroad provok'd each lawless state,  
" For thee I've sacrific'd my fairest fame,  
" My path to heaven, for thee, obscur'd with shame.  
" Why from a dying woman, stranger, fly,  
" If stranger now, forgot love's kindlier tie? 450  
" Shall then a queen approaching death delay,  
" Till captive led by Libyan prince away;  
" Or, Tyre descending on our Punic walls,  
" Pygmalion triumphs, and his sister falls?  
" If e'en a mother's hopes foretold the day, 455  
" When grief should smiling watch her infant's play,  
" And sorrow, gazing on the gentle face,  
" By memory's aid the fond resemblance trace,  
" The promis'd joy some nobler thoughts might give,  
" Nor quite deserted would Elissa live." 460

She ceas'd: forewarn'd, the Trojan chief repress'd  
The love that labouring struggled in his breast;



- “ Ne’er shall this tongue, O queen, the truth reserve,  
“ How Dido’s acts all grateful love deserve ;  
“ While life’s warm throbbings in this bosom swell, 465  
“ My lips shall all Elissa’s kindness tell.  
“ Hear my defence: I never wish’d to make  
“ Conceal’d escape, conceal’d departure take.  
“ No solemn rites our hands together bind,  
“ Nor came I to enslave thy royal mind. 470  
“ Nay, had not fate forbid, with stern command,  
“ My wish had been for Ilium still to stand;  
“ Still had the world the wealth of Priam prais’d,  
“ And this right hand the walls of Troy had rais’d.  
“ But Delos points to our Italian seat, 475  
“ And Lycia’s oracles the name repeat.  
“ This love alone, O queen, my heart may know,  
“ This home alone united gods foreshow.  
“ If Carthage towers Phœnicia’s queen delight,  
“ And Libya’s citadels can charm her sight, 480  
“ O why forbid the Trojan name again  
“ Reviv’d to flourish on Ausonia’s plain ?  
“ Oft as the stars renew their evening birth,  
“ When night with dewy mantle clothes the earth,  
“ My buried father’s angry spirit seems, 485  
“ With look severe, to haunt my troubled dreams ;  
“ This dull delay e’en young Ascanius blames,  
“ And wider empire in Hesperia claims.  
“ ’Twas even now, my lingering soul to move,  
“ Came down the winged messenger of Jove, 490



" (By their united deity I swear,)

" The mandate of the king of gods to bear :

" His form, advancing, fix'd my wondering sight,

" Reveal'd distinctly by his radiant light.

" Still rings his voice unearthly on my ear,

495

" Still deep his warning in my breast I bear.

" If Jove commands, our poor regrets must cease,

" The vain disturbers of our earthly peace.

" The fates to Italy direct our way ;

" 'Tis fate's to bid, 'tis mortals' to obey."

500

While thus he spoke, long time the Tyrian queen,

Silent from scorn, and fury in her mien,

With restless glance o'er all his person ran,

Then with indignant eloquence began :

" For thee no goddess bore a mother's pains,

505

" No Dardan current fills thy sluggish veins.

" With the fell tiger's whelps thy infant bed

" Remote on rocky Caucasus was spread.

" Why should I feign, or why the truth conceal ?

" What heavier fate can after days reveal ?

510

" I sigh, no answering sigh his bosom heaves :

" I weep, no answering tear his breast relieves :

" Where once he lov'd no gentle glance he turns,

" With rosy light love's torch no longer burns.

" O, who will now Elissa's vows endure ?

515

" Or where on earth is plighted faith secure ?

" Juno no longer listens, though I pray,

" Great Jove, offended, turns his eyes away.



“ Exiled, cast forth upon a foreign strand,  
“ I rais’d the prostrate, and receiv’d the band, 520  
“ Summon’d the sailors to the festive board,  
“ And weakly shar’d my kingdom with their lord.  
“ And now (but madness fires my burning brain),  
“ The Lycian god applauds his proud disdain,  
“ Nay, Jove himself his winged herald sends, 525  
“ Approves the traitor, and the deed commends.  
“ What, labours such as these the gods employ,  
“ Cares such as these celestial peace destroy?  
“ Her arts no longer would Elissa try,  
“ Nor cares she now thy falsehood to deny. 530  
“ Go, and for Italy the tempests brave ;  
“ Go, seek new kingdoms o’er the stormy wave :  
“ Justice shall e’en through waves thy course pursue,  
“ And claim for broken faith the vengeance due.  
“ Then, ’mid the pointed rocks and stormy skies, 535  
“ The name of Dido to thy lips shall rise ;  
“ And I, invok’d, will answer to my name,  
“ And on thy head descend in lurid flame.  
“ In death’s cold shadows when these eyes shall swim,  
“ And life’s elastic force deserts each limb, 540  
“ My ghost<sup>1</sup> around thee in the air shall float,  
“ And, perjurd Trojan, on thy ruin gloat.  
“ At least, in hell’s<sup>1</sup> dark gloom Elissa’s ear,  
“ Proud chief, the tidings of thy death shall hear.”

<sup>1</sup> The reader will call to mind the lines of Ovid,—

“ *tumulum circumvolat umbra,*  
“ *Orcus habet manes, spiritus astra petit.*”



Abrupt she ceas'd: then, turning sick at heart, 545  
Prepar'd, with face averted, to depart.

Much wish'd the Dardan chieftain then to say,  
But hesitating fears his words delay.

Her slaves with ready hands the pillows spread,  
Then place her swooning on the broider'd bed. 550

Whilst he, to Jove's directing will resign'd,  
Though groaning deeply, and distress'd in mind,  
Though anxious still her troubled breast to calm  
With gentler words, and soothe her soul's alarm,  
Yet bow'd obedient to divine command, 555  
And sought his fleet upon the Libyan strand.

From every gate the busy sailors pour,  
Launch their black ships, and darken all the shore;  
Snatch unhewn branches from the neighb'ring wood,  
And with green oars oppose the sounding flood. 560

E'en as the ants, prophetic of the storm,  
A living line of toiling insects form,  
Where, on the lawn, through all its dusky length,  
Each tiny citizen exerts his strength.

Here, one contending with a pond'rous grain, 565  
Rolls the huge globe, and pants upon the plain:  
There, graver elders o'er the band preside,  
Direct the active, and the laggards chide:

The pathway glows beneath their order'd toil,  
The inmost store-house safe receives the spoil. 570

The ghost of man still flits about its earthly haunts, his manes abide in the  
lower regions, his spirit returns to heaven.



What thoughts, O Dido, tear thy lonely breast,  
By sorrow blighted, and by cares opprest,  
When, gazing sadly from thy lofty tower,  
Thou see'st the Trojans throng the moving shore?

O, how can reason mortal acts control,  
When unrelenting love usurps the soul?

575

Again the suppliant to her lord it bears,  
Again a royal dame compels to tears,

And her to whom a martial nation bends,

The slave of passion, to an exile sends,

580

Each art, each soft allurements, fain to try,

And, unsuccessful, all too rashly die.

“ See, Anna, sister, how the Trojan band,

“ Intent to sail, with votive chaplets<sup>1</sup> stand.

“ O! had I e'er this last worst evil guess'd,

585

“ The ill foreseen had less my soul distress'd!

“ Still will I bear: do thou one favour show,

“ Grant one request, and mitigate the blow;

“ For thou dost all the Dardan's counsels share,

“ Canst choose the moment, and the speech prepare: 590

“ Go, sister, to the haughty chieftain say,

“ I never swore the Trojan race to slay,

“ On Aulis' shore,<sup>2</sup> nor sent a Tyrian band

“ To fight beneath the Atrides' stern command:

<sup>1</sup> These wreaths were affixed by the sailors to the stern of the vessel, where was a small chapel and images of their patron gods.

<sup>2</sup> It was in the harbour of Aulis the Græcian fleet mustered for the Trojan war, and bound themselves by an oath never to return to their country till Troy was taken.



" With impious hands I strove not to invade, 595  
 " Anchises' tomb, nor wrong'd his honour'd shade ;  
 " Why should Æneas, then, with cruel scorn,  
 " From weeping Dido's last entreaty turn ?  
 " Or why to anxious, trembling love, refuse  
 " A prosp'rous course and gentler winds to choose ? 600  
 " I ask him not in wedlock firm to stay,  
 " Nor seek to bind where honour can betray.  
 " I urge him not the glories to resign,  
 " Which wait on Latium's plains the Trojan line.  
 " Let woman's tears brief space the warrior move, 605  
 " And glory linger in the arms of love,  
 " Till time this bursting bosom shall prepare,  
 " To brook desertion, and the anguish bear.  
 " Win me this boon, the last I shall demand,  
 " Elissa asks it at her sister's hand : 610  
 " Let him but now concede a moment's space,  
 " And Dido's death shall his departure grace."<sup>1</sup>  
 Her message Anna to the Dardan bears,  
 The chieftain weeps, and yet unchang'd he hears.  
 So, when its course the Alpine tempest takes, 615  
 And the dark forest in its fury shakes ;  
 Though gust on gust with louder howlings rise,  
 The stout old oak its utmost power defies ;

<sup>1</sup> The death of a faithful lover was considered in the light of an offering to the party who had been false, and therefore Virgil makes Dido say, " *cumulatum morte remittam*," I will send him away with the additional and crowning gift of my death. In the Third Ecl., Damon, in a similar manner, lamenting the faithlessness of his mistress, concludes with the line,

" *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto.*"

Life the last offering from her dying swain.



Just sheds its leafy honours to the blast,  
And stands itself unshaken to the last ; 620  
For not more high its boughs through air extend,  
Than deep to Tartarus its roots descend.

'Tis now, when grief would leave the glorious light,  
Dire omens mar the Tyrian's sacred rite.  
Where spicy clouds of costliest incense rise, 625  
Spread their rich odour, and perfume the skies,  
The wave that crystal in the chalice shines,  
Along the altar flows in dusky lines,  
Unmix'd libations that the goblets pour,  
Trickle foul blood upon the sacred floor. 630  
To none the queen this omen dire reveals,  
Nay, e'en from Anna's faithful breast conceals.  
Within the precincts of the palace stands  
A marble fane, the work of pious hands,  
To lost Sichæus : oft in sorrow there, 635  
With fond devotion, would the wife repair ;  
Bear snowy fillets from the purest fleece,<sup>1</sup>  
Shed flowers around, and wish his spirit peace.  
Here, when in darkness all the world is laid,  
She seems to catch the accents of his shade ; 640  
While from the roof the solitary bird  
Of night, with long and funeral wail, is heard.

<sup>1</sup> The simple interpretation of this is, that these fillets were the usual decoration of sacred buildings. Servius connects it with the Roman custom, by which the bride bound fillets of white wool to the door-posts of the bridegroom's house, as a charm against evil spirits ; and he considers Dido as thus devoting herself anew to her first husband.



And ever still her mind is wont to dwell  
 On words of ill from other seers that fell.  
 Æneas' spectre in her dreams appears, 645  
 And fierce the aspect that the vision wears.  
 Deserted, and alone, she seems to stand,  
 Then wander forth upon a distant strand;  
 And, while the Tyrian lords their queen forsake,  
 Her long and solitary journey take. 650  
 So frantic Pentheus,<sup>1</sup> stricken in his mind,  
 Imagines furies in the howling wind,  
 Sees from the earth a double Thebes arise,  
 And with two adverse suns disturbs the skies.  
 So on the stage Orestes trembling stands, 655  
 Watching the snake in Clytemnestra's hands,  
 And fancies still avenging furies wait  
 To bar his exit from the Delphic gate.<sup>2</sup>

But when she yields at length, by grief opprest,  
 Despair triumphant in her gloomy breast, 660  
 No words, no signs, a woman's weakness show,  
 Bright hope serene sits thron'd upon her brow ;<sup>3</sup>  
 O, who in that calm aspect might descry  
 The fix'd intention of the queen to die !  
 Nay, thus she speaks : " Sweet sister, heal'd my pain,  
 " Or free I live, or love's full power regain. 666

<sup>1</sup> He is thus introduced in the *Bacchanals* of Euripides.

<sup>2</sup> When Orestes had obtained from the oracle at Delphi directions by what means he might be healed of his disorder, the Furies, sitting on the threshold, endeavoured to prevent his coming out from the door of the temple.

<sup>3</sup>

" The halo of serenity

" Still kept her marble forehead lighted."

*Poetry in The Old Church Clock.*



“ From where the ocean sweeps the Afric strand,  
“ And setting sunbeams gild the barren sand,  
“ Where heaven’s firm poles on brawny Atlas turn,  
“ And worlds of fire, unquench’d, revolving burn, 670  
“ Late came a priestess of those sacred shrines,  
“ Where golden fruit on guarded branches shines,  
“ Who with sweet paste the wakeful dragon feeds;  
“ Pellucid honey and the poppy’s seeds.’  
“ Mysterious is the power her charms possess, 675  
“ The sad to rescue, and the proud depress ;  
“ Her spell arrests the torrent’s headlong force,  
“ Turns wandering planets from their silent course,  
“ And summons, through the awful gloom of night,  
“ The disembodied soul to mortal sight: 680  
“ Earth groans, dire pangs her ancient bosom rend,  
“ The mountain quakes, the trembling groves descend.  
“ Believe, sweet sister, what my lips declare,  
“ That Dido’s soul abhors these arts to share,  
“ But, with the weakness of a woman’s heart, 685  
“ Summons the priestess, and enacts her part.  
“ Within the circle of our palace walls,  
“ Where on the open court the sunbeam falls,  
“ Raise a dark pyre, and on the summit spread  
“ The Dardan’s armour, and our nuptial bed ; 690

<sup>1</sup> There is a difficulty about this passage: whether Virgil meant to point out her great power, in that she could, with th’s medicated paste, even lull to sleep the watchful dragon; or simply mentions the feeding of the dragon as part of the office of the chief priestess of the gardens, the cake of honey and poppy-seeds being an ancient luxury.



“ For know her mystic lore foresees relief,  
 “ As burn these emblems of the faithless chief.”

She ceas'd; the blood its wonted channels fled,  
 O'er her fair face a livid paleness spread;<sup>1</sup>

Yet Anna knew not that the fatal dart 695

Quiver'd triumphant in the broken heart,  
 But deem'd it some new mystic spell, nor guess'd  
 The cold stern purpose that her soul possess'd;  
 Thinking, as when Sichæus fell, the grief,  
 Soften'd by tears, would find in time relief. 700

Piled up within the palace court the pyre  
 With unctuous brands invites the funeral fire:  
 Dark cypress wreaths the mournful truth declare,  
 The vest, the faulchion, of the chief are there;  
 And, not unconscious of her woes, the queen 705  
 His waxen image lays his arms between.

From smoking shrines rich incense loads the air,  
 Where stands the priestess, with dishevell'd hair;  
 Thunders her voice,<sup>2</sup> on rolls the mighty spell,  
 Shakes the dark groves, and wakes the powers of hell. 710  
 Soft downy plants, cut off with brazen blade  
 When the dim moonbeam lights the lonely glade,  
 Assist the rite; black poisonous juice distils,  
 The potent cup Avernus' fountain fills;

<sup>1</sup> “ So much of death her thoughts  
 “ Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.”

*Paradise Lost*, X. 1008.

<sup>2</sup> The peal of thunder which you almost seem to hear as it bursts out in  
 “ Erebumque Chaosque ” can hardly be imitated.



And last, the charm from new-born foal is there,  
Pledge of endearment to the doating mare.<sup>1</sup>

715

One foot unsandall'd, with extended hands,  
And flowing robe, the wretched Dido stands,  
And with the grasp of death upon her breast  
Call'd gods and conscious planets to attest,  
And all the deities whose mindful care  
The victims of ill-match'd espousals share.

720

'Tis night, bland sleep descends on healing wings,  
Soothes wakeful grief, and sweet refreshment brings,  
With soft enthrallment lulls the woodland plain,  
And binds old ocean with his drowsy chain.  
Bright stars that pale before the rising sun,  
Sparkling through half their radiant course have run,  
No wandering foot o'er verdant meadows roves,  
No restless wing disturbs the silent groves,  
And all that through the crystal waters glide,  
Haunt the brown copse, or browse the mountain's side ;  
All in the renovating stillness share,  
Cease from their labours, and forget their care.  
But O ! what passions shook the royal dame,  
No rest to her, no sweet oblivion came ;  
Again her breast, as love resum'd his power,  
Heav'd like the ocean in its stormiest hour :<sup>2</sup>

725

730

735

<sup>1</sup> A lump of flesh, believed by the ancients to grow on the forehead of a new-born foal, which unless the dam immediately devours, she loses all love for her offspring.

<sup>2</sup> I cannot resist here printing the following translation by the late Professor Anstice, of King's College, from his specimens of Greek Choric Poetry, a volume which never obtained the circulation it so eminently deserved.



Then thus each course revolving in her mind,  
She each rejects, although to each inclin'd.

740

“ Where shall I turn? the Libyan lords implore?  
“ Be mock'd by those whom I have scorn'd before?

“ Unconquer'd Love! whose mystic sway  
Creation's varied forms obey,  
Who watchest long at midnight hour,  
On the soft cheek of beauty's flower;  
Now inmate of the sylvan cot,  
Now flitting o'er the waves;  
Immortal gods escape thee not,  
Thou rulest man's ephemeral lot,  
And he, who hath thee, raves.  
Thy magic warps the right to wrong,  
And troubles now the kindred throng;  
The look of love, yon destin'd bride  
Darts from her pleading eye,  
A subtle counsellor, hath vied  
With mighty laws and pryncedom's pride,  
And won the victory;  
For in that supplicating gaze  
The Queen of Love resistless plays.

I feel my stern resolves relent;  
Too harsh these mandates seem;  
My tears, within their fountain pent,  
Flow forth, a gushing stream,  
To think that o'er thy woes,  
Sad maiden, soon must close  
The chambers of the dead, where all for aye repose.”  
*Soph. Antig. 777.*

Take also the following from Metastasio, given in the notes.

“ To hope, where hope is vain,  
To fear, from danger free,  
To trust in shadowz, then again  
To doubt reality.  
To nurse, each idle hour that flies,  
A thousand fickle fantasies.

To



“ Shall prayer some roving chief’s compassion gain,  
“ E’en now rejected with a proud disdain?  
“ Or shall I strangers o’er the wave pursue, 745  
“ Demand the payment which is mercy’s due,  
“ And trust the noble hearts these Dardans bear,  
“ Their future state with Sidon’s queen to share?  
“ What, ask upon that painted deck to ride,  
“ Whose haughty prince may spurn me in his pride? 750  
“ Little dost thou, O wretched Dido, know  
“ What base return the perjur’d race would show.  
“ How would it chafe me, while the sailors jeer,  
“ In unattended state their scoffs to hear!  
“ Shall I then, circled by a noble throng, 755  
“ On gilded prow be proudly borne along,  
“ And those who scarce would sail from Sidon’s plain  
“ Urge to pursuit, and lead through storms again?  
“ Nay rather, Dido, seek the last relief,  
“ Unsheath the sword, and nobly conquer grief. 760  
“ Thou, Anna, with too fond desire to shield  
“ My heart from pain, first taught that heart to yield,  
“ And counsell’d, vanquish’d by a sister’s tear,  
“ Unlawful passion’s fatal voice to hear.

To dream awake; to pine away,  
Yet bless the pang that kill;  
To die a thousand times a day,  
And yet be living still;  
From hope to hope, with restless mind,  
From fear to fear to rove;  
Such is the frenzy that mankind  
Deck with the name of Love!”



“ Might not a queen her life unwedded lead, 765  
“ By ties unshackled, and from sorrows freed?  
“ But ill my heart has kept its promise made  
“ Of constant love to lost Sichæus’ shade.”

Whilst Dido thus in restless anguish wept,  
The Trojan chieftain in his galley slept: 770  
The crew on board, the ship prepar’d to sail,  
He rests secure, and waits the rising gale.

Lo, as he slumbers on the lofty stern,  
Now seems the winged herald to return;  
Like is his voice, like flows his golden hair, 775  
Like youthful glow his radiant features wear.

“ From Venus sprung, O sleep’st thou idly here,  
“ When round thee signs of Dido’s wrath appear?  
“ List, how the zephyrs through the hours of night  
“ Sigh through the cordage, and the sails invite. 780

“ The queen, by some avenging god possest  
“ Passion’s full tide contending in her breast,  
“ Shrinks from no guile, will every effort try,  
“ Content, her end to gain, herself to die.

“ Great is the peril, pressing is the need, 785  
“ Speed your departure, while you yet may speed.

“ If when Aurora from the waves shall rise,  
“ Still on this shore thy lingering navy lies,  
“ The blazing torch shall flicker on the strand,  
“ And hostile oars obey the queen’s command: 790

“ Not more inconstant veers the shifting wind,  
“ Than change the passions of the female mind.”



He ceas'd: then turn'd, and vanishing from sight,  
Dissolv'd amidst the misty shades of night.

Startled Æneas from his slumber sprang, 795  
Swift through the fleet their leader's warning rang:  
"Wake from your sleep, and settle to your oars,  
"Unbind your sails, and leave these fatal shores;  
"E'en now again some deity descends,  
"Our cables loosens, and our loitering ends. 800  
"Do thou, propitious power, with friendly ray  
"Shine through the darkness, and direct our way."  
He spoke: and straight his hands his voice obey'd,  
And cut the cable with his flaming blade.  
The barks are loos'd, the beach deserted lies; 805  
Swift through the foaming sea the galley flies,  
And brightly glistening in the morning ray,  
Falls from each dashing oar the silvery spray:  
For now Aurora left her golden bed,  
And o'er the waves a blaze of glory spread, 810  
Roll'd back the mists that on the mountains lay,  
And with refulgent beams led on the day.  
Then from her tower, impatient for the dawn,  
Gaz'd forth beneath the silver<sup>1</sup> light of morn  
The Tyrian queen: the vacant port she sees, 815  
And marks the balanc'd<sup>2</sup> sails invite the breeze:  
Her hands her bosom beat, her tresses tear,  
Her fairest bosom, and her golden hair.

<sup>1</sup> "Ut primum *albescere* lucem vidit."

<sup>2</sup> "Æquatis velis."



- “ Ye gods,” she cries,<sup>1</sup> “ and shall a stranger spurn  
“ My proffer’d love, and make this base return? 820  
“ Ye Tyrian leaders, call each gallant crew,  
“ The vessels launch, the perjur’d foe pursue:  
“ Shake out the canvas, let the tough oar bend,  
“ And flaming torches ’mid their navy send—  
“ What do I say? I stand not now among 825  
“ My Tyrian leaders and their martial throng.  
“ Madness, unhappy Dido, shakes thy brain;  
“ And death’s cold hands upon thy heart remain.  
“ ’Twas then it best became thee to be bold,  
“ Ere love thy weakness to the stranger told. 830  
“ That chief who took an aged father’s weight,  
“ Stooping his shoulders to the pious freight,  
“ His country’s gods who bore across the deep,  
“ Well does he now his plighted promise keep.  
“ Why tore I not his body limb from limb, 835  
“ Flung quivering on the crimson’d waves to swim?

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly possible, I think, for anything to have been more perfectly imagined than the rapid succession of strong feelings which are developed in this speech; the high sentiments of queenly pride so suddenly arrested by the sense of what now she is; the recollection that it was love which induced this sad change; the sudden recurrence to those loftier traits of filial devotion and piety in Æneas which justified her in having trusted to the nobleness of his nature; the bitterness with which she confesses herself to have over-estimated his affection; and the glowing indignation of an injured woman struggling against the gentler weakness of her nature; which in its turn shews itself so pathetically, and is again mastered by a lofty scorn and concentrated hate that becomes, in its excess of passion, almost awfully sublime. All these carry the mind of the reader irresistibly along with them, and leave it suspended in wonder and admiration.



“ Why bade I not my slaves Iulus slay,  
“ And to his sire the dainty feast purvey?  
“ Was it that Dido trembled at the strife?  
“ She only trembles who’s a slave to life. 840  
“ The burning camp, the vessels wrapp’d in flame,  
“ Had seal’d the ruin of the Dardan name:  
“ Then o’er the lifeless son and dying sire  
“ Had wav’d the blaze of Dido’s funeral pyre.  
“ Thou, orient sun, to whose all-piercing rays 845  
“ Wide earth her beauties and her crimes displays;  
“ Great Juno, conscious of the nuptial care,  
“ Who know’st our pains, and canst our sorrow share;  
“ Thou,<sup>1</sup> whose procession through the public ways,  
“ In mystic hymns, proclaims nocturnal praise; 850  
“ Furies and spirits, whose avenging power  
“ Pities Elissa in her dying hour;  
“ Receive our prayers, your needful aid impart,  
“ With torturing lash invade the faithless heart.  
“ If fix’d it is by Jove’s too sure decree, 855  
“ He reach Ausonia, and escape the sea,  
“ Let war’s full tide o’erwhelm the infant state,  
“ The vengeance pouring of victorious hate;  
“ Torn from Iulus, driven from his home,  
“ To adverse nations let the suppliant roam; 860  
“ His failing sight let slaughter’d comrades meet,  
“ The coward evidence of base defeat;  
“ Peace let him purchase with the loss of fame,  
“ Nor live to reap the harvest of his shame,

<sup>1</sup> Hecate.



- " But die in battle by a foeman's hand, 865  
 " And with unburied corse pollute the strand.  
 " This the last prayer that Dido's soul shall pour,  
 " She dies contented, and desires no more.  
 " Be yours, O Tyrians, an eternal hate,  
 " Till Dardans hear your thunders at their gate. 870  
 " O may some leader from my ashes spring,  
 " And torch and sword to weeping matrons bring !  
 " Now, and hereafter, till this globe shall fall  
 " In crumbling ruin, be my curse on all.  
 " War unextinguish'd, discord unallay'd, 875  
 " Be these the offerings to Elissa's shade."

But, midst these thoughts that shook her heaving  
 Desire of death the chief her soul possess'd. [breast,  
 Then briefly thus she spake the ancient dame  
 Who nurs'd Sichæus, Barce was her name, 880  
 For she who watch'd o'er Dido's infant day,  
 Beneath the silent tomb in Sidon lay :  
 " Summon, dear nurse, my sister to my side,  
 " Her hands first sprinkled with the crystal tide ;  
 " Bid her the victims and salt cakes prepare, 885  
 " And with soft fillets bind thy silvery hair ;  
 " Whilst I these rites to Stygian Jove complete,  
 " And from all cares secure a safe retreat :  
 " Then here upon this lofty funeral pyre  
 " Commit the perjur'd Trojan to the fire." 890

<sup>1</sup> " Illum ex moenibus hosticis

" Matorna bellantis tyranni

" Prospiciens, et adulta virgo

" Suspiret."—*Horat. Carmin. lib. iii. carm. 2, v. 6.*



With all the zeal to which long service leads,  
She on the errand of her mistress speeds.  
Dido meanwhile, her soul to frenzy wrought,  
Yet gentler nature shrinking from the thought,  
With blood-red eyeballs that of passion speak, 895  
The spot of anguish on her throbbing cheek,  
Death's livid paleness o'er her visage spread,  
Climbs the sad pyre, and mounts the funeral bed,  
Frantic with grief, and grasps the Dardan blade,  
Some hero's gift, for nobler purpose made. 900  
Here on the conscious couch and Phrygian vest  
Her lingering looks for one brief moment rest;  
And she, who once both hearts and empires sway'd,  
Stretch'd on that bed, her last sad musings made:  
"Receive, sweet signs of bliss too great to last, 905  
"My latest breath, life's idle pageant past;  
"The course by fate assign'd in sadness ends,  
"Yet Dido's shade renown'd to hell descends.  
"Not unreveng'd the good Sichæus fell,  
"Great Carthage walls of Tyrian glory tell: 910  
"And O! too prosperous had life's portion been,  
"Had Libya's shores no Dardan strangers seen."  
Grief chok'd her utterance, as she kiss'd the bed,  
Then pass'd the struggle, and she proudly said:  
"What though my death may unreveng'd remain? 915  
"Thus, thus I die,<sup>1</sup> and death to me is gain:

<sup>1</sup> She stabs herself.



“ My griefs ’twill close, while funeral flames arise,  
“ Of woe prophetic, to the Trojan’s eyes.”

E’en as she speaks the royal Tyrian falls,  
The ghastly wound the menial band appals ;  
With her hot blood the glittering blade is red,  
And o’er her hands dark spots of gore are spread.

920

Loud is the moan that rends the palace halls,  
And wild the note that spreads along the walls ;  
And shrieks, and groans, and women’s wailing cry,  
Disturb each house, and echo through the sky.  
So, should a hostile troop invade with fire  
Or lofty Carthage, or the ancient Tyre,  
Would rise the clamour, as the flames devour  
The long-lov’d dwelling, or the sacred tower.

925

930

The rush, the cry, her sister trembling hears,  
Her bosom beats, her shining tresses tears,  
Frantic with fear, breaks through the gazing crowd,  
And calls Elissa by her name aloud :

“ Sister, long dear, and was it thus the while

935

“ Thou sought’st the heart that lov’d thee to beguile ?

“ Was it for this you rais’d the funeral pyre,

“ Prepar’d the altar, lit the sacred fire ?

“ Well might I now of such cold love complain,

“ In her who left me cheerless to remain.

940

“ Deem’dst thou that Anna had not soul to bear

“ Her sister’s load, her last sad journey share ?

“ One grief, one fate, had beckon’d each away,

“ One hour remov’d us from the realms of day.



“ Wrought I with thee this funeral pyre to rear, 945  
“ Call’d I with thee our country’s gods to hear,  
“ Then left thee, when the fated hour drew nigh,  
“ In unprotected loneliness to die?  
“ Sister, with thee thy Anna too expires,  
“ Our race, our city, our Sidonian sires. 950  
“ Give place, ye menials, that are thronging round,  
“ And let me wash that warm and gaping wound;  
“ And if one sigh still hangs around in death,  
“ That fleeting sigh shall blend with Anna’s breath.”<sup>1</sup>

She ceas’d: then as she stood the corse before, 955  
Staunch’d with her robe the dark and clotted gore,  
With sobs Elissa’s fainting form embrac’d,  
Her head upon her bursting bosom plac’d;  
The queen in vain to raise her eyes essay’d,  
Sad was the sound her gaping bosom made; 960  
Thrice on her arm she strives in vain to rise,  
Thrice sinks, and on the bed extended lies;  
Again, with wandering eye-balls, seeks the light,  
And, when she meets it, shudders at the sight.

Juno, these painful struggles to prevent, 965  
From bright Olympus winged Iris sent,  
To loose the quivering limbs’ tenacious force  
Unseen, and aid th’ immortal spirit’s course.  
For since she sank not by the will of fate,  
Fell not by heaven’s decree, or foeman’s hate, 970

<sup>1</sup> Amongst the Romans, the nearest relation present endeavoured to catch with his or her mouth the last breath of the dying, and closed the eyes of the deceased.



But died ere Jove had summon'd her away,  
Vanquish'd by love, to dark despair a prey,  
Not yet had Proserpine remov'd the hair,  
Nor bade her to the Stygian shore repair.  
Pois'd on her golden pinions, Iris flew, 975  
Bright with pure rays, and spangled with the dew,  
And as she traverses the sun-lit skies,  
His orb a thousand various tints supplies.  
O'er Dido's head she stood on liquid air,  
And, speaking thus, cut off the fatal hair: 980  
"To Pluto I this offering bear away,  
"And bid the flesh impose no dull delay."  
Congeal'd, no more the vital current flows,  
And into purest air the spirit goes.



## BOOK V.

---

THE Fifth Book is principally occupied with the funeral games at the tomb of Anchises; the description of which is given with characteristic elegance and spirit. The few opening lines, where the passion of love is again briefly touched upon, in all its intenseness and misery, seem like the deep hues of light, vivid even as they set, which succeed a day of burning splendour. At the conclusion of the Book, the appearance of Neptune, and the calm which succeeds, are very beautifully described; the introduction of Sleep, also, and his intercourse with Palinurus, is imagined and conducted with much art.



100  
101  
102  
103  
104  
105  
106  
107  
108  
109  
110  
111  
112  
113  
114  
115  
116  
117  
118  
119  
120  
121  
122  
123  
124  
125  
126  
127  
128  
129  
130  
131  
132  
133  
134  
135  
136  
137  
138  
139  
140  
141  
142  
143  
144  
145  
146  
147  
148  
149  
150  
151  
152  
153  
154  
155  
156  
157  
158  
159  
160  
161  
162  
163  
164  
165  
166  
167  
168  
169  
170  
171  
172  
173  
174  
175  
176  
177  
178  
179  
180  
181  
182  
183  
184  
185  
186  
187  
188  
189  
190  
191  
192  
193  
194  
195  
196  
197  
198  
199  
200



## BOOK V.

---

MEANWHILE Æneas leaves the shore behind,  
Cleaves the dark <sup>1</sup> waves, and flies before the wind,  
Sternly resolv'd; and yet but ill at ease  
Sees the flames rise, and trembles as he sees.  
He doubts, yet knows the agonizing throe,  
The injur'd heart's unutterable woe,  
And all the frenzy of that darkest hour,  
When slighted love exerts its frantic power.

5

Not far from harbour in the open seas  
Each lab'ring vessel struggles with the breeze;  
The shore receding fails the straining eye,  
Dark lours the storm, and night involves the sky.  
"Great Neptune, say," the wakeful pilot cries,  
Who reads the heavens, and hears the tempest rise,  
"Why yon dense clouds th' ethereal plain deform  
"With sable girdle, and conduct the storm?"

10

15

<sup>1</sup> I interpret the "fluctus atros Aquilone," with Servius, to refer to the sea, still dark with the effects of the stormy north winds, which Dido had urged to Æneas as a reason to delay his sailing.



“ Reef close the sails, ere falls the whirlwind’s force,  
“ And ease the vessel in her groaning course.  
“ Though Jove himself assured our oars success,  
“ Not Jove this night with prosperous course could bless.  
“ Against our sails the adverse tempest roars, 21  
“ And leagued with fate forbids Ausonia’s shores.  
“ But nearer slope Sicilia’s kindred<sup>1</sup> plains,  
“ If memory right our former course retains.”  
To whom Æneas: “ Why in vain contend, 25  
“ When adverse winds refuse the wis-h’d for end?  
“ What land to us more friendly than the plains,  
“ O’er which with righteous sway Acestes reigns;  
“ Where the dark cypress, with its soften’d gloom,  
“ With mournful branches shades Anchises’ tomb?” 30  
He ceas’d: their alter’d course the pilots keep,  
Swift bound the galleys o’er the rolling deep,  
Till with glad hearts the Trojans reach the shore,  
Where late his aid the generous monarch bore.  
Sprung from a god<sup>2</sup> and nymph of Dardan race, 35  
Along the hills he urg’d the sylvan chase;  
Clasp’d round his neck a bear-skin’s shaggy folds  
Descend, his hand two bristling javelins holds.  
Soon as he sees the Trojans on the flood,  
Swift beats his pulse, and owns its kindred blood; 40

<sup>1</sup> Eryx was the son of Butes and Venus, and, therefore, half-brother to Æneas. He was slain by Hercules in a combat with the cæstus, and buried at the foot of a mountain in Sicily, which bore his name. On the top of this mountain was a celebrated temple of Venus, said to have been founded by Æneas.

<sup>2</sup> Crimissus, a Sicilian river god.



Rich is the store of rustic wealth he bears,  
He feeds the hungry, and the drooping cheers.

But when the morrow's sun with orient ray  
Outshone the stars, and pour'd the golden day,  
Circling a gentle hillock's verdant mound  
Expectant people throng their chief around.  
He spoke: "Ye warriors, in whose noble veins  
" The blood of gods untainted still remains,  
" Now has for twelve revolving months the sun  
" Through heavenly plains in shining circles run,  
" Since good Anchises in the tomb was laid,  
" Sad altars rising to his sacred shade:  
" A time, so heaven has will'd it, which demands  
" Respectful sorrow at Æneas' hands.  
" Though in Gætulia's deserts I should be,  
" Or toss'd by tempests in th' Argolic sea,  
" Or 'neath Mycenæ, still would I renew  
" The funeral honours to his spirit due.  
" Here, where the ashes of my sire repose,  
" To stand this day great Jove's approval shows;  
" Then here let all before his tomb unite,  
" Fair winds demand, and share the solemn rite,  
" Nor fail in prayer, that he through future days  
" Will bless our altars, and accept our praise.  
" And since the king, with welcome to his friends,  
" To every ship two lordly oxen sends,  
" His gods invite, with Ilium's gods to share  
" The festive board which kindred hands prepare.

45

50

55

60

65



“ If the ninth morn in golden splendour rise,  
“ With ray unclouded, and unveil the skies, 70  
“ Let chosen vessels from our Phrygian fleet  
“ On the blue wave in friendly contest meet ;  
“ Let swiftest runners in the stadium vie,  
“ And Phrygia’s champions all their prowess try ;  
“ Here let his bow the skilful archer string, 75  
“ The athlete here his ponderous cæstus bring :  
“ Let all do honour to Anchises’ name,  
“ Inspir’d by love, and emulous of fame :  
“ Now round your temples sacred garlands wind,  
“ While solemn stillness shows a reverent mind.” 80

In words like these the chieftain spoke : then round  
His manly front the Paphian myrtle bound ;  
From old Acestes’ brow the wreath hung down,  
Nor Helymas refus’d the leafy crown ;  
Like garland, too, the boy Ascanius bore, 85  
And all the Trojan youth the symbol wore.<sup>1</sup>  
The council closed, he sought the hallow’d mound,  
Where crowds of warriors press’d their prince around.  
Two bowls of wine he pour’d the tomb before,  
Two of fresh milk, and two of sacred gore, 90  
Of purple flowers a fragrant offering made,  
And thus in words address’d his father’s shade :

<sup>1</sup> The sacred chaplet, or “*corona sacerdotalis*,” was worn by all the bystanders as well as the priests, and those more immediately engaged in the services of the day ; and the tree, or plant, from which it was made varied according to the deity to whom the worship was paid. Here we find the myrtle used, in honour of Venus ; in the Eighth Book, Evander and his own people, together with their Trojan guests, wore chaplets of the poplar, in honour of Hercules.



“ Hail! holiest shade,<sup>1</sup> I bid thee hail again ;  
“ Ghost of my sire, revisited in vain ;  
“ Since heaven forbids that I with thee explore, 95  
“ Where’er it flow, Ausonian Tyber’s shore.”

While yet the crowd his invocation hears,  
A tortuous snake from ’neath the shrine appears ;  
His length involv’d in seven huge spires is wound,  
And seven huge volumes float upon the ground ; 100  
Blue stripes adorn’d his back, while every fold  
Shone with bright scales, and blaz’d with spots of gold ;  
As when, slant rays descending on the bow,  
Thousand gay colours in the sunbeams glow.  
Harmless the serpent o’er the altar glides, 105  
And in the mound his lingering circles hides.  
Mute with amaze the Trojan chieftain stands,  
Then fresh libations pours, with rev’rent hands,  
And sees the genius of the place display’d  
To man, attendant on his father’s shade. 110  
Five ewes he slaughters, and five bristly swine,  
And, dark with sable backs, five brindled kine.  
Then, as full cups of foaming wine he pours,  
The good Anchises’ guardian care implores,  
Whom gods receiving from Avernus raise, 115  
Man’s vows to answer, and receive his praise.

<sup>1</sup> I have not thought it necessary to enter into the various learned opinions as to “*cineres animæque umbræque*,” nor to preserve the difference of their meanings, if, indeed, Virgil intended to make any, as Servius conjectures, following Pluto’s four-fold division of the human soul into the intellectual, the sensual, the vital, which gives the power of self-motion, and the vegetable or merely existent principle.



Each shows his love, as heaven the means supplies,  
From laden shrines rich steaming odours rise ;  
These brazen cauldrons range in shining line,  
Increase the flame, and roast the juicy chine. 120

Now breathing light the panting steeds of dawn  
In cloudless glory brought th' expected morn.  
Rous'd by the news, and great Acestes' fame,  
Thy tribes, Trinacria, to the pageant came ;  
Or idle wonder on his guests to spend, 125  
Or in the games with nobler aim contend.  
Straight to the centre of the crowded ring  
Attendant slaves the glittering prizes bring ;  
Here tripods shine, and simpler palm-leaves<sup>1</sup> raise  
The athlete's noblest thirst, the thirst for praise. 130  
There eager eyes on martial weapons rest,  
These praise the purple of the gorgeous vest,  
While bars of silver and refulgent gold  
The bold competitors in wonder hold.  
Each takes his place as from the rising mound 135  
The brazen trumpet<sup>2</sup> pours its stirring sound.

Then, first, four vessels, swiftest of the fleet,  
In proud array, on ocean's bosom meet ;

<sup>1</sup> The palm is said by Plutarch to have been chosen as the reward of the conquerors from its hardy nature and upright growth.

<sup>2</sup> The "tuba" was a long, straight instrument of brass, emitting a shrill and martial tone, used for giving the signals both in battle and in public games. Like the "cornu," which differed from it in being curved in its form, it appears, from the representations remaining of them, to have had no holes or stops for varying the notes, these being all formed by the lips and breath of the performer.



Where Mnestheus, gliding to th' appointed place,  
Impels the Pristis, and provokes the race—

140

Mnestheus, hereafter to increase his fame,  
Living again in noble Memmius' name.

The vast Chimæra's bulk stout Gyas steers,  
A floating tower the lofty ship appears ;

In triple rank the Trojan sailors rise,

145

Urg'd by three banks of oars the vessel flies.

Sergestus (hence the name the Sergii keep)

Guides the huge Centaur, and alarms the deep.

On sea-green Scylla 'see Cloanthus ride,

Of Rome's Cluentii the ancestral pride.

150

Far as the eye o'er ocean's plain can reach

A dark rock rising fronts the sandy beach ;

Not seldom plung'd beneath the dashing spray,

In wintry storms, conceal'd that islet lay ;

In tranquil seasons, lifted from the main,

155

Above the tide it spreads a level plain,

And there, beneath the warmer breath of spring,

The sea-coot basking spreads his dusky wing.

An ilex branch that bent above the wave

To all the signal for returning gave ;

160

A leafy goal each mariner must gain,

Then homeward bounding cross the deep again.

The lot impartial marks each rival's place,

Appoints the order, and directs the race.

On the proud sterns the chiefs their station hold,

165

Gorgeous in purple, and adorn'd with gold :



The sailors' brows light poplar wreaths entwine,  
Suppled with oil their naked shoulders shine;  
Hope through their veins a swifter current sends,  
Each grasps his tough oar, and his arms extends: 170  
Then as the trumpet thrills through every heart,  
All at the instant from their moorings start;  
Lash'd by the oars, white wreaths of foam arise,  
The shout of sailors thunders to the skies.  
Where the bright prows cut through the boiling deep,  
Their equal course the bounding vessels keep, 176  
Till the whole ocean, cleft with rival oars,  
Rent by the shock, displays its secret shores.  
Not with more speed the rushing coursers bound  
Forth from the barriers, and devour<sup>1</sup> the ground; 180  
Not more impetuous o'er the open plain  
The anxious drivers shake the flowing rein,  
Hang o'er their steeds, and ply the twisted thong,  
Fly through the dust, and panting whirl along.  
Through all the shaggy groves that wave around, 185  
The frequent plaudits of the crowd resound;  
The bounded plain rolls on the swelling note,<sup>2</sup>  
And the lash'd hills re-echo with the shout.

<sup>1</sup> A late writer upon America, describing the matches in trotting, which are often performed there by the horse in a very light car on four wheels, observes, that the animal, when urged to his speed, leaning forward upon the rein, with his head down, and his mouth open from the action of the bit, seems, as he rushes along, to devour the ground.

<sup>2</sup> I take the "*vocem inclusa volutant littora*" to mean precisely the idea which Sir W. Scott expresses at the end of his chase—

"The dingle's hollow throat  
"Prolongs the swelling bugle-note."



First, 'midst the cheers ascending from the throng,  
Stout Gyas urg'd his flying ship along ; 190  
With his Cloanthus' stronger crew had vied,  
But the dull Scylla linger'd on the tide.  
From these, divided by an equal space,  
The Pristis joins the Centaur in the race ;  
And now the Pristis shoots ahead, and now 195  
Yields to the swiftness of the Centaur's prow :  
Now side by side the bounding rivals keep,  
With arrowy speed, and cleave the foaming deep.  
At length the goal each straining vessel nears,  
Where the green ilex on the ledge appears ; 200  
When Gyas first his pilot thus address'd,  
The hope of vict'ry swelling in his breast :  
" Whilst others sweep with wider range the tide,  
" Close to the rock let our Chimæra glide."  
He spoke : but, fearing on a ledge to run, 205  
Her prow Menætes turn'd, the risk to shun.  
Gyas again, in voice still louder cried,  
" Let the broad oar graze close the islet's side."  
But lo ! Cloanthus now with bending oars  
And narrower circle sweeps the dangerous shores, 210  
Doubles the goal, and o'er the open seas  
Stretches in triumph, and enjoys the breeze.  
Stout Gyas scarce repress'd his scalding tears,  
Reproach he heeds not, and no danger fears :  
Headlong he plung'd Menætes in the flood, 215  
And by the helm of the Chimæra stood.



Around the pilot clung his dripping vest,  
And age the vigour of his limbs opprest;  
Loud jeer'd the crowd, as, gasping from the tide,  
All cas'd in foam, he climb'd the shelving side. 220  
Fresh hope, till now by adverse fate depress'd,  
Rous'd Mnestheus' soul, and swell'd Sergestus' breast:  
In gallant trim then first the Centaur went,  
On tow'rds the rock her ocean pathway bent;  
Swift though she bounded o'er the foaming main, 225  
Scarce a full keel's length might her efforts gain;  
With equal speed the Pristis cut the tide,  
And her prow glitter'd at her rival's side.  
Then as along the lofty deck he flew,  
With eager words bold Mnestheus cheer'd his crew. 230  
"O ye who once with godlike Hector fought;  
"When Hector fell, from burning Ilium brought;  
"O for that zeal with which ye swept before  
"Gætulia's shallows and Ionia's shore!  
"O for those arms all powerful to save 235  
"From Malea's headland and Laconia's wave!  
"Now, now's the time to make the tough oar bend,  
"Now through the hissing surge the Pristis send.  
"'Tis not for victory: would, ye gods, 'twere mine!  
"That let great Neptune, as he will, assign. 240  
"Strive, comrades, strive, nor let the foul disgrace  
"Be ours, that waits the laggard in the race."  
The crew responding to their leader's cries,  
From 'neath their keel the watery pavement flies.



Lab'ring, the breath through its parch'd channels goes,  
In streams the sweat from every member flows. 246  
Then Fortune aids: Sergestus sweeps too near  
The jutting isle, and fails the rocks to clear;  
The broad oars grate upon their pointed edge,  
Dashes the prow, and trembles on the ledge. 257  
The sailors, springing from their seats amain,  
Push off the ship, which, wounded, floats in vain.  
Elate with hope his course bold Mnestheus held,  
By the swift impulse of his oars impell'd,  
Invok'd the breeze, enjoy'd the open main, 255  
And flew triumphant o'er the glassy plain.  
As when the dove that 'neath some grotto's shade  
Her nest has built, her home of fondness made,  
Is startled first, the clapping of her wings  
Strikes 'gainst the roof, and through the cavern rings; 260  
But once emerg'd, no more her pinions play,  
With silent speed she cuts her liquid way: <sup>1</sup>  
So glides the *Pristis*, nor requires the oar,  
Back through the waters she has cross'd before.<sup>2</sup>  
No more the race the crippled Centaur tried, 265  
Nor long stout Gyas with the *Pristis* vied,  
Fails his Chimæra, of her pilot reft,  
The Scylla now alone unconquer'd left,

<sup>1</sup> Nowhere (I translate from Professor Keble) is Virgil more happy or more elegant, than when the dove is the theme of his verse. How disturbed is he that his favourite bird should be startled in her tranquil grotto! with what pleasure does he follow her with his eyes as she enjoys her free course through the softly encircling air!

<sup>2</sup> *Ultima æquora*.



'Twas then bold Mnestheus every effort strain'd,  
To reach Cloanthus ere the port was gain'd ; 270  
Loud shouts attend him from the crowd around,  
And far the air re-echoes with the sound.  
These scorn to yield the lead already won,  
Those urge the chase so gloriously begun ;  
These fain would barter life to gain the prize, 275  
Those feel the hope which conscious power supplies.  
And each, perchance, had rais'd an equal claim,  
But that the gods to aid Cloanthus came,  
The gods who dwell beneath the dark blue waves,  
And heard the chieftain in their glittering caves. 280  
" Ye gods whose empire is the ocean tide,  
" On whose dark breast we Trojan warriors ride,  
" Here will I slay upon Sicania's shore  
" A milk-white bull, here foaming wine-cups pour,  
" Here reeking entrails fling upon the main, 285  
" The mead of victory if my prayers obtain."  
He ceas'd: the Nereids in their coral caves,  
And Phorcus heard him 'neath the sounding waves,  
His arm still vigorous old Portumnus plied,  
While Panopœa all her aid supplied. 290  
Like winged shaft, or still more winged wind,  
The flying Scylla leaves the fleet behind,  
With speed uncheck'd ascends the rising strand,  
And owns the impulse of a secret hand.  
Now loud to all the herald's voice proclaims 295  
Cloanthus victor in the naval games ;



His prince extols him, and surrounds his brow  
With the green chaplet of the laurel bough ;  
Then from three fatted bullocks bids him bear  
The best away, his crew's triumphant share : 300  
For them in goblets foams the generous wine,  
For them the silver bars refulgent shine ;  
A broider'd robe, distinct with lines of gold,  
The chief's own prize, admiring crowds behold,  
Where Melibœa's<sup>1</sup> purple border waves, 305  
As winds the stream that fair Celænæ laves.<sup>2</sup>  
On this the boy, whom in ærial flight  
Jove's eagle swooping bore from Ida's height,  
Instinct with life appear'd the deer to chase,  
And with a hunter's ardour urg'd the race. 310  
In terror there each guard his hand extends,  
And wildly points to where the bird ascends ;  
While the fleet hounds, arrested on the plain,  
Lift up their heads, and chide the air in vain.  
The shirt of mail his generous prince bestows, 315  
With triple rings of gold for Mnestheus glows.  
This from Demoleus erst his sword had won,  
Where Simois' waves 'neath Ilium's turrets run,  
The shining trophy of a warrior's might,  
To fence the hero, and to lead the fight. 320

<sup>1</sup> Melibœa, a city of Thessaly, famous for the fish from which is extracted the brightest purple dye : to this Milton alludes, (*Par. Lost*, XI. 241.)

“ A military vest of purple flow'd,

“ Livelier than Melibœan.”

<sup>2</sup> The Mæander, which rises near Celænæ.



Phegeus and Sag'ris, though they share the toil,  
Scarce on their shoulders bear the glittering spoil,  
So close, though fine, the golden rings were wrought,  
To such perfection by the craftsman brought;  
And yet Demoleus in that mail array'd, 325  
Had frequent slaughter of the Trojans made.  
Two vessels, last, of polish'd brass he takes,  
And friendly offerings to stout Gyas makes;  
Then adds two bowls, in burnish'd silver bright,  
Whose shape <sup>1</sup> attracts, whose gravings charm the sight.  
With stately step, with scarlet fillets bound, 331  
Proud of their wealth, the victors trod the ground;  
When, her oars lost or broken by the shock,  
Sav'd with much art, and lifted from the rock,  
The crippled Centaur slowly towers along 335  
'Midst the loud laughter of the noisy throng.  
As when beneath some wain's revolving load  
The wounded serpent writhes upon the road,<sup>2</sup>  
Or, mangled by a traveller's angry<sup>3</sup> blows,  
Drags his slow coils, and labours as he goes; 340  
His hissing crest still swells erect in air,  
His tongue still threatens, and his eyeballs glare:  
E'en so the vessel of Sergestus tried  
In vain with shatter'd oars to cross the tide,  
But yet her sails rode proudly on the seas, 345  
And won the harbour with a favouring breeze.

<sup>1</sup> Like a boat.

<sup>2</sup> "Vix in aggere," a highway rounded in the middle to throw off the wet.

<sup>3</sup> Gravis ictu.



Not without joy the generous chieftain gave,  
Joy that his comrade liv'd, a Cretan slave,  
By Pallas taught to guide with skilful hand  
The loom, obedient to her lord's command, 350  
Who in herself increas'd her master's store,  
And at her teeming breast twin infants bore.

This contest o'er, the good Æneas bent  
His steps to where surrounding hills present  
A sylvan theatre of verdant meads, 355

Where plain to plain of smoothest turf succeeds.  
Here, where his eyes the scene around command,  
He sits the centre of his martial band.

Then, as the prize the swift of foot invites,  
Inflames their ardour, and their zeal excites, 360  
Euryalus with Nisus speeds along,

And leads the Trojan and Sicanian throng ;  
For beauty one and blooming grace renown'd,  
In whose lov'd life all Nisus' life was bound.

To these Dioces held the nearest place, 365

Dioces sprung from Priam's royal race :

Epirus now her champion Salius brings,

Next Patron comes, who from Tegea springs :

Then Elymas and Panopes their home

Left, who would oft with good Acestes roam, 370

And through Trinacria's forests urge their sport,

The bold attendants of his sylvan court :

Last, mix'd with these a numerous band there came,

Who've gain'd no record from forgetful fame.



Then thus the youth the Trojan chief address'd, 375  
The ardour rousing of each manly breast :  
" All who contend in rival speed to-day,  
" Victor or vanquish'd, bear some gift away.  
" Two Cretan javelins, bright with burnish'd steel,  
" Whose tapering points the workman's skill reveal, 380  
" An axe in silver wrought with curious art,  
" Shall arm each hand, and gladden every heart.  
" To those whose speed more swift across the plain  
" The first three places in the contest gain,  
" Justice, impartial, costlier gifts assigns, 385  
" And round their brows the pale green olive twines.<sup>1</sup>  
" With housings rich, a noble steed shall bear  
" The first; the next a Thracian quiver wear,  
" With baldrick broad of finely beaten gold,  
" Whose ends bright gems in burnish'd settings hold ; 390  
" With plume and helmet let the third depart,  
" Nor bear unworthy envy in his heart."

He ceas'd ; each bold aspirant in his place  
Waits the loud signal, and expects the race.  
It sounds : on, on ; they leave the bar behind, 395  
As cloud, careering, flies the eastern wind.  
Swift is their course, hope cheers the champion's soul,  
Points to the prize, and urges to the goal.  
Then Nisus, first emerging from the throng,  
Plies his swift limbs, and shoots uncheck'd along ; 400

<sup>1</sup> A wreath of olive was bestowed on the victor in the Olympic games.



Less swift the storm descending sweeps the main,  
Or the wing'd lightning flashes on the plain.

See Salius now, but far behind, succeed,

And then Euryalus outstript in speed ;

Next Elymas, on whom Diores press'd,

405

Heel close to heel, and even breast to breast,

And had a greater space unpass'd remain'd,

Him had he equall'd, or the victory gain'd.

Through the last course their flying steps were bent,

Their breath exhausted, and their vigour spent,

410

When on the surface where a bullock's blood

Had wet the herbage with its purple flood,

The fates unhappy Nisus doom'd to slip,

The shout of triumph rising on his lip ;

Sliding he rolls upon the slippery plain,

415

Dark soil and gore the blooming champion stain.

He, not e'en then forgetful of his friend,

Rose, his last effort in his cause to spend ;

For onward, as uncheck'd, swift Salius flew,

His rising form the eager youth o'erthrew.

420

Euryalus through crowds applauding flies,

And, friendship aiding, gains the victor's prize.

Quiver and baldrick Elymas obtains,

The plume and helmet stout Diores gains.

But Salius straight with loud complainings fills

425

The sylvan theatre, and wakes the hills ;

The prize, by guile unfairly won, demands,

And asks for justice at the elders' hands.



Charm'd by his comely form and graceful tears,  
The host for young Euryalus declares, 430  
In whom the beauties of the beardless face  
Ennobled glow, with all a hero's grace;  
While, third in vain, Diores pleads aloud,  
And with his prayer supports the partial crowd.  
"Your own retain, but be it mine to show 435  
"Not empty hence shall noble Salius go,"  
Their chief replied, and, to reward his toil,  
Brought from his stores a rich and shaggy spoil,  
Won from Gætulia's forest-king, and gay  
With the rich gilding which the claws display. 440  
"If such compassion for his case you show,  
"Such gifts, great prince, on vanquish'd speed bestow,  
"What prize should I," bold Nisus asks, "obtain,  
"Whose swiftness well the victor's palm might gain,  
"But that the chance which Salius here befel 445  
"Affected me with sad reverse as well?"  
And as he spoke, his limbs, besmear'd with gore,  
Confirm'd the suit his lips had urg'd before.  
Æneas, smiling, bade a shield be brought,  
Which Didymaön's wondrous skill had wrought; 450  
Once was this shield in Neptune's temple plac'd,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose splendour now the youthful Nisus grac'd.  
The foot-race o'er, the gifts to all supplied,  
"Whose heart with valour swells," Æneas cried,

<sup>1</sup> According to the conjecture of Servius, this shield had been taken from the temple of Neptune by Pyrrhus, at the sacking of Troy, by him left to Helenus, and by Helenus given to Æneas, when he touched at Epirus.



“ May proudly here the heavy cæstus raise, 455  
“ Which skill requires, gigantic strength displays.”  
He spoke, and then two princely prizes gave,  
To rouse the timid, and incite the brave:  
A sword for one, with helm and flaming crest,  
For this a bull, with gold and fillets drest. 460  
Dares at once his giant form display’d,  
Loud were the shouts applauding numbers made,  
Dares, whose prowess might alone succeed  
From Paris<sup>1</sup> e’er to win the athlete’s meed.  
He at the tomb where godlike Hector lay 465  
Stood the stern champion of the mournful day,  
Against gigantic Butes rais’d his hand,  
And stretch’d him, quivering, on the yellow sand;  
Butes, who bore the elder Butes’ name,  
And from Bebricia’s ancient monarch came. 470  
Such Dares is, who rears his head in air,  
Then boasting lays his brawny shoulders bare;  
Each lusty arm by turns extending shows,  
And cleaves the ambient air with empty blows.  
His bulk enormous all the host alarms, 475  
Each fears to gird the cæstus on his arms:  
The lordly prize he deem’d resign’d from dread,  
And boastful thus gigantic Dares said;  
While as the horn his sinewy fingers clasp,  
The bull stands powerless in his pond’rous grasp: 480

<sup>1</sup> Paris is said to have excelled Hector in this and other manly contests.



“ If none shall dare to raise a champion’s hand,  
“ Why force me here, O godlike prince, to stand ?  
“ Grant me the prize.” Loud murmurs through the field  
Support his claim, and call the chief to yield.

Acestes listen’d as these murmurs ran . 485  
Throughout the Trojan ranks, and thus began,  
Chiding Entellus for his dull delay,  
Who on the verdant turf extended lay :  
“ False, O Entellus, is the name you hold,  
“ As athlete<sup>1</sup> skilful, and as champion bold ; 490  
“ Thou, who wouldst yield before a veteran’s eyes  
“ To boastful words, O shame ! the victor’s prize.  
“ Vain is thy boast, how godlike Eryx taught  
“ Thy youth to combat as thy master fought ;  
“ Vain is thy fame, that through Trinacria rang, 495  
“ Thy spoils in vain from brazen columns hang.”  
To whom Entellus : “ ’Tis not that my breast  
“ Is cold to glory, or with fears opprest,  
“ But that old blood runs sluggish through the veins,  
“ No more the athlete’s wonted strength remains. 500  
“ O, if that force of youth still nerv’d the blow,  
“ Trusting in which, he makes unseemly show,  
“ This arm would need no prizes to incite,  
“ No lordly bull to urge it to the fight.”  
He ceas’d : and flung indignant to the ground 505  
The heavy cæstus Eryx oft had bound

<sup>1</sup> Though I have used this term I can hardly defend it, as it cannot be admitted as a pure English word.



His arm around, his giant strength to show,  
And add fresh danger to the pond'rous blow.  
Awe thrills through every heart, as each beholds  
The tough bull-hides, whose seven enormous folds 510  
Are each in turn with plates of metal spread,  
Weighted with iron, and inlaid with lead.<sup>1</sup>  
Dares himself involuntary starts,  
And, backward turning, from the front departs.  
The Trojan prince looks on with curious gaze, 515  
Measures its vastness, and its bulk surveys.  
When thus Entellus, 'mid the circling crowd,  
Old mem'ries rising in him, mus'd aloud:  
" O had ye seen, if this excites alarm,  
" The pond'rous cæstus round Alcides' arm, 520  
" And view'd on this, our calm and sylvan scene,  
" The blood of Eryx stain the verdant green!  
" These arms, which now upon the turf I fling,  
" Your kinsman, Eryx, would to battle bring;  
" E'en now, you see, we trace the gory stain, 525  
" The clotted blood-drops, and the spatter'd brain.  
" With these his foe he met in mortal strife—  
" With these I've perill'd fame, more dear than life,  
" Ere envious age had chill'd my blood, and spread  
" The snows of winter on the veteran's head. 530

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Smith in his learned work states the cæstus of the heroic ages to have been merely thongs of leather by which the fist was bound together. Homer, in his parallel passage to this, mentions only these leather thongs; but Cowper adds a note, to explain that they were used to bind on the cæstus; and Pope introduces the expression, "iron hand."



“ But now, great chief, all vain dispute to end,  
 “ Let each array’d in equal arms contend.”

He ceas’d: the robe in ample folds that hung  
 Around his brawny chest aside was flung:  
 Huge limbs are bar’d before their wond’ring eyes, 535  
 Large bones protrude, and joints enormous rise.<sup>1</sup>  
 Respect and awe his giant form commands,  
 As ’mid the group the veteran warrior stands.  
 Æneas then two equal gauntlets finds,  
 And round the arms of either hero binds. 540

Pois’d on his feet, erect each athlete stands,  
 Throws back his body, and extends his hands:  
 The head rais’d high, the eye the arm directs,  
 Assails the other, and himself protects.  
 Quicker in step the cæstus Dares plies, 545  
 And on th’ activity of youth relies.

A bulk more vast the veteran chief display’d,  
 But his knees trembled when his blows were made;  
 And every deep-drawn breath the champion took,  
 Convuls’d his limbs, his frame gigantic shook. 550  
 Swift fly the strokes their ears and temples round,  
 Ring through the air, and from their cheeks rebound.  
 Firm in his strength, Entellus keeps the field,  
 Press’d by his rival, but too stout to yield;

<sup>1</sup> “ His giant form, like ruin’d tower,  
 “ Though fall’n its muscles’ brawny vaunt,  
 “ Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,  
 “ Seem’d o’er the gaudy scene to lower.”

*Sir W. Scott’s description of the Douglas.*



With steady eye observes his younger foe, 555  
And stops with skilful guard the threaten'd blow.  
As where some battlemented city frowns,  
Or rugged tower the mountain fastness crowns,  
Each gate, each side, the leaguering host surveys,  
If chance the wall some weaker point betrays ; 560  
So Dares round the aged warrior flies,  
And every part in quick succession tries.  
His arm Entellus rais'd, but ere it fell,  
Dares, who knew the practis'd movement well,  
With wonted steadiness the cæstus ey'd, 565  
And with the lightning's swiftness sprang aside.  
On empty air the idle blow was spent,  
But forward with the force the veteran bent ;  
And, like the pine, uptorn in Ida's dell,  
Heavy to earth the pond'rous champion fell. 570  
Loud is the clamour that ascends the skies,  
As Phrygia's warriors with Sicilia's rise.  
Acestes first advanc'd, his aid to lend,  
Pitied his fall, and rais'd his aged friend.  
But he undaunted to the fight returns, 575  
His strength increasing as his passion burns ;  
Shame adds her fires ; in conscious valour strong  
He follows Dares as he flies along ;  
And as hard press'd the Trojan still retreats,  
Now left, now right, the frequent blow repeats. 580  
No rest, no stay, as when the hailstones fall  
Thicker and thicker on the sheltering wall ;



Thus blow with quick descent succeeds to blow,  
As either hand assails the flying foe.

Æneas, lest exasperated strife 585  
Should cloud all gladness with the loss of life,  
Declar'd the combat ended, and address'd  
Such words as these to soothe the Trojan's breast:  
"Why, hapless Dares, against fortune rage?  
"With adverse gods 'tis madness to engage." 590  
Then faithful friends convey'd him through the throng,  
Dragging with pain his injur'd limbs along;  
From side to side his head was wildly flung,  
Now here it roll'd, now there half lifeless hung;  
Dripp'd from his jaws thick blood on either side, 595  
And teeth were mingled with the gory tide.  
His friends the sword and shining helm receive,  
The bull and palm-leaf for Entellus leave.  
The veteran champion, glorying in his prize,  
Looks proudly round him, and triumphant cries: 600  
"Hence learn what vigour nerv'd my youthful blow,  
"And Dares' peril in the combat know."  
He rais'd his arm,<sup>1</sup> then back the cæstus drew,  
The lordly beast the blow descending slew.  
So vast the force, the skull is burst in twain, 605  
And through the gaping rent spirts forth the brain;

<sup>1</sup> There could hardly be a finer subject for the canvas than Entellus in the attitude to strike, with the bull before and the assembled chiefs around him. It always brings to my mind the one suggested by Sir W. Scott, and, I believe, embodied by the artist—the "Death of the Laird's Jock."



The bull falls down, earth echoes with the sound,  
The carcase rolls enormous on the ground.

While on the prostrate beast Entellus gaz'd,  
Thus to his master's shade his voice was rais'd : 610

" Eryx, to thee a better life is slain,  
" Than if the blood of Dares stain'd the plain.

" Contented here I take my latest crown,  
" Resign my art, and lay the cæstus down."

This done, Æneas summons to succeed 615  
All fam'd through air the feather'd shaft to speed ;  
Places before their eyes each bright reward,  
For skill to win, and justice to award ;  
Then rears with mighty hand a solid mast,<sup>1</sup>  
Suspends a dove, and binds the victim fast. 620

The eager bowmen hasten to the spot,  
Where a bright helm receives each archer's lot ;  
And first thy name, while crowds approving shout,  
Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, leaps out ;  
Bold Mnestheus, crown'd with naval olive came ; 625

And good Eurytion, rich in kindred fame,  
Brother of Pandarus, who with boastful art  
Infring'd the truce when Pallas wing'd the dart.  
Acestes last, whose lot behind remain'd,  
Within the hollow of the helm retain'd, 630

<sup>1</sup> Although the chief is said to do that himself which he orders his inferiors to perform, I think it is more agreeable to the simplicity of those ancient times, as well as more close to the conduct of Achilles in that passage of Homer which Virgil is throughout copying, to suppose this work of rearing the mast with a strong arm as his own act. Servius makes it the work of numerous attendants : but numbers were hardly necessary to raise the mast of a Phrygian galley.



Whose aged hand with younger men would vie,  
And dar'd himself the archer's fortune try.

Forth from his quiver each his arrow drew,  
And bent with sturdy hands the polish'd yew.  
Like some swift bird, with strong and steady wing, 635  
Thy shaft, Hippocoon, left the twanging string,  
Its pathway held, nor waver'd in the blast,  
And struck the centre of the solid mast:  
The pine tree shakes, the dove extends her wings,  
With loud applause the gazing circle rings. 640  
Bold Mnestheus then advancing, takes his stand,  
The bow bent ready in the archer's hand,  
And when the string with practis'd skill he drew,  
His eye still follow'd where the arrow flew:  
The well directed shaft ascends on high, 645  
True to its aim; then shoots across the sky:  
But fate not yet had doom'd the dove to feel,  
With faint and throbbing breast, the pointed steel;  
The cords are cut, the flutterer, unconfin'd,  
Strikes through the air, and sails upon the wind. 650  
But lo! Eurytion, as she clapp'd her wing,  
Held his swift arrow pois'd upon the string;  
Then, as through yielding skies her course she made,  
With pious prayer invok'd his brother's shade:  
Loud twang'd the string, the shaft the force confess'd, 655  
And 'neath the fleecy clouds transfix'd her breast:  
Her pinions droop'd, the dove, of life bereft,  
'Mid starry spheres her gentle spirit left;



The feather'd death her heart still throbbing bore,  
Her wounded body quiver'd on the shore. 660  
The prize was won, yet, glorying in his art,  
The veteran monarch launch'd the feather'd dart;  
When lo, a line of flame the arrow glow'd,  
Though priests scarce read what heaven prophetic show'd:  
Bright is the track along the vault it leaves, 665  
Till the thin air the reed consum'd receives:  
As when some star deserts its sphere on high,  
Scatters clear sparkles, and illumines the sky.  
Trinacria's sons and Phrygia's race confess'd  
The signal sacred, and their gods address'd: 670  
Heaven's will reveal'd the pious chief declares,  
Invokes the gods, and noblest gifts prepares,  
Rifles unask'd his navy's wealthiest stores,  
And thus the musings of his bosom pours:  
"Known hath eternal Jove his counsels made, 675  
"To thee, great prince, that great respect be paid;  
"Receive this cup once old Anchises rais'd,  
"For curious art and carv'd devices prais'd,  
"High value it with Thracian Cisseus bore,  
"To whom its polish'd orb belong'd before, 680  
"And when the gift the northern chief bestow'd,  
"So rich a pledge his strong affection show'd."  
His sacred brow with laurel chaplet bound,  
Chief o'er his rivals was Acestes crown'd;

<sup>1</sup> We may here repeat the note translated from Professor Keble's *Prelections*, a few pages back, and call the reader's attention to the sympathy our poet ever feels with all the softer objects of nature.



The good Eurytion straight the palm resign'd, 685  
 Nor felt the envy of a meaner mind,  
 Though his the hand that bent the fatal yew,  
 Discharg'd the reed, the flutt'ring victim slew.  
 Next he who cut the cords that bound the mast;  
 Whose shaft the pine tree struck was plac'd the last. 690

Then, ere the lingering bands had pass'd away,  
 Pleas'd with the pageant of the festal day,  
 Their prince, call'd Periphas,<sup>1</sup> whose honour'd name  
 Train'd young Iulus in the paths of fame:  
 "Now let Iulus, marshall'd, lead along 695  
 "His youthful squadron, and delight the throng;  
 "In full array draw out the brilliant line,  
 "And in the presence of Trinacria shine:  
 "Anchises' memory such display demands,  
 "The grandsire asks it, and the sire commands." 700  
 The chief then bade the eager crowd restrain  
 Their forward steps, and quit the open plain.

With level front the noble youths proceed,  
 With easy grace each guides his manag'd steed:  
 Proud is the heart of every Trojan sire, 705  
 Trinacria wonders, and her crowds admire.  
 Light flowery garlands, wove with nicest care,<sup>2</sup>  
 Adorn their temples, and confine their hair:

<sup>1</sup> Thus characterised in the 17th book of the Iliad:—

"A herald in Anchises' love grown old,

"Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold."

*Pope*, v. 376.

<sup>2</sup> "Tonsă coronă."



All corneil spears with burnish'd mountings bore,  
And some light quivers on their shoulders wore: 710  
Flung loosely round the collar of the vest,  
A chain of twisted gold adorn'd the breast.  
Three troops of horse a gallant front display,  
Three youthful nobles lead the bright array:  
Twice six in number, rang'd in either band, 715  
Their ranks distinct, obey their chief's command.  
One troop young Priam led, who bore the name  
Of aged Priam, and sustain'd his fame:  
Thy son, Polites, destin'd, under fate,  
To found Politi in the Latian state; 720  
From the swift Hebrus and the plains of Thrace  
His spotted steed deriv'd his generous race;  
His front feet shine like burnish'd silver bright,  
His forehead glistens with a star of white:  
Fair Atys next, from whom in after time 725  
The Attian race shone out in Latium's clime;  
Well did Iulus love the noble boy,  
And love as ardent in return enjoy.  
In grace unrivall'd, with a hero's mien,  
Is young Ascanius on his charger seen, 730  
A Tyrian horse, which beauteous Dido gave,  
Pledge of that love which bore her to her grave.  
The rest in line Sicilian courcers ride,  
Which old Acestes from his stalls supplied.  
Each youthful heart beats high for martial praise, 735  
Shouts of applause the Dardan warriors raise,



And mindful still of Ilium's days of old,  
The godlike fathers in the sons behold.

When all had pac'd the field in proud array,  
Their dress, their arms, their chargers to display, 740  
Epytides <sup>1</sup> removing from the throng,  
Rais'd a loud shout, and lash'd the sounding thong.  
Forth as they rush, obedient to command,  
The youthful leaders each extend their band;  
Now halt their troop, and now at utmost speed 745  
Hurl the light spear, and wheel the foaming steed.  
Again from adverse sides the squadrons meet,  
Again engaging, and again retreat;  
Through circles within circles swiftly go,  
And all the changes of a battle show. 750  
Now turn their backs as in disorder'd flight,  
Now poise their javelins, and renew the fight:  
Then peaceful meet, their glittering squadrons join,  
And pace refulgent on in even line.  
As in the far fam'd labyrinth of Crete 755  
A thousand various lines diverge and meet,  
Till vainly may the wandering stranger try  
To trace its windings with observant eye;  
E'en so the Trojans on the level ground  
With steps succeeding previous tracks confound; 760  
Now in the charge their leaders' voice obey,  
Now flying yield the glories of the day.  
Thus in some quiet bay, their old resort,  
Assembled dolphins in the waters sport,

<sup>1</sup> Periphas, son of Epytus.



With uncouth gambols Libya's waves divide, 765  
Or frolic in Carpathia's sunny tide.

When bold Ascanius, all their wanderings o'er,  
Built Alba Longa on the Latian shore,  
Like games he taught: these show'd their sons the same,  
Till to imperial Rome the custom came; 770

So Roman shows preserve the name of Troy,  
And Trojan games the Roman youth employ.<sup>1</sup>

Thus with all reverence to the hero's shade,  
Were funeral honours to Anchises paid,  
When fortune chang'd; for while Æneas claims 775  
Each chief's attention to the Phrygian games,  
Saturnian Juno winged Iris sent,

And added fav'ring breezes as she went,  
To where within Trinacria's western bay,  
In idle state, the Phrygian galleys lay; 780

And many a plan within her breast was turn'd,  
For still the flame of ancient discord burn'd.  
Along the Bow the winged virgin flew,  
Bright with gay colours of each various hue;  
Swift she descends through plains of ambient light, 785  
Herself invisible to mortal sight.

<sup>1</sup> To these games Horace alludes, when he reproaches Lydia with enslaving by her charms the young Sybaris (Lib. i. Ode 8).

"Why does he hate the sunny plain,

"While he can dust or sun sustain?

"Why no more, with martial pride,

"Amidst the youthful battle ride,

"And the Gallic steed command,

"With bitted curb and forming hand!"—*Francis.*



Far off<sup>1</sup> she hears along the secret shore  
The Trojan dames Anchises lost deplore ;  
And while before their feet dark waters roll,  
One voice, one anxious care pervades the whole : 790  
Heart sick, desirous not again to roam,  
They seek a city, and demand a home. .  
Well skill'd in harm no more the goddess wears  
Her form divine, but Beroë appears,  
Doryclus' wife, once not unknown to fame, 795  
Her sire was noble, and her sons the same ;  
And as she draws to Troy's proud matrons near,  
Thus whispers mischief in each willing ear :  
" Unhappy ye, whom no Achaian hand  
" Consign'd to rest upon your country's strand ; 800  
" O wretched dames, say what has fate in store,  
" What death, what exile on a distant shore !  
" Through seven long summers since the fall of Troy,  
" All rest, all peace, successive toils destroy ;  
" 'Neath stormy signs, past frowning rocks we fly, 805  
" Foam on the sea, and darkness in the sky :  
" Still night to night, and day to day succeeds,  
" The ship advances, but the land recedes.  
" Here Eryx' kindred realms their breadth extend,  
" And good Acestes reigns, the stranger's friend ; 810  
" Why may not here our prince his city found,  
" And Ilium flourish on Sicilian ground ?

<sup>1</sup> "Procul in solâ secreta Troades actâ." Virgil is here following the Roman feeling, which held it inconsistent with female delicacy to be present at public shows.



“ Alas, my country, and our gods in vain  
“ Borne from the Greek ! must Troy ne’er rise again?  
“ Shall ne’er again great Hector’s streams delight 815  
“ With chrystal flood the fainting exile’s sight?  
“ Then rise with all the nobler soul of Troy,  
“ And these ill-omen’d ships with fire destroy.  
“ Cassandra’s image in my dreams drew nigh,  
“ To prompt the action, and the torch apply. 820  
“ ‘ Here seek your future home,’ the priestess cried,  
“ ‘ Let Ilium rise beside Trinacria’s tide.’  
“ Then why delay ? four altars sacred stand  
“ To Neptune blazing, and supply the brand.”  
She spoke, and speaking whirl’d a torch on high, 825  
Bright gleam’d the sparkles ’gainst the vaulted sky,  
Then hurl’d it forward : every Ilian dame  
With awful wonder view’d the glancing flame.  
Then Pyrgo spoke, for length of days rever’d,  
Whose care had Ilium’s numerous princes rear’d : 830  
“ No mortal face e’er shone with beams so bright,  
“ Nor stream’d from mortal eye so pure a light ;  
“ That fragrant breath of courts celestial told,  
“ That look majestic, and that bearing bold.  
“ Her absence now the Rhoetian dame deplores, 835  
“ From this high concourse<sup>1</sup> on Sicilia’s shores.”  
She speaks : in doubt, yet with malignant gaze,  
Each furious dame the Phrygian fleet surveys ;

<sup>1</sup> It would seem from this, that, though the matrons did not join with the men in the public shows, yet that they did celebrate some solemn rites among themselves.



Now present ease the failing heart enthrals,  
Now Jove to kingdoms and to glory calls: 840  
When lo! the bow, with arch of various light,  
Reveals the goddess in her upward flight.  
With frenzy seiz'd, the Trojan matrons shout,  
Seize on the brands, and cast the flames about,  
Their sacred wreaths from smoking altars bring, 845  
And blazing torches 'midst the galleys fling.  
On, on with speed unslacken'd Vulcan pours,  
Leaps o'er the benches, and the oars devours;  
Then with swift fury mounts the painted stern;  
Loud crackling, all the unctuous timbers burn. 850  
News of the deed Eumelus bears amain—  
The host assembled trembles on the plain.  
All turn to gaze: when lo! before their eyes,  
Dark wreaths of smoke, and clouds of ashes rise.  
Ascanius first, who, with exulting joy, 855  
Led his young warriors from the plains of Troy,  
Check'd in his mid career his Tyrian steed,  
And to the blazing vessels urg'd his speed:  
In vain, as swift he scour'd the dusty plain,  
Would cooler age his youthful zeal restrain. 860  
“To what,” he cried, “does this dire madness tend?  
“O where, unhappy matrons, where to end?  
“Nor hostile camps, nor Greeks your rage employ,  
“You blast your own, your children's hopes destroy.  
“Lo your Iulus:” and he flung before 865  
Their feet the helm which mimic combat wore.



With speed Æneas gains the smoking strand,  
Chief follows chief, and band succeeds to band:  
The trembling dames in winding caverns cower,  
Or where the copse-wood clothes the broken shore; 870  
Ill can the heart convinc'd of error bear  
The light to face, the human voice to hear;  
Their lords due influence o'er their minds regain,  
And mighty Juno shakes their souls in vain.  
Not so the fire's devouring flame subsides, 875  
But through the Trojan fleet insidious glides;  
The tow, compress'd 'tween ribs of solid oak,  
Still smouldering, vomits forth reluctant smoke.  
Vain is the zeal the Dardan leaders show,  
Full streams of water unavailing flow; 880  
Still on more fierce the blaze triumphant roars,  
Consumes the rigging, and the hull devours.  
'Twas then, with all the tokens of despair,  
The good Æneas rais'd the suppliant's prayer:  
"Almighty Jove, if still thou canst employ 885  
"One thought of mercy on thy ancient Troy;  
"If gods may still the toils of men regard,  
"And human virtue meet its just reward;  
"Great father, save; or, on this fatal strand,  
"Be death my portion, from thy fiery hand." 890  
Scarce died the prayer upon his lips, before  
From bursting clouds unwonted waters pour;  
The earth, the heavens, loud pealing thunders shake,  
The mountains tremble, and the valleys quake;



The rain descends, black mists the sky deform, 895  
 And the dark south wind drives the beating storm.  
 The half-burnt vessels drink the sluicy rain,  
 Till the last smoke-wreath dies upon the plain:  
 Four blacken'd hulls great Vulcan's power denote,  
 The rest uninjur'd on the waters float. 900

Long mus'd the Dardan chief, oppress'd with pain,  
 Doubtful or now upon Sicilia's plain  
 To rest, or seek, not uncontroll'd by fate,  
 On western shores to found a nobler state.  
 Then aged Nautes,—whose prophetic lore 905  
 Was rich with wisdom from Minerva's store,  
 And, skill'd the anger of the gods to read,  
 Knew what the fates for future days decreed,—  
 In comforting response his chief address'd,  
 And sooth'd the anguish that his soul oppress'd: 910  
 “As fate shall call, my chief, her voice obey,  
 “Your course to hasten, or your steps delay;  
 “Light falls the worst affliction man can know,  
 “When resignation bows beneath the blow.  
 “Acestes seek, of heavenly race divine, 915  
 “And not unwilling to your counsels join.  
 “Those leave who fain from glory would retire,  
 “And feel no more ambition's nobler fire;

1

“Levius fit patientiâ

“Quicquid corrigere est refus.”—*Hor.* lib. i. ode 24, v. 10.

So also Milton:

“I to the hand of heaven submit,

“However chastening, to the evil turn

“My obvious breast, arming to overcome

“By suffering, and earn rest from labour.”—*Par. Lost*, XI. 372.



“ Old men who love this fair and sunny plain,

“ With timid matrons who distrust the main:

920

“ All these, indulging in desir'd repose,

“ May build a city, and their labours close.

“ Acestes, undisturb'd, shall view the wall,

“ And from himself the town Acesta call.”

Much doubts the chief within himself, while night 925

With sable steeds obscures the paths of light ;

When lo ! from heaven his father's soul appears,<sup>1</sup>

This counsel pouring in his anxious ears :

“ O thou, whose weal to me was far more dear

“ Than the sweet breath of this life-giving air,

930

“ E'en while I breath'd it ; whom from land to land

“ Troy's fates pursue, I come, by Jove's command ;

“ Jove, who, e'en now invok'd, propitious came,

“ Your ships to rescue from devouring flame.

“ Nautes obey, enroll the stoutest hands,

935

“ To fight, to follow where their chief commands :

“ Fierce are the tribes that in Laurentum's state,

“ Arm'd to oppose the strangers' landing, wait.

“ But ere your bands on this last service go,

“ Attend my spirit in the world below,

940

“ Where the glad shades of pious heroes dwell

“ In bliss, unconscious of the woes of hell.

“ The Cuman sibyl shall declare the way,

“ If first thy hand the sable victims slay.

<sup>1</sup> The soul was supposed at death to ascend to the heavens, the shade to descend to Tartarus. (See Book IV. p. 139, Note.)



“ Then shalt thou learn thy children’s children’s race,  
“ And with prophetic eye thy kingdoms trace. 946

“ Farewell: dark night through half her circuit speeds,  
“ And dawn breathes on me with her panting steeds.”

He paus’d: and, turning from the chieftain’s prayer,  
Like the thin smoke-wreath melted into air. 950

“ O why,” Æneas cried, “ why fly the place?

“ O why, blest spirit, shun thy son’s embrace?”

He ceas’d: then rising nurs’d the smouldering flame,  
That from the half-extinguish’d embers came;

To white-rob’d Vesta and the Lares pray’d, 955

And pious offerings on their altars laid,

From whence sweet spicy clouds of incense rise,

While grateful love the purest cakes supplies.

Before assembled chiefs their leader brought

The words of wisdom which Anchises taught, 960

And as his wish the godlike Dardan states,

Acestes turns not from approving fates.

To glory dead, all duller hearts remain,

With timid dames who love Sicilia’s plain.

The bold fresh timbers shape, fresh cables bind, 965

With unscorch’d cordage to resist the wind;

Small is the band, if number makes it small,

But every heart responds to valour’s call.

By lot their chief assigns to each a place,

And guides the plough the city’s walls to trace.<sup>1</sup> 970

<sup>1</sup> In marking out the extent of a new city the chief himself held the plough, lifting it up at each spot where there was to be a gate, hence called “porta,” from “porto,” I carry.



With glad ovation this they Ilium call,  
Here memory revels in the Trojan wall;  
Acestes loves his Dardan name to boast,  
Acesta founding on Trinacria's coast;<sup>1</sup>  
And calls the elders of the infant state, 975  
In solemn form to hold the high debate.  
Where Eryx' mount a lofty site supplies  
Idalian Venus sees her temple rise,  
And where the cypress clothes the sacred ground  
A priest attends Anchises' funeral mound. 980  
A nine days' feast employ'd the Trojan line,  
While victims smok'd on every holiest shrine.  
Then, when the waves with placid bosom sleep,  
And gentle breezes call them to the deep,  
Loud wails along the winding shore resound, 985  
Swell through the vales, and from the rocks rebound;  
And day and night in each sequester'd place  
Desponding hearts prolong the last embrace.  
Who late had trembled at the ocean's roar,  
As each white-crested billow wash'd the shore, 990  
Now court the toil; on these their leader spends  
Kind words, and to Acestes' care commends.  
Then bleed three calves to Eryx on the shore,  
Where a ewe lamb appeas'd the tempest's power.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Probably the name of Ilium was originally destined for the new city, but changed to Acesta at the request of Acestes.

<sup>2</sup> So Horace, Epod. x. 23:—

“Immolabitur

“Aгна tempestatibus.”



This done, Æneas gives the last command, 995  
The ropes to loosen, and to leave the land.  
The chief, an olive chaplet on his brow,  
Erect upon his vessel's lofty prow,  
A goblet grasps, then pours the purple wine,  
And flings fat entrails on the foaming brine. 1000  
Now rising on the stern a prosperous gale  
Impels the galley, and inflates the sail;  
Each rival oar descends with measur'd sweep,  
And tuneful cadence, on the dark blue deep.

Neptune, meanwhile, Idalia's queen address'd, 1005  
And told the sorrows that o'ercharg'd her breast:  
" The passion raging in Saturnia's soul,  
" Nor time can soothe, nor piety control,  
" Which spurns alike great Jove's imperial will,  
" And lives 'gainst fate's decree unbroken still, 1010  
" Compels me here in suppliant guise to bend;  
" Do thou, O awful god, thy succour lend,  
" Else shall her hate, undying, still destroy  
" The last sad relics of expiring Troy.  
" Thou knowst how late the king of winds defied 1015  
" Thy power supreme, and lash'd thine azure tide.  
" Nay, shame to tell, she drave the Trojan dames  
" Themselves to wrap their country's fleet in flames,  
" Till good Æneas is compell'd to leave  
" His friends behind for strangers to receive. 1020  
" Why more of this! to thee I pour the prayer,  
" Safe o'er the waves my Dardan chiefs to bear.



“ If true, the fates to Phrygia’s ancient line

“ Eternal rule on Latium’s shores assign.”

With awful brow great Saturn’s son replied: 1025

“ Well may their daughter in the waves confide,

“ Nor doubt the succour of that friendly power,

“ Whose voice for her has calm’d the tempest’s roar.

“ When Trojans, breathless, from Achilles fled, 1029

“ Crimson’d their plains, and chok’d their streams with

“ When war, unequal, great Æneas wag’d, [dead;

“ And Peleus’ son with adverse gods engag’d,

“ Let Phrygia’s waves who spread the cloud declare,

“ What god descended, and whose hand was there.

“ My wrath ’gainst Troy thy power could then restrain,

“ And still thy counsels can control the main; 1036

“ One only lost his chieftain must deplore,

“ While safe the rest enjoy Ausonia’s shore.”

Thus Neptune speaks: and to his chariot leads,

With gold refulgent, his immortal steeds, 1040

Hangs o’er their glossy backs with flowing rein,

And, lightly flying, skims the azure plain.

The awful god the swelling ocean feels,

And sinks subdu’d beneath the thundering wheels;

The clouds break off, and through the lucid air 1045

The mists dispers’d to other climes repair.

Enormous whales, the giants of the tide,

Ocean’s huge children, gambol at his side.

Old Glaucus, with his sportive sea-nymphs there,

And Melicerta, Ino’s son, appear; 1050



Round Phorcus here their course the monsters urge,  
 And Triton's trumpet sounds above the surge.  
 On his left hand the nymphs of Nereus' name,  
 Thetis and youthful Panopea, came,  
 Sweet Melite,<sup>1</sup> Thalia,<sup>2</sup> fam'd for glee,  
 Cymodoce,<sup>3</sup> the maiden of the sea,  
 Spio,<sup>4</sup> who loves 'mid coral grotts to roam,  
 And fair Nisæe<sup>5</sup> from her island home.

1055

Lo! the glad change at once Æneas feels,  
 As the bland influence o'er his spirit steals;  
 The lofty mast the skilful sailors rear,  
 And stretch the sail-yards as the breeze draws near.  
 As if one purpose animated all,  
 The sails obedient to their efforts fall;  
 Now the light tapering spars aloft ascend,  
 Now to this side, and now to that they bend:  
 Each ship bears out the labours of its crew,  
 More swiftly flying as the winds pursue;  
 The dense array old Palinurus leads,  
 And every vessel in his track succeeds.

1060

1065

1070

But when dark shadows in their nightly race  
 Round the wide earth had reach'd the middle space,  
 When stretch'd to rest each weary rower sought  
 That soft refreshment which the stillness brought,  
 Lo! Sleep, now wandering through the dusky sky,<sup>6</sup>  
 Parts the dark air, descending from on high;

1075

<sup>1</sup> From μελ, honey.    <sup>2</sup> From θαλλω, I flourish.    <sup>3</sup> From κυμα, a wave,  
 and δεχομαι, I receive.    <sup>4</sup> From σπειον, a cave.    <sup>5</sup> From νησος, an island.

<sup>6</sup> Sleep had his proper abode in the infernal regions, but at night wandered  
 through the air, sending dreams to men.



To thee his wings, O Palinurus, turn,  
Till the god settles on thy lofty stern.  
The form of Phorbas, Priam's son, he wears,  
And whispers softly in the pilot's ears: 1080  
"Light blows the wind, and smoothly flows the tide,  
"Repose secure, whilst I the vessel guide."  
To whom, though nodding now in drowsy guise,  
Old Palinurus, thoughtful still, replies:  
"What, bid'st thou me in this smooth sea confide, 1085  
"Lull'd by the aspect of the treacherous tide?  
"Leave good Æneas to the winds of night,  
"And trust the sky because the stars are bright?"  
He ceas'd: the pilot still the heavens surveys,  
Still on the helm his hand directing lays. 1090  
A branch in Lethe dipp'd the dæmon takes,  
And drowsy dew on either temple shakes;  
In vain he strives a constant watch to keep,  
His swimming eyes are clos'd at length in sleep.  
Then, as to forc'd forgetfulness inclin'd, 1095  
The slumbering pilot on the deck reclin'd,  
The god impell'd him o'er the vessel's side,  
And plung'd him headlong in the sounding tide.  
Firm in his grasp, and with him falling torn,  
Are plank and helm upon the waters borne: 1100  
Still, as he falls, his voice for aid applies,  
Still, as he struggles, to his shipmates cries.  
The god, his work perform'd, his wings extends,  
And through the paths of liquid air ascends;



But still confirm'd does Neptune's word remain, 1105

The fleet securely ploughs the dark blue main.

And now the Sirens' rock the vessels reach,

Where bones of shipwreck'd crews pollute the beach ;

When the hoarse waves along the shore that broke,

The good Æneas from his slumbers woke ; 1110

And as unhelm'd the Phrygian galley tost,

He thus lamented Palinurus lost :

“ O thou, to whom the smoothly flowing wave

“ Delusive hope and vain assurance gave,

“ Long lov'd, long tried, o'er thee no pious hand 1115

“ On foreign shore shall spread the funeral sand.”



## BOOK VI.

---

THE description of the Sibyl's temple ; her interview with Æneas ; their descent into hell ; the account of the infernal regions, and the various classes that inhabit them ; the meeting of Anchises and Æneas ; the introduction of some of the great characters of Roman History.

Of this Book of the Æneid I hope I am not speaking with the prejudice of a translator when I say, that I have never read a like number of lines in any language containing so many passages deserving of attention. And I have again to beg (if such a request need be made) that the vigour and beauty of the text may not be judged of from the weakness and harshness of the translation. He who is launched upon the Latian stream finds himself floating upon crystal and buoyant waters, through a country in which richness is blended with grandeur, and softness with sublimity.







## BOOK VI.

---

He spoke: each sailor bending to his oar,  
Swift glides the fleet to Cumæ's ancient shore;  
Their prows the pilots to the blue waves turn,  
And heave forth anchors from the lofty stern.  
Eager the first on Italy to land, 5  
Forth springs with hope elate a youthful band;  
These, from rough flints which germs of flame conceal,  
Strike forth their fiery seeds with clashing steel;  
Those to the copse, to feed the blaze, repair,  
The wild beast rousing in his sylvan lair; 10  
Whilst some, returning to their comrades, show  
Where silvery streams from bubbling fountains flow.  
Meanwhile, Æneas seeks, renown'd of fame,  
The temple awful with the sibyl's name:  
Dark is the cave, and no intruding light 15  
Dispels the gloom, or aids the curious sight.  
The Delian god himself her soul inspires,  
Fills all her breast, and breathes prophetic fires.



Through Trivia's grove advance the Trojan band,  
And 'neath thy gilded roof, chaste goddess, stand.<sup>1</sup> 20

When Dædalus his self-form'd pinions spread  
Through air pellucid, and his country fled,  
Then towards the north his unaccustom'd way  
Held to the coast where Chalcis' city<sup>2</sup> lay,  
On feather'd steerage borne above the wave, 25  
Here first he touch'd the solid earth, and gave  
His plumes to Phœbus, and this wondrous fane  
Hew'd, through eternal ages to remain.<sup>3</sup>

Carv'd on the doors, Androgeus' death is told,  
Sad tale of woe, that wasted Greece of old;<sup>4</sup> 30

Ah, wretched sires, compell'd by fate to give  
Seven yearly victims, that your sons may live!  
Here stands the urn where reverent age presides,  
And fathers tremble as the lot decides;

There Crete's fair isle across the watery plain 35  
Tells her dark story, and o'ertops the main;  
Here shameless lust its foulest aspect shows,  
And there to life the two-form'd monster rose.

<sup>1</sup> The grove was sacred to Diana only, the guardian of woods; the temple to her in conjunction with Apollo.

<sup>2</sup> Cumæ was called "Chalcidica arx," because founded by a colony from Chalcis, in Eubœa. "Cumani ab Chalcide Euboica originem trahunt."—*Livy*, viii. 32.

<sup>3</sup> The temple was rather formed out of natural caverns in the rock than built upon it, and the sibyl's cave ran further back from the interior of the temple. The temple itself was a vast cavern, or succession of caverns, the inmost of which formed the sibyl's chamber.

<sup>4</sup> Androgeus, son of Minos, king of Crete, having been assassinated by command of Ægeus, king of Athens, Minos made successful war upon the Athenians, and granted them peace only on condition of their sending annually seven youths and as many virgins to be devoured by the Minotaur.



In mazes dark the far-fam'd labyrinth ran,  
It ended nowhere, nowhere it began ; 40  
But Dædalus, as Ariadne pines,  
With subtle clue explains the waving lines.  
And there, O Icarus,<sup>1</sup> as the artist wrought,  
Thy drooping plumes had on the scene been brought,  
But that as twice he sought to grave the gold, 45  
Twice fail'd a father's hand the steel to hold.  
Still gaz'd the Trojans, and recall'd each name,  
When back Achates with the priestess came,  
Deiphobe of Glaucus' princely line,  
By Dian lov'd and Phœbus the divine ; 50  
" No empty gaze," she cried, " the time demands,  
" But reverent worship at the hero's hands.  
" Seven sheep, seven bullocks, yet unbroken take,  
" The god propitiate, and your offerings make."  
Wrapt in their sacred rites the priests remain, 55  
The priestess calls the Trojans to the fane.  
One hundred channels to the cavern guide,  
Wind through the rock, and pierce the mountain's side ;  
And from the hundred mouths to these that lead  
A hundred mystic prophecies proceed. 60  
The Phrygian warriors on the threshold wait  
In trembling wonder, and demand their fate.  
" The god, the god !" the breathless priestess cries,  
" The god, the god !" the vocal cave replies.

<sup>1</sup> Icarus, the son of Dædalus, accompanied his father in his flight from Crete, but, his wings giving way, fell into that part of the Ægean sea which afterwards bore his name.



Her hair stream'd wildly, and a hectic red 65  
 With fitful flush o'er changing features spread ;  
 Her form dilates to more than earthly size,  
 Her tones to more than earthly loudness rise ;  
 And frenzy fiercely heaves her lab'ring breast  
 With the near advent of the god possess'd. 70  
 " Delay'st thou now, great Dardan chief, to pray,  
 " Thy suit to press, thy vows obedient pay ?  
 " Then not for thee shall future fates be told,  
 " Through these dread jaws in voice of thunder roll'd."  
 She spake: cold fear through all the Trojans ran,<sup>1</sup> 75  
 Bold though they were, and thus their prince began :  
 " O thou, bright god, who never turn'st away,  
 " When Trojans kneeling at thine altar pray,  
 " With thee our guide through unknown seas we've pass'd,  
 " With thee we've won Italia's shore at last ; 80  
 " Though Ilium's fates have chequer'd every scene,  
 " So far, bland power, hast thou propitious been.  
 " Ye sterner gods, who adverse once look'd down  
 " With angry eyes on Ilium's vast renown,  
 " Vouchsafe ye now relenting to embrace 85  
 " The shatter'd remnants of the Dardan race.  
 " Thou, holiest priestess, who with sacred skill  
 " Reveal'st to man great Jove's eternal will,  
 " O grant our gods, no longer forc'd to roam,  
 " To found in Italy their western home. 90

<sup>1</sup> The expression in Virgil is a very powerful one :

" Gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit

" Ossa tremor."

" Their hard bones shivered."



" I ask not what reluctant fates deny,  
" The fates themselves proclaim our empire nigh.  
" Here to chaste Dian, on the Latian plain,  
" These grateful hands shall raise a marble fane,  
" With hers Apollo's sacred name unite, 95  
" Glad feasts proclaim, the golden god invite.  
" To thee, dread virgin, shall a shrine be rear'd,<sup>1</sup>  
" And stand throughout eternal ages fear'd,  
" Where noblest names shall guar.<sup>2</sup> . . . holy place,  
" Which holds the fortunes of the Dardan race. 100  
" Write not thy lines that winds, in idle play,  
" May bear the record on the leaves away,  
" But with thy voice reveal in accents clear  
" The heavenly counsels to thy servant's ear."

When first, not yet submissive to control, 105  
The Sibyl feels his power invade her soul,  
With heaving chest she pants beneath the load,<sup>2</sup>  
Foams in the cave, and struggles with the god;  
Whilst he her force with mightier force oppress'd,  
Constrain'd her fury, and usurp'd her breast. 110  
Then, as the Trojan prince expecting waits,  
Wide open fly, untouch'd, the hundred gates,  
And on the air, in wild and varying notes,  
The mystic answer of the priestess floats:

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the sanctuary in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, where the Sibylline books were deposited, under the charge of fifteen persons of patrician birth.

<sup>2</sup> This passage throughout uses terms applied to the breaking of an unruly horse to the will of his rider.



“ O thou, escap’d the dangers of the main, 115  
“ For thee by land severer cares remain ;  
“ Dardans shall stand upon Lavinium’s shore,  
“ And yet, their wish obtain’d, success deplore.  
“ Wars, horrid wars my trembling vision meet,<sup>1</sup>  
“ Blood-stain’d the Tyber rolls beneath my feet ; 120  
“ I see the Simois with purple dy’d,  
“ The Græcian camp, and Xanthus’ crimson tide ;  
“ With martial fury dreadful on the plain,  
“ Sprung from a nymph, Achilles lives again.  
“ Saturnia, erst the enemy of Troy, 125  
“ Clings to your race, impatient to destroy.  
“ How shall thy way from state to state be made,  
“ A wanderer begging for a stranger’s aid !  
“ A foreign bride again a fleet receives,  
“ Again a wife the web of discord weaves. 130  
“ But yield not thou : if fortune’s ills descend,  
“ More boldly struggle till those evils end.  
“ When hope shall sink, far distant aid appear,  
“ A Græcian people shall assistance bear.”  
Dark were the words which Cumæ’s sibyl pour’d, 135  
The voice reecho’d, and the caverns roar’d :  
Phœbus, descending with almighty force,  
Goads on her spirit in its frenzied course :

<sup>1</sup> To increase the renown of his hero in finally overcoming all opposition, Virgil makes the sibyl enlarge the horrors of the Latin, by taking images from the Trojan war ;—the Simois and the Xanthus represent the Tyber and Numicus, and the Græcian settlement of Diomed is represented as retaining its ancient hostility to the Trojans.



Then cools the god within her boiling veins,  
She foams no more, and calm her soul remains. 140  
The chief replies: "No form can danger wear,  
" So new, so sudden, but my soul can bear;  
" Prescient of ill, forewarn'd of fortune's power,  
" I've weigh'd the issue of the doubtful hour.  
" Grant thou, since here the path to Hell that goes, 145  
" Here the dark lake where Acheron's stream o'erflows,  
" Grant me once more Anchises to behold,  
" The path reveal, the dreadful gates unfold.  
" Through flames I bore him, and with me he shar'd  
" Each toil that harass'd, and each danger dar'd. 150  
" Old though he was, he shrank not from the task,  
" Nor sought the rest which age and weakness ask.  
" He bade me here thy shrine with vows attend,  
" And in thy sacred presence suppliant bend.  
" Grant thou our prayer, since Pluto's awful queen 155  
" O'er these Avernian groves confirms thy reign.  
" If Orpheus on his Thracian harp relied  
" From gloomy Orcus to recall his bride;  
" If Pollux, to relieve his brother's fate,  
" Alternate dies, nor dreads the Stygian gate; 160  
" If Theseus' act his daring soul proclaim,  
" And great Alcides' deed increase his fame;  
" Why should I dread, who more distinctly trace  
" From heaven's dread sovereign my celestial race?"  
As thus he grasp'd the altar's side and pray'd, 165  
Her dark response the Cuman sibyl made:



- “ Sprung from the blood of gods, Anchises’ son,  
“ To Hell the downward path is swiftly run ;  
“ Throughout all time, in darkness and by day,  
“ The jaws of Dis stand gaping for their prey. 170  
“ But when the mortal back his way would win,  
“ Steep is the pathway, and his toils begin.  
“ Few, and those few from race immortal sprung,  
“ By gods acknowledg’d, and by poets sung,  
“ Whose nobler virtues Jove’s regard obtain’d, 175  
“ Have e’er stern Pluto to their purpose gain’d.  
“ Thick woods perplex the intervening ground,  
“ And dark Cocytus spreads his stream around.  
“ But wouldst thou twice on Hell’s dull river float,  
“ A living passenger in Charon’s boat, 180  
“ Learn from the sibyl, for the lore may guide  
“ That fails to turn the fix’d resolve aside.  
“ Where a deep grove the rising trunk conceals,  
“ Its glittering leaf a golden twig reveals :  
“ None pass below, so Proserpine commands, 185  
“ Save the bright leaflet sparkle in their hands.  
“ If from the tree the spangled bough be torn,  
“ Rich with like gold another branch is borne.  
“ Survey with care the tangled copse around,  
“ And reverent<sup>1</sup> pluck it when the prize is found : 190  
“ If fate for thee the golden leaves design,  
“ The sprig will sever, and the charm be thine ;  
“ If not, all efforts will in vain be tried,  
“ The bough will e’en thy falchion’s edge deride.

<sup>1</sup> Ritè.



" But know, a comrade, while you linger, lies 195  
 " A corpse unburied, and pollutes the skies.  
 " Him rescue, cast upon the sounding shore,  
 " And to his rest with funeral pomp restore.  
 " Black sheep in sacrifice to Pluto lead,  
 " Whose rites completed, on thy way proceed ; 200  
 " The Stygian shades with gods propitious greet,  
 " And tread the realms untrod by living feet."  
 She ceas'd: what else was passing in her mind  
 The Cuman sibyl in her breast confin'd.

Æneas turn'd: his anxious look declares 205  
 His soul now lab'ring with unwonted cares.  
 Musing he wander'd by the silent flood,  
 And with Achates on its margin stood:  
 There lay Misenus: fate too sad for one  
 For skill renown'd, of Æolus<sup>1</sup> the son. 210  
 How martial ardour through the army flew,<sup>2</sup>  
 When its loud blast his brazen trumpet blew!  
 With godlike Hector he the battle brav'd,  
 Sounded the charge, the shining falchion wav'd;<sup>3</sup>  
 But when that prince's warlike course was run, 215  
 Follow'd the fortunes of Anchises' son;  
 Of fallen Troy no bolder heart remain'd,  
 And his a less illustrious chief disdain'd.

<sup>1</sup> So called from his celebrity on wind instruments.

<sup>2</sup> When Virgil was reciting his poem to Augustus, he is said to have come suddenly upon the unfinished line, "*Ære ciere viros*," and to have finished it thus, "*Martemque accendere cantu*," in the inspiration of the moment.

<sup>3</sup> " His was the hero's soul of fire,  
 " And his the bard's immortal name."

*Sir Walter Scott's description of Fitzraver.*



It chanc'd e'en now along the winding coast  
The sea gods heard the bard's presumptuous boast, 220  
And Triton envious of his trumpet's sound,  
If envy in the breast of gods be found,  
Lash'd the dark rock, and rose with angry wave;  
Vain was his clarion then its lord to save.

All wept around him by the treacherous flood, 225  
But chief in sorrow great Æneas stood.

Each friend no more the pious work delays,  
But lab'ring hastes the funeral pyre to raise:  
The sibyl's warning dwells on every mind  
With equal ardour to the task inclin'd. 230

Straight to an ancient wood the band repair,  
Deep in its shade the wild beast makes his lair;  
The axe descends, sharp rings the iron wedge,  
Totters the ash upon the mountain ledge,  
The ilex bows, the frequent strokes resound, 235  
The pine tree toppling thunders to the ground.

Like arms Æneas with his comrades bears,  
The most he labours, yet the rest he cheers.  
When through the woodland, as his vision strays,  
He muses thus, and musing thus he prays: 240

"O, if that branch, whose golden leaflets glow,  
"In this vast forest would its spangles show!  
"True have the sibyl's words prophetic stood,  
"Misenus lies beside the sounding flood."

E'en as he spoke, along the liquid sky 245  
Two doves, soft emblems of his mother, fly,



Descending swiftly to the chief draw near,  
 Drop on the turf, and stand devoid of fear.  
 At once the hero knew the Paphian bird,  
 And thus his prayer in cheerful tones is heard: 250  
 "Your downy pinions, sacred doves, display,  
 "And be the winged heralds of the way,  
 "Till on the wish'd for spot your suppliant stand,  
 "Where the rich branch waves o'er the fertile<sup>1</sup> land.  
 "And now that doubtful fates our fortunes hide, 255  
 "Be thou, Ædalian queen, thy Dardan's guide."  
 He spoke, then paus'd, as careful still to read  
 The signs, and where the sacred doves would lead.  
 Feeding, they onward move with easy flight,  
 Just skim the ground, nor leave the chieftain's sight, 260  
 Till, at the spot whence deadly vapours rise  
 From the dark lake, the birds ascend the skies,  
 And perch among the wish'd for branches, where  
 The leaves of verdant gold<sup>2</sup> their spangles rear.  
 As, when supported by a foreign root, 265  
 The mistletoe puts forth its saffron shoot,  
 Round the rough trunk its yellow tendrils twine,  
 Cheer the deep grove, and through the winter shine;  
 So the gold leaflet flutters in the wind,  
 Round the dark surface of the ilex twin'd. 270

<sup>1</sup> Dryden renders this the "sacred" land: I do not know upon what authority. The epithet, "pinguis," "fat," seems very happily chosen by Virgil to express the deep rich soil which often prevails in a woodland.

<sup>2</sup> I have borrowed this expression of "verdant gold," by which Milton indicates the changing hues of green and gold in the scales of the serpent's neck, as best conveying the meaning of "discolor," the variegated colour produced by the lustre of the gold mingling with the green leaves of the tree.



The bough is pluck'd ; and yet there seem'd delay,<sup>1</sup>  
E'en while he tore the golden branch away.

Meanwhile, the Dardans on the sea-shore paid  
Due rites of sorrow to Misenus' shade.

A lofty pyre is rais'd with pious hands, 275

Of cloven pine-trees, and of unctuous brands ;

Dark leaves are woven in its rising sides,

The cypress bough the funeral structure hides ;

And, high above, resplendent in the sun,

The warrior's armour shows the task is done. 280

Some from bright vessels bring the bubbling wave,

And the cold corpse with warm ablutions lave,

Anoint the limbs, though vain the service prove,

And pay meet honours to the form they love.

Loud o'er the corpse the funeral wail is made, 285

As on the couch<sup>2</sup> the rigid limbs are laid ;

Embroider'd vests some cast with pious hand,

And purple coverings, that the dead demand ;

Others, sad task ! uplift the cumbrous bier

With decent reverence, and the funeral rear ; 290

Whilst these, so custom bids, the torches guide,

And, as they place them, turn their heads aside,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Avidurque refringit cunctantem." So eager was Æneas to obtain it, that, though it yielded to his hand, it seemed to sever from the trunk all too slowly for his impatient desire.

<sup>2</sup> The corpse was usually laid out upon a couch, and covered with the richest robes the friends of the deceased possessed. On this couch it was also carried forth, and hence it received the name of "feretrum."

<sup>3</sup> This part of the funeral ceremony was commonly performed by the nearest relative of the deceased, and always with the face averted.



A spicy cloud the burning unguents raise,  
And cups of oil increase the perfum'd blaze.  
Then, when the rising flames no longer play, 295  
The pyre has sunk, the smoke-wreath died away,  
Full bowls<sup>1</sup> of wine attendant comrades pour,  
'The sad remains and hissing embers o'er,  
Till Chorinæus, as the rite directs,  
The crumbling bones in brazen urn collects; 300  
Then holy dew, while all unmov'd remain,  
From olive branch, removes the funeral stain,  
As words<sup>2</sup> of last farewell the crowd release,  
And bid each warlike chief depart in peace.  
A spacious tomb the good Æneas rears 305  
Beneath the hill which still the title bears  
Misenum, from the Trojan warrior's name,  
And through eternal years shall bear the same;  
In carv'd device the sculptur'd marble bore  
The chief's insignia, trumpet, spear, and oar. 310

This done, and every decent honour paid,  
The sibyl's precepts straight the chief obey'd.  
A cave there was, with yawning mouth profound,  
Dark waves and woods had fenc'd the rock around;  
From that dread lake such foul effluvia spring, 315  
Droops in the poison'd air the failing wing;

<sup>1</sup> A distinction was made between the libations to the celestial, and those to the infernal, gods. To the former were offered libations strictly so called, a few first drops from the cup; to the latter whole bowls were poured out.

<sup>2</sup> These words were "vale," "farewell," thrice pronounced over the ashes of the dead; and "ilicet," *i. e.* "ire licet," "you may depart," addressed to the assembled crowd.



And hence the Greeks the pool Avernus<sup>1</sup> call,  
 Since here the birds by shaft unwounded fall.  
 The priestess first, where stand four brindled kine,  
 On their dark foreheads pours<sup>2</sup> the frothing wine ; 320  
 With hairs primitia<sup>3</sup> feeds the sacred flame,  
 And suppliant calls<sup>4</sup> on Hecate's awful name ;  
 The victims fall,<sup>5</sup> their knives attendants bring,  
 Pierce the large veins, and catch the purple spring.  
 A sable lamb completes the solemn rite 325  
 To ancient Earth, and Earth's great sister, Night ;<sup>6</sup>  
 And, slain with this, a barren heifer fell,  
 The chieftain's offering to the queen of hell.  
 Slaughter'd when evening's darker shades return,  
 Whole holocausts of bulls to Pluto burn ; 330  
 The prince fat entrails<sup>7</sup> flings upon the fire,  
 Pours the rich oil, nor lets the flames expire.

<sup>1</sup> From *a*, not ; and *opvris*, a bird.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil here uses the word "invergit," instead of "fundit," because the sacrifice was to the infernal gods ; and, therefore, the rim of the cup was turned perpendicularly down. If on this sudden splashing of the liquid on its brow the animal remained dull and motionless, without shaking the head and ears, it was considered a bad omen.

<sup>3</sup> Before slaying the victim, the priest used to throw upon the fire of the altar a few hairs, plucked from the forehead of the animal, as a first-fruits to the gods.

<sup>4</sup> This is said to have been done not by words, but by mystic sounds.

<sup>5</sup> The bullock fell from a *ser* 'l axe being driven into the neck ; this was done by the priest, or, as in this case, priestess herself ; other attendants then cut the throat, and caught the blood in bowls. In later periods of Roman history, the first blow was given by an officer appointed for the purpose, called "papa."

<sup>6</sup> Night being the shadow of the Earth, is called her sister. Virgil also terms her the Mother of the Furies, as giving birth to the hideous conceptions of troubled dreams.

<sup>7</sup> "Viscera" means frequently the whole carcase when the skin is stripped



Lo! when the rising sun at purple dawn  
Gives to the world the signal of the morn,  
Earth heaves with monstrous throes, and bellowing quakes,  
The forest trembles, and the mountain shakes, 336  
Dogs howl around, and with unearthly bark  
The near approach of awful Hecate mark.

"Far, far," the priestess cries, "ye crowd profane!  
"Without the grove, in reverent fear, remain. 340

"Do thou, O prince, enact the hero's part,  
"Strong be thy courage, and unmov'd thy heart."

No more she said, her soul to frenzy wrought,  
But the wide opening of the cavern sought;  
And he, with bold, and not unequal stride, 345  
Follow'd the footsteps of his awful guide.

Ye gods, whose empire viewless ghosts obey,  
Ye silent shades, attend our venturous way;  
Chaos, and Phlegethon, wide realms of night,  
Grant me to sing things hid from mortal sight; 350  
Grant me, your vengeance unawak'd, to tell,  
In earthly verse, the secret things of hell.

Alone, their path obscur'd by deepest shade,  
Their way through Pluto's dreary realm was made;  
As when, beneath the crescent's fitful light, 355  
The traveller journeys, half involv'd in night,  
When fleecy vapours flit across the skies,  
And all in misty indistinctness lies.

off; hence Livy uses the word "visceratio" for a largess of uncooked meat given to the people.



Before the courts conducting to the dead  
Grief moans unceasing on her sullen bed, 360  
Revengeful Cares haunt all the opening space,  
Of Night, and Erebus, the dismal race;  
Here pale Disease, and sad Old Age appear,  
Accursed Avarice,<sup>1</sup> and slavish Fear,  
And squalid Want that pines in wretched guise, 365  
And Toil that dims, and Death that shuts the eyes.  
The palsied mind<sup>2</sup> death's worst resemblance wears,  
And Lust with keen remorse the bosom tears;  
War fiercely glaring waves across the porch  
His bloody sword and desolating torch; 370  
Strife twines her hissing locks with gory threads,  
And scream the Furies on their iron beds.  
High above all uprears its fruitless head  
An elm,<sup>3</sup> and wide its aged arms are spread,  
Beneath whose rustling leaves that call to sleep 375  
Their misty home fantastic visions keep.  
In hideous concourse at the iron gate  
Huge Centaurs foam, distorted Scyllas wait,

<sup>1</sup> There can, I think, be no doubt that "Malesuada fames" is best interpreted by "Auri sacra fames."

<sup>2</sup> Whether I am right in interpreting "Lethi sopor," of that mental lethargy which is the sure companion of sensual vice, I must leave to the learned reader to decide; it satisfies best my own conception of the passage, which here turns from the inflictions of the body to the vices of the mind, and proceeds to paint its more violent passions under the representation of War and the Furies.

<sup>3</sup> The elm is selected as encouraging sleep by its murmuring shade; and its bearing no fruit is taken as indicative of the empty nature of dreams.



Their wonder Briareus' hundred arms engage,  
Hisses the Hydra, dreadful in its rage; 380  
The fierce Chimæra vomited its flame,  
Mishapen Harpies with the Gorgons came:  
And Gorgon last, a triple-bodied shade,  
More awful still hell's spectral region made.  
Scar'd by the advent of the ghastly crew 385  
Æneas now his glittering falchion drew,  
And on had rush'd to strike with idle steel  
Hosts that no force of earthly weapon feel,  
But that the truth his gifted comrade shows,  
How hollow forms mere shadowy souls enclose. 390

Hence leads the path to where sad Acheron pours  
His yellow waves on Pluto's gloomy shores;  
The eddies foam, the troubled waters boil,  
And into loud Cocytus belch the soil.

Here Charon stands, whose oars across the tide 395  
In dusky boat the wandering spirits guide:  
A grisly beard swept his vast chest, and flame  
In frequent flashes from his eyeballs came.  
A squalid robe, across his shoulders flung,  
Down his lean side in tatter'd fragments hung; 400  
As shifts the wind, his hand directs the sail,  
And plies the broad oar when the breezes fail;  
Old he might be, but age with gods is seen  
Uncheck'd in vigour, and of vernal green.  
Unnumber'd shades upon the margin stand, 405  
And feebly cry, and point the spectral hand:



Mothers and husbands, disembodied shades  
Of mighty heroes, boys, unwedded maids,  
And youths whom fates inexorable place  
On funeral pyres before their parents' face: 410  
Countless as leaves that strew our woodland walk,  
When Autumn's cold has pinch'd the slender stalk;  
Countless as birds that meet upon the shore,  
When storms forewarn that summer days are o'er,  
Whom instinct guides across the distant deep, 415  
Perpetual Spring in sunny climes to keep.  
By the dull stream the shivering spirits stood,  
Each anxious first to cross the Stygian flood;  
Now these, now those, the surly god receives,  
Rejects the rest, and on the margin leaves. 420  
Much mov'd, the chief began: "Dread virgin, say,  
" Why downcast flit that spectral throng away;  
" While the dark boat receives yon shadowy rank  
" With happier fortune that approach the bank."  
To whom his guide in wisdom's secrets old: 425  
" Son of Anchises, sprung from gods, behold  
" The stream of hell, by whose dark waves to swear,  
" And break that oath, not gods themselves might dare.  
" That wandering crowd, whom there your eyes descry,  
" Are they who outcast and unburied lie; 430  
" Whilst those whom Charon bears across the wave,  
" From pious hands obtain'd a decent grave;  
" For none these sad and gloomy banks may leave,  
" Till the dark tomb their mortal dust receive.



“ A hundred years they flit along the shore, 435  
“ Ere Charon yields, and bears their spirits o’er.”  
With pity mov’d, the good Æneas stood  
In mute amazement by the winding flood.  
Whelm’d ’neath the waves his Lycian friends invite  
Their chief’s regard, and ask the funeral rite; 440  
With Palinurus, who, oppress’d with sleep,  
Fell from the stern, and struggled with the deep.  
“ Say, Palinurus, say,” Æneas cried,  
“ What god o’erwhelm’d thee in the yawning tide.  
“ Phœbus, whose priests no voice delusive pour, 445  
“ Proclaim’d that thou shouldst reach Ausonia’s shore.”  
Then he: “ No false reply the Delian gave;  
“ No god o’erwhelm’d me in the foaming wave;  
“ By chance I fell,<sup>1</sup> and bore into the tide  
“ Firm clasp’d the rudder ’twas my task to guide: 450  
“ And by that salt and adverse sea I swear  
“ Thy safety only then engag’d my care;  
“ Care, lest the ship, its helm and pilot lost,  
“ Should yield on those white foaming waters tost.  
“ Three days I drifted on the billows’ crest, 455  
“ The fourth my eyes on distant Velia rest;  
“ Till by degrees I floated to the shore,  
“ Grasp’d a sharp rock, and deem’d all danger o’er.

<sup>1</sup> Some, by altering the stops, make this passage stand thus: “ Apollo deceived neither you nor me: a god pushed me over the side, and so I fell.” Others, retaining the stops, according to the text I have used, read, “ No god plunged me in the sea, it was Phorbus.” I prefer the interpretation I have suggested, that Palinurus in his drowsy dreaming state thought he fell by accident.



“ Vain was the thought: in hopes some spoil to gain,  
“ By the rude natives was the pilot slain. 460  
“ And now cold waves o’er Palinurus flow,  
“ Winds on the beach his murder’d body throw.  
“ To thee, O heaven-born chieftain, here I pray,  
“ By the clear air and genial light of day,  
“ By young Iulus, by Anchises, hear, 465  
“ And from these evils Palinurus bear.  
“ O, for thou canst, or seek the Veline strand,  
“ And on my body cast the funeral sand;  
“ Or, if thy mother’s skill divine hath shown  
“ Some secret spell, to heavenly wisdom known, 470  
“ (For not without the aid of gods, I ween,  
“ By thee these banks, this Stygian marsh is seen,)  
“ O stretch thy hand thy former friend to save,  
“ And bear him with thee o’er this hateful wave;  
“ At least in death, all toils, all troubles past, 475  
“ With happier spirits to repose at last.”

So the complaint of Palinurus ran,  
When in reply the sibyl thus began:  
“ Say, wouldst thou dare against the stern command  
“ Of hell’s grim gods to tread th’ Elysian strand? 480  
“ Hope not to bend those gods by mortal prayer,  
“ But with the sibyl’s words console thy care.  
“ The neighbouring tribes the wrath of heaven shall know,  
“ Constrain’d due honours to thy shade to show;  
“ Altars shall smoke with incense to thy praise, 485  
“ And solemn festivals thy glory raise;



“ While Palinurus,<sup>1</sup> with unchanging name,  
“ Throughout all ages shall the dead proclaim.”  
She ceas’d: the promise that the land should bear  
His name through future times consol’d his care. 490  
Soon as, advancing through the silent trees,  
The Trojan chief the surly boatman sees,  
Chiding he cries, “ Who here in arms appear?  
“ Why iron war through shadowy regions bear?  
“ Here sable night outspreads her gloomy wings,  
“ And drowsy sleep, her dull companion, brings. 496  
“ That Charon’s boat with earthly freight should swim,  
“ Great Dis forbids: and who contends with him?  
“ Much I repent me, that, beguil’d of yore,  
“ I ferried great Alcides from the shore: 500  
“ Theseus, Pirithous, unwelcome came,  
“ Though sprung from gods, and of unconquer’d fame.  
“ With impious hand Alcides dragg’d away  
“ The guard of hell, at Pluto’s feet that lay:  
“ Whilst these again, with greater daring, tried 505  
“ From the dread king to tear his trembling bride.”  
“ Be calm,” th’ Amphrysian<sup>2</sup> prophetess replies,  
“ No plots are ours, no arms terrific rise.  
“ For us hell’s guardian through eternal years  
“ May bark alarm to bloodless shadows’ ears: 510  
“ For us secure chaste Proserpine may sleep,  
“ And, uninvaded, Pluto’s threshold keep.

<sup>1</sup> A promontory so called.

<sup>2</sup> Apollo was called the Amphrysian shepherd, because, when banished from heaven by Jupiter, he kept the flocks of Admetus, king of Thessaly, by the river Amphrysus.



“ Trojan Æneas, whose unblemish'd fame  
“ Gives worth to valour, and enshrines his name,  
“ To these dark realms of Erebus has made 515  
“ This deep descent, to greet his father's shade.  
“ If filial love and pious duty fail,  
“ Nor may with thee, uncourteous god, prevail;  
“ Behold this branch, to which thy soul must yield :”

She rais'd her robe, and show'd the gold conceal'd. 520

Lull'd by the charm, his passion sank to rest,  
No more with fury heav'd stern Charon's breast;  
Long had he wish'd to see the branch, and now  
He gaz'd with wonder on the sacred bough.

The oars revers'd, with rapid motion turn 525

Back to the edge his vessel's dusky stern;  
Then straight the god ejects the shadowy throng,  
Rang'd the dark hatches' gloomy seats along,  
The benches clears, and, ere the bank he leaves,  
The great Æneas in the boat receives. 530

Slow on its way the fragile vessel goes,  
Through opening chinks the oozy water flows,  
The timbers groan, till on the further strand,  
'Mid the green weeds, the chief and sibyl stand.

His triple jaws extended, Cerberus lay, 535

Rous'd the still realms, and held the shades at bay.

Soon as the dog advancing forms descries,  
On his rough neck the hissing serpents rise;  
The Cuman priestess, with redoubled haste,  
Casts at his feet the medicated paste;<sup>1</sup> 540

<sup>1</sup> Of honey and poppy-seeds.



The shaggy guard the fragrant odour pleas'd,  
 Three gaping jaws the proffer'd morsel seiz'd;  
 His reeling limbs the potent drugs enslave,  
 He falls, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.  
 The guard asleep, Æneas pass'd the gate,  
 And held his way through Pluto's awful state.  
 Bold was his heart, which view'd without concern  
 "That bourne from whence no travellers return."

545

Soon<sup>1</sup> as their steps the gate of ghosts draw near,  
 Low wailing cries are murmur'd on the ear,  
 Of babes, that smil'd upon their mother's breast,  
 But, pining, wasted as her lips caress'd.

550

Next, they who guiltless life's sweet pleasures left,  
 By unjust sentence of that life bereft.

Minos, impartial, o'er the urn presides,

555

Reviews their sentence, and their fate decides;<sup>2</sup>

And, as the lot each shadowy name selects,

The trembling spirit to its seat directs.

Here, round the judge, a gloomy concourse stand,

Rash victims of their own impatient hand;<sup>3</sup>

560

<sup>1</sup> According to the doctrine of the Platonic philosophy, we are here first introduced to the spirits in purgatory, which are afterwards explained by Anchises to be suffering each his own expiatory punishment before admission into the Elysian fields. The wailing of the infants must be considered rather as the natural expression of infant weariness at being separated from their mothers' breasts, than as a cry arising from actual suffering. Next to them, in the mildest state of purgatorial discipline, are very properly placed those whose lives have been unjustly forfeited.

<sup>2</sup> I think this is the true interpretation of v. 431,

"Nec vero hæc sine sorte datæ, sine iudice, sedes."

Not even these positions in purgatory are assigned without a strict and impartial review of their earthly accusation and sentence.

<sup>3</sup> As Virgil, under the name of Iöpas, at the conclusion of the First Book,



Dull lour'd to them the cheerful light of day,  
 And life was thrown in sullen hour away. .  
 How long they now or in that light to bear  
 Grim pinching want, or hardest labour share !  
 But fate forbids, and Styx, whose hateful tide 565  
 Nine times circumfluent, turns bright hope aside.  
 Not far from hence, upon a mournful plain,  
 Souls of the sad, such name they bear, remain ;  
 In life, neglected love had bruis'd the heart,  
 And now they roam through myrtle groves apart. 570  
 Here Phædra<sup>1</sup> o'er her murder'd step-son griev'd,  
 With Procris<sup>2</sup> slain by Cephalus deceiv'd ;  
 Here Eriphyle<sup>3</sup> to the view display'd  
 The wounds Alcmaeon in his anger made ;  
 Laodamia,<sup>4</sup> in the cold embrace 575  
 Of her lov'd lord expiring, sought the place ;  
 Her strong affection fond Evadne<sup>5</sup> show'd ;  
 And still Pasiphaë<sup>6</sup> with passion low'd ;

is supposed to intend Lucretius, so here he is thought to have had in his mind the untimely death of that poet by his own hand, at Athens.—*Keble, in his Prelections.*

<sup>1</sup> The daughter of Minos, and wife of Theseus, who accused her step-son, Hippolytus, to his father, of attempts upon her person, and so caused him to be slain ; subsequently she hung herself in remorse.

<sup>2</sup> One day, as from motives of jealousy she approached her husband, Cephalus, asleep in the shade, he, supposing it was some wild animal, cast a javelin, and slew her.

<sup>3</sup> Through her treachery, her husband, Amphiaraus, was discovered by Polynices, and forced to accompany him to the Theban war, where he perished ; for which she was put to death by their son, Alcmaeon.

<sup>4</sup> Wife of Protesilaus, one of the first Græcian princes who fell before Troy. She obtained permission from the gods once to see her husband's spirit, and expired in its embrace.

<sup>5</sup> She burnt herself upon her husband's funeral pyre.

<sup>6</sup> Had been in life enamoured of a bull.



While Cænis<sup>1</sup> to her former shape returns,

And with a hero's fire no longer burns.

580

Here, too, still smarting from the wound of love,

Does Dido wander through the spacious grove ;

Her form half hid, as when the traveller sees

The rising crescent through o'ershading trees.

Æneas knows, and calls the mournful queen,

585

Love in his tones, and sorrow in his mien :

" True were the tidings, then, by rumour spread,

" That thou, O too confiding queen, wert dead.

" And I that death have caused : but here I swear,

" By the bright stars that hang in liquid air,

590

" By the just gods, in heavenly courts that reign,

" And by these realms, if faith in hell remain,

" Not without grief I left the Libyan strand,

" When Jove compell'd me by his stern command ;

" As now his will impels my feet to go

595

" Through Night's dark kingdoms, and the realms of woe ;

" Nor could I think, when I Italia sought,

" Such grief to thee those parting hours had brought.

" Stay, queen, by me still fondly lov'd, for why

" Should Dido's spirit from Æneas fly ?

600

" Stay, Dido, stay !—henceforth we meet no more,<sup>1</sup>

" In mortal shape, or on this shadowy shore."

<sup>1</sup> Obtained from Neptune the power of changing herself into a man, and fought against the Centaurs, but after death resumed her former sex. She is placed here as having been the victim of Neptune's forceful love.

<sup>2</sup> After death, the spirit of Æneas, as a warrior, would be placed in another part.



'Twas thus her soul to soothe Æneas tried,  
While she with stern regard the Trojan eyed.  
Loathing his sight, unmov'd behold her stand, 605  
Like the deaf rock upon a sea-lash'd strand.  
At length she turn'd, but still with hostile thought,  
And the deep shadow of the woodland sought,  
Where he who first her virgin love had gain'd  
Sigh'd with like care, and equal love retain'd. 610  
Keen was the grief that on Æneas prey'd,  
And sad his tears to injur'd Dido's shade.<sup>1</sup>

And now, their way resum'd, they reach the plain,  
Where earth's great chiefs in gloomy state remain.  
With Tydeus, at Parthenopæus' side, 615  
Adrastus stood, as when the siege<sup>2</sup> they tried;  
Pale was the Argive's noble shade, and told  
The stout resistance of the Thebans bold.  
Here stood the Trojans whom their friends had wept,  
And still the memory of their valour kept. 620  
Deep groans unbidden from Æneas rise,  
As the long train of warriors meets his eyes.  
Great Medon, and Thersilochus the brave,  
With Glaucus, whom the old Antenor gave,  
In the vain hope Troy's failing state to save. 625  
Idæus, fam'd or lance or car to guide,  
And Polybætēs, who would oft preside

<sup>1</sup> For some excellent remarks on the character of Æneas, as shown in his intercourse with Dido, the reader is referred to Professor Keble's 36th Pre-lection, vol. ii. pp. 724, 725.

<sup>2</sup> Of Thebes.



At Ceres' shrine: whilst rang'd on either hand  
A crowd of eager spirits gazing stand;  
And much they strive around the chief to press, 630  
Perplex'd the reason why he came to guess.  
But when the leaders of the Græcian host,  
Atrides' glory and Mycenæ's boast,  
Beheld the Dardan hero's waving plume  
And polish'd armour flashing in the gloom, 635  
Fear smote their hearts: part fled as when before  
They sought their vessels on the Phrygian shore;  
Part in a feeble voice of wonder cried,  
But in their throats the empty murmur died.  
Here stood Deïphobus, thy injur'd shade, 640  
A mangled corse by Menelaus made,  
Lopp'd of each hand; whilst, shorn of both its ears,  
A hideous mass the shapeless face appears.  
Trembling he gaz'd, and as he strove to hide  
His wretched form, the good Æneas cried: 645  
" Say, brave Deïphobus, what cruel foe  
" Mangled the fallen with a coward's blow?  
" On that last night, when Ilium sank in flame,  
" To me the tidings of thy valour came,  
" That thou, where lay of Greeks a slaughter'd heap, 650  
" Hadst, like a warrior, sought a warrior's sleep.  
" To thee a tomb on Rhætium's shore I made,  
" And thrice in accents loud invok'd thy shade.  
" Long shall the place, heroic chieftain, serve  
" Thy name to publish, and thine arms preserve. 655



“ And had thy body above earth been found,  
“ These hands had laid thee in thy country's ground.”  
“ Well has thy love all pious service paid  
“ Thy kinsman's corse,” replied the injur'd shade,  
“ But Troy's fair pest, conjoin'd with adverse fate, 660  
“ Left these dire monuments of Græcian hate.  
“ How our last night in revelry was spent,  
“ 'Twere vain to tell, and vainer to lament;  
“ How with the sounds of mirth our dwellings rang,  
“ When o'er our walls the fatal courser sprang, 665  
“ Pregnant with arms: then Helen wav'd the flame,<sup>1</sup>  
“ And Trojan matrons in wild orgies came.  
“ Drowsy within the bridal walls I lay,  
“ Worn with the cares and struggles of the day;  
“ Sweet was the quiet; and my slumber deep, 670  
“ As when death's image is portray'd in sleep.  
“ Corselet and sword, meanwhile, my famous bride<sup>2</sup>  
“ Conceal'd, or hurried from the slumberer's side,  
“ While Menelaus, through the open gate  
“ By her admitted, seal'd the doom of fate. 675  
“ For thus she thought her still fond lord to gain,  
“ And clear her memory from its former stain.  
“ In rush'd the band, and, shouting all the time,  
“ The stern Ulysses cheer'd them to the crime.  
“ Ye gods, like miseries to the Greeks repay, 680  
“ If pious lips may now for vengeance pray!

<sup>1</sup> Helen formed a procession as if in honour of Bacchus, and, waving the torch carried in those mysteries, gave a signal to the Greeks.

<sup>2</sup> After the death of Paris Helen married Deïphobus.



“ But say what chance may living warrior bring  
“ To these sad realms of Hades’ awful king.”

Now had Aurora, since the purple dawn,  
Climb’d heaven’s high arch, by roseate coursers borne, 685  
When thus the sibyl: “ Night with dusky plume

“ Descends, while we the day in vain consume.

“ Behold the spot, from whence on either side

“ Before our feet two different paths divide:

“ This to the right, ’neath Pluto’s brazen gate 690

“ Leads to the happy in their blissful state;

“ By that the steps to Tartarus’ depths descend,

“ Where earth-born crimes in penal tortures end.”

“ Thy wrath, dread priestess,” sighed the shade, “ restrain,

“ I turn to tread those silent plains again. 695

“ Do thou, the glory of our race, proceed,

“ Where the just gods have nobler fame decreed.”

He ceas’d, to fate resign’d, and as he ends,

His mournful steps to sunless regions bends.

But now Æneas turn’d his awe-struck eyes 700

Leftward, to where dark frowning turrets rise;

High on a rock the rugged city shows

The triple walls its murky depths enclose,

Round which fierce Phlegethon,<sup>1</sup> with torrent flame,

Roll’d rocks along, and thunder’d as it came. 705

<sup>1</sup> So Milton characterises the Phlegethon in enumerating the rivers of hell:—

“ Fierce Phlegethon,

“ Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.”

*Paradise Lost*, II. 578.



Vast is the gate, and mortal strength defies,  
Of solid adamant the pillars rise ;  
An iron tower looks down upon the plain,  
E'en heaven's artillery might roar in vain.<sup>1</sup>  
In bloody robe th' avenging Fury kept 710  
That gate by day, nor in the darkness slept.  
Groans of the damn'd burst forth from 'neath the ground,  
Where scorpion lashes through the gloom resound ;  
Whilst grating 'mid the horrors of the place,  
Loud clink the chains that captive limbs encase. 715  
Aghast the Dardan stood, and trembling said,  
" Why rise such wailings from the tortur'd dead ? "  
To whom his guide : " No pious foot may dare,  
" O chief renown'd, that gate of woe draw near ;  
" But when stern Hecate gave th' unwish'd for power,  
" To guard the forest on Avernus' shore, 721  
" To me each crime was in succession shown,  
" And all the punishments of hell made known ;  
" How Cretan Rhadamanthus holds his seat,  
" And hearing punishes earth's foul deceit. 725  
" Whate'er through life the crafty may suppress,  
" In hell their baseness guilty souls confess ;  
" Vain is the hope that earth-born crimes would hide,  
" When death has drawn the flimsy veil aside.  
" Tisiphone whirls round her vengeful thong, 730  
" With serpents girded, and affrights the throng ;

<sup>1</sup> Following the doctrine of Plato, the poet here allegorically represents the eternal nature of that punishment which awaits the wicked who have been consigned to this, the place of torment.



“ And as her hand the hissing scorpion shakes,  
“ Conscious of ill, each guilty spirit quakes.  
“ Loud o’er their moans the Fury’s voice you hear  
“ Her blood-stain’d sisters to the torture cheer.” 735  
Lo! with harsh thunder as the gates unfold,<sup>1</sup>  
Hoarse grating; “ Now may mortal eyes behold  
“ What monstrous form before the threshold lies,  
“ Hell’s hideous guard,” the breathless sibyl cries.  
“ There, where the pillars the dark porch enclose, 740  
“ Its fifty heads a fiercer, Hydra shows;  
“ Thence twice as deep the dread abyss sinks down,  
“ As hence the path to high Olympus’ crown.  
“ There groan within the lowest depths of hell  
“ The giant brood from upper air that fell, 745  
“ His fiery bolts when Jove all dreadful hurl’d,  
“ And to its poise restor’d th’ unbalanc’d world.  
“ There the twin brothers’ of gigantic size,  
“ The Aloïdæ, met my wondering eyes,  
“ Who strove the pure empyrean to attain, 750  
“ And hurl the Father from his ancient reign.  
“ Salmonæus there bewails in cruel guise  
“ His pride, which feign’d the thunder of the skies:

1 “ On a sudden open fly,  
“ With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,  
“ Th’ infernal doors; and on their hinges grate  
“ Harsh thunder.”—*Paradise Lost*, II. 879.

2 “ Sævior Hydra,” *i.e.* more fierce than the snake of Lerna, mentioned before, at the first entrance to the infernal regions.

3 Otus and Ephialtes, sons of Neptune by Iphimedia, the wife of Aloeus, the son of Titan and Terra.



- “ In godlike splendour borne upon his car,  
“ Bright gleam’d his waving torch and blaz’d afar ; 755  
“ O’er arch of brass he lash’d the trampling steed,  
“ To match, vain thought ! the lightning’s matchless speed.  
“ His harness’d steeds with lordly prancings trod,  
“ And wondering crowds ador’d the royal god.  
“ While Elis’ cities with the echo ring, 760  
“ Great Jove confounds the madness of the king ;  
“ On high the Sire his flaming symbol whirl’d,  
“ (No smoky torch like that Salmonæus hurl’d,)  
“ Rent the thick cloud, the fiery vengeance sped,  
“ Scorch’d up his bolt, and struck the thunderer dead.  
“ There too I saw gigantic Tityon lie, 766  
“ From Terra sprung, who vainly sought to die ;  
“ O’er nine wide acres was his body spread,  
“ Here stretch’d his feet, and languish’d there his head.  
“ Perch’d on his giant breast is seen to dwell, 770  
“ Whetting its crooked beak, the bird of hell ;  
“ Throughout all time with fierce and greedy joy  
“ The vulture feasts, nor does the banquet cloy ;  
“ Fruitful of pains his liver never dies,  
“ And still the feast the growing flesh supplies. 775  
“ Who of the lawless Lapithæ shall tell,  
“ Or on Pirithous and Ixion dwell ?  
“ A rock above them vibrates in the air,  
“ And hangs now falling by a single hair.  
“ Gilded supports invite the weary head, 780  
“ Heap’d with rich viands is the banquet spread :



“ Checking the hand the hungry wretch extends,  
“ O’er the full board the eldest Fury bends,  
“ High above all her fiery scorpions rears,  
“ And thunders words of chiding in their ears. 785  
“ Brothers <sup>1</sup> who brothers in their earthly state  
“ Defied with fierceness, or pursued with hate;  
“ Who little reverence for their parents knew;  
“ Who round a friend <sup>2</sup> the web of cunning threw;  
“ Who, what for all the God of all affords, 790  
“ Or wastes on self,<sup>3</sup> or still more selfish hoards;  
“ Who by a husband’s jealous hand had bled;  
“ Who plundering hosts to unjust conquest led;  
“ Who gave the pledge of faith, then broke the vow:  
“ All these guilt’s fit return are waiting now. 795  
“ Nor further seek their punishment to know,  
“ Nor what their miseries in the realms below.  
“ Some bound upon the ever-whirling wheel,  
“ Lash’d to the spokes eternal torture feel;  
“ Some panting heave the rugged rock amain, 800  
“ The rugged rock rolls thundering back again;

<sup>1</sup> Having disposed of those who for blasphemy and rebellion against heaven are suffering the most terrible and signal punishments, the scene now changes to others in the same hopeless regions of the lowest hell, who, having been guilty on earth of the worst and basest crimes against their fellow-men, were now to suffer the severity of pœnal, but, perhaps, (from the expression, “*Inclusi pœnam expectant*,”) not yet, in all cases, finally adjudicated retribution.

<sup>2</sup> Strictly speaking, a friend in an inferior station of life, called by the Latins a Client, who trusted to his Patron for support, and whose connexion was considered sacred by the Roman law: *Patronus, si clienti fraudem fecerit, sacer esto*.

<sup>3</sup> In the text, “who gives no portion to his own;” and so in Scripture, “If any provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel.”



“ The wretched Theseus pours his ceaseless moan,  
“ And thousand ages still shall hear the groan ;  
“ While Phlegyas <sup>1</sup> there 'mid fiercest torments cries,  
“ No temple violate, no god despise. 805  
“ That soul perverted justice stain'd with guilt,  
“ And blood of citizens unfairly spilt,  
“ Bribes from some tyrant's loathsome hand receiv'd,  
“ His country sold, her confidence deceiv'd ;  
“ And this, in violence to nature's law, 810  
“ With lustful eyes a daughter's beauty saw ;  
“ All these, to crimes of darkest dye inclin'd,  
“ Work'd out the base corruptions of their mind.  
“ But though I own'd a hundred iron tongues,  
“ A hundred mouths, and adamantine lungs, 815  
“ Vain were the effort to assign a place  
“ To every crime, and every torture trace.”

Thus ran the awful virgin's speech, and then  
She urg'd Æneas on to speed again.

“ Lo! there the iron walls of Pluto stand, 820  
“ Forg'd in their furnace by the Cyclops' hand ;  
“ With gates that swing beneath the lofty arch,  
“ Which fronts our footsteps on their onward march ;  
“ This gate, so runs the fates' decree, receives  
“ The bough that glitters with the golden leaves.” 825

Onward they speed, and with approving fate  
The leaflet glitters on the iron gate.

<sup>1</sup> He had attempted to set fire to the temple of Apollo. It will be observed that his crime, as well as that of Theseus, was not an act of direct rebellion against the authority of the king of heaven, as was the conduct of those who were particularized before.



This done, their offering to the goddess made,  
They reach the groves that wave with blissful shade ;  
Where happy souls, releas'd from earthly care, 830  
To verdant lawns, and bless'd retreats repair.  
In lucid arch the ambient air outspread  
Glow with rich light, and gilds the hero's head ;  
Bright is the sun that rules their cloudless day,  
Bright shines their evening star with silver ray. 835  
Some the glad day in friendly contests pass,  
Free from all envy, on the velvet grass ;  
Some sing glad strains of choral praise, and meet  
In tuneful measure with harmonious feet.  
The Thracian minstrel stands amidst the throng— 840  
He strikes—the strings sweet warbling notes prolong ;  
With ivory bow commands the vocal<sup>1</sup> lyre,  
And sweeps the chords with all a master's fire.  
Warriors, high soul'd, in better ages born,  
Great Teucer's noble race, these plains adorn, 845  
Which Ilus and Assaracus enjoy,  
With Dardanus, first king of wealthy Troy.  
Far off Æneas sees their arms, and there  
The empty chariots of the chiefs appear ;  
Their spears stand fix'd,<sup>2</sup> though these no more they need,  
And through the lawns the steeds unharness'd feed. 851

<sup>1</sup> "Obloquitar ;" the notes expressing tones almost as distinctly as the human voice.

<sup>2</sup> The shaft of the spear was shod at the lower end with an iron or bronze spike, by which the spear was fixed erect in the ground.



As when alive the chariots pleas'd their sight,  
 The glossy coursers, and the armour bright,  
 So now upon Elysium's happy plain,  
 Like tastes they follow, like pursuits remain. 855  
 Glad pæans singing, rest on either hand,  
 'Mid fragrant laurels, an illustrious band;  
 Where springs Eridanus, and through the grove  
 Rolls with full stream, and seeks the realms above:<sup>1</sup>  
 Patriots who nobly for their country bled; 860  
 Priests who a life of pure devotion led;  
 Poets who Phœbus' sacred precincts trod,  
 Tuneful in numbers, worthy of the god;  
 Who useful arts for social life design'd;  
 Who, earning, gain'd the love of all mankind: 865  
 These<sup>2</sup> in Elysium's brightest spot are found,  
 Their brows with white and glistening fillets bound.  
 With all she talk'd, but with Musæus most,  
 Round whom in numbers crowd the phantom host:  
 High o'er the rest the tuneful shade is seen, 870  
 With aspect gentle, but with noble mien;

<sup>1</sup> As I am writing principally for the English reader, it is unnecessary to bring forward the reasons why, in the interpretation of this passage and the word "supernè," I have adopted the rendering of Servius. Professor Keble, who in his Prelections has enlarged upon the additional beauty which Virgil has given to his pictures by the judicious introduction of proper names, reminds us that the Eridannus is here particularized, because on its banks the poet had often wandered, and there his fancy loved to dwell.

<sup>2</sup> No mean lesson for the happier guidance of life might be learned from comparing these characters with those whom we have before seen consigned to the place of torture, because they *failed* in their *duties* to their *fellow-creatures*.



Sweet was his song, though fram'd in early days,  
And all the spirits breath'd their airy praise.

“Do ye, bright shades, and thou, sweet minstrel, tell,  
“Where dwells Anchises 'midst the bless'd in hell.” 875

To whom the bard: “O'er verdant lawns we roam,

“And every grove affords a peaceful home;

“A spacious hall the flowery mead supplies,

“And mossy banks for softest couches rise.”

Then from a height he shows the shining plain, 880

And points the path by which the vale they gain.

Lo! then within that valley's cool retreat

The good Anchises held his wonted seat,

Scanning with curious eye the souls that wait

Again their summons to the earthly state. 885

With the first names the musing shade began,

Then through a list of noble warriors ran:

To his prophetic mind their line succeeds,

Their race, fate, fortunes, manners, conduct, deeds.

Dissolv'd in tears of joy the father stands, 890

And tow'rds his son extends his shadowy hands;

Then thus he speaks: “'Tis sweet for me to know

“The filial love thy toils surmounted show.

“'Tis sweet those well known features to behold,

“And hear thy accents heard and lov'd of old. 895

“E'en now I deem'd thy steps descending near;

“Thy footsteps answering to my dreams appear.

“Say, through what regions borne, what dangers past,

“Thou com'st to meet thy father's shade at last.



“ How much I fear’d seductive Libya’s joy . 900

“ Might mar thy prospects, and all hope destroy.”

“ ’Twas thy sad image, which would oft appear

“ In loneliest hours, that drew my footsteps here,”

Æneas said ; “ e’en now our vessels ride

“ On the still bosom of the Tuscan tide. 905

“ O let these arms thy form encircling clasp,

“ Nor turn, blest shade, from fond affection’s grasp.”

Thrice the vain effort to embrace was made,

And thrice dissolv’d the visionary shade ;

Like some light breeze impalpable that sighs, 910

Or winged dream that in conception dies.

Meanwhile, Æneas in a valley sees,

Where gentle whispers murmur through the trees,

And Lethe’s stream winds round their peaceful home,

Light shades of countless tribes and numbers roam ; 915

As when the bees on some bright summer’s day

Through verdant meads and flowery odours stray,

Or deep within the snow-white lilies dive,

Till the plain echoes with the buzzing hive.

Much was the chieftain at the sight amaz’d, 920

The cause demanding as he wondering gaz’d :

“ What stream is that so silent glides along,—

“ Why on its margin flits yon shadowy throng ? ”

To whom his sire : “ These are great souls that wait

“ Again their summons to the earthly state ; 925

“ And here deep draughts they drink from Lethe’s stream,

“ Whence all that’s past may but a vision seem.



" E'en now I wish'd before your eyes to place

" These future heroes of the Dardan race ;

" So shall Ausonia's harbour reach'd at last

930

" Seem full reward for toils and dangers past."

" Shall hence great spirits seek the light of day,

" Again to dwell in tenements of clay ? "

Æneas ask'd ; " can these in truth, O sire,

" The dull constraint of mortal life desire ? "

935

Anchises then : " Such doubts no longer raise,

" But mark the secrets that the shade displays.

" Through all the mighty scene that meets the eye,

" Earth's wondrous frame, the still more wondrous sky,

" The liquid plains of the cœrulean deep,

940

" The moon and stars that nightly vigil keep,

" Through all pervades one universal soul,

" The great First Cause that animates the whole.

" Thence birds that tuneful through the still air glide,

" Thence the mute fish that parts the silver tide,

945

" Thence beasts that graze the plain, derive their birth,

" And man that walks and reasons on the earth.

" The principle of life in all the same,<sup>1</sup>

" The subtle influence of th' ethereal flame ;

" But the dull body which that life contains,

950

" Weighs down the spirit with its fleshly chains.

1

" His omnipresence fills

" Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,

" Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd."

*Paradise Lost*, XI. 334.

The English reader will also call to mind the forcible and beautiful lines in Pope's first Essay on Man, (v. 259,) in which the same thought is enlarged.



" The marks of various passions hence appear ;  
 " Men grieve, rejoice, now covet, and now fear ;  
 " And bound in that dark tenement of clay  
 " Look not to regions of more glorious day. 955  
 " Nay, when the earth they quit, e'en then the stain  
 " Of earthly guilt will in the soul remain,  
 " And the foul taint of some defiling sin  
 " Retains its painful gloomy hold within.  
 " And hence the gods fit penalties prepare 960  
 " For crimes engender'd in the upper air :  
 " Some in the blast their expiation find,  
 " Cleans'd by the free and purifying wind ;  
 " Some in the wave that constant o'er them flows ;  
 " Whilst the hot flame burns out the stain of those. 965  
 " Each bears his torment,<sup>1</sup> till revolving years  
 " Wipe out all guilt, all weakness disappears,  
 " And the free soul, unclogg'd by brute desire,  
 " Shines the pure symbol of ethereal fire:  
 " And bless'd are they, by gods receiv'd, who gain 970  
 " These blissful mansions on Elysium's plain.  
 " Then when a thousand years have pass'd below,  
 " Fate calls the rest where Lethe's waters flow ;  
 " That draught blots out of former ills the trace,  
 " And each stands ready for his earthly race." <sup>2</sup> 975

<sup>1</sup> More properly "tormentor," some avenging daemon, or his own guilty conscience. Through this milder state of purgatorial discipline even the good passed ; the most eminent of whom remained permanently in Elysium, as Anchises himself ; the rest returned to earth again.

" A slow and silent stream,  
 " Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls



Straight to the centre of the shadowy throng  
He led the sibyl and the chief along,  
And from the summit of a rising ground  
Describ'd each spirit as it murmur'd round.  
“ Behold the chiefs renown'd of deathless fame,  
“ The mighty heroes of our Dardan name:  
“ All these bright crowns of civic glory wait,  
“ Or martial splendour, and enshrine thy fate.  
“ That youth who leans upon his burnish'd spear,  
“ To light restor'd must first on earth appear;  
“ Italia's blood flows mingled in his veins,  
“ And in the son the father's soul remains.  
“ To thee immortal<sup>1</sup> him Lavinia bears,  
“ (Silvius, his name, his sylvan birth declares,)  
“ In after years the boy shall reign a king,  
“ And from his loins shall future princes spring;  
“ Of Alban origin, from him our race  
“ Shall long the throne of rising Alba grace.  
“ Procus the fam'd, and Numitor, are near,  
“ Capys, and Sylvius,<sup>2</sup> who thy name shall bear,  
“ Like thee in piety and arms renown'd,  
“ Though late the king of Alba Longa crown'd.

980

985

990

995

“ Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
“ Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
“ Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.”

*Paradise Lost. II. 573.*

<sup>1</sup> Whether Silvius was born after the death of Æneas, as I have translated the passage, or whether Virgil only means that he was born to Æneas in his old age, is difficult to determine.

<sup>2</sup> Æneas Sylvius, unjustly deprived of the throne till late in life.



" What noble front those youthful heroes show,  
 " 'To aid the weak, to crush the haughty foe!  
 " Their brows fresh wreaths of civic oak<sup>1</sup> confine,      1000  
 " And they the founders of great cities shine.  
 " Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenæ bright,  
 " Collatium frowning from its mountain height,  
 " Pometiis' walls 'midst marshy vapours damp,  
 " Bola, and Coræ, and the Inuan camp;      1005  
 " Though now but wild neglected spots of earth,  
 " Shall date from these, and own their Dardan birth.  
 " Nay more, shall Mars' true son adorn the line,  
 " Whose blood unites, Assaracus, with thine;  
 " Ilia shall bear him to avenge her sire,<sup>2</sup>      1010  
 " And Romulus shall burn with noblest ire.  
 " See the twin crest upon his helmet nod,  
 " And Jove himself receive him as a god.  
 " From him shall Rome, advanc'd to high renown,  
 " Seven lofty hills with bristling turrets crown;      1015  
 " And while the sons that from her bosom spring,  
 " Increasing glory to their country bring,  
 " By earth alone shall be her empire bound,  
 " In heaven the image of her greatness found.  
 " Majestic, as when Berecynthia takes      1020  
 " Her crown of towers, and joyful progress makes  
 " Through Phrygia's towns, and folds in her embrace  
 " A hundred sons, and all of heavenly race.

<sup>1</sup> Servius tells us that wreaths of the oak were chosen for those who saved the life of a Roman citizen, because by the fruit of the oak the life of man was in the earliest times supported.

<sup>2</sup> Numitor, who had been driven from his throne by his brother Amulius.



“ Now turn thy gaze, and fix intent thine eyes,  
“ Where thine own Romans in the distance rise. 1025  
“ Here to the light the godlike Cæsar springs,  
“ The great first founder of a race of kings.  
“ Behold the prince in yonder shade appears,  
“ Foretold so often to thy wondering ears,  
“ Cæsar Augustus, in his sire divine,<sup>1</sup> 1030  
“ In whom again the golden age shall shine ;  
“ His righteous sway exalts fair Latium’s plain,  
“ The blissful seat of ancient Saturn’s reign.  
“ Further than Indus shall his rule extend,  
“ Nor with the distant Garamantæ end ; 1035  
“ Beyond the pathway where the glorious sun  
“ From age to age his annual course hath run ;  
“ Where, upon Atlas’ giant shoulder turns,  
“ The pole that bright with flaming planets burns.  
“ Already Caspia’s kings foresee their fall, 1040  
“ And ancient legends to their memory call ;  
“ Amidst her snows Mæotia hears his fame,  
“ And Nile’s seven channels tremble at his name.  
“ Not through more countries did Alcides go,  
“ When the dire Lerna trembled at his bow ; 1045  
“ Through Erymanthus’ woods when fled the boar,  
“ And brazen-footed stag on Elis’ shore.  
“ Nor he who harness’d tigers to his car,  
“ And wreath’d a vine-branch round the reins of war ;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the deification of Julius Cæsar, the adoptive father of Augustus, who hence bears in ancient inscriptions the title of Divi Filius.



- " Who over Nysa's<sup>1</sup> heights triumphant rov'd, 1050  
 " And men the planter of the vineyard lov'd.  
 " And ask we still how valour lifts her head,  
 " How virtue's name by virtue's deeds is spread?  
 " Or, by the chains of craven terror bound,  
 " Doubt we our triumphs on Ausonian ground? 1055  
 " What prince is that the sacred vessels bears,  
 " And peaceful wreaths on brow majestic wears?<sup>2</sup>  
 " The hoary locks, the silvery beard I see,  
 " By mild restraint shall set the people free;  
 " He Cures' humble state unmov'd shall leave, 1060  
 " The sovereign power at Roman hands receive,  
 " From founts of heavenly teaching wisdom draw,  
 " And fence his citizens with social law.  
 " Tullus Hostilius to the throne succeeds,  
 " Who to the field his country's cohorts leads, 1065  
 " Dissolves the slumbers on her lids that lie,  
 " Bids the sword glitter, and the eagle fly.  
 " Next him in order, Ancus Martius reigns,  
 " Too prone to court the favour which he gains.  
 " Or would you see, where Tarquin's haughty soul 1070  
 " Yields to the storm, e'en kings may not control,  
 " Pursued by Brutus, whose avenging ire  
 " Impels the patriot, but forgets the sire.

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the triumphant expedition of Bacchus through India. There are several towns of the name of Nysa sacred to this god. The one in India, where he was brought up, is here probably intended; from it he received the surname of Dionysius; the son of Jove, Διός, educated at Nysa.

<sup>2</sup> Numa Pompilius, who died upwards of fourscore years old, having reigned more than half that period.



“ The axe his courage to the people brought,  
“ First in his son its erring victim sought: 1075  
“ So vast the sacrifice for freedom made,  
“ Such costly price the early Roman paid!  
“ Ill-fated father! whom, in after time,  
“ Some laud for virtue, some accuse of crime,  
“ Well did thy spirit then the anguish bear, 1080  
“ To free thy country, and her glories share.  
“ Behold the Decii,<sup>1</sup> with their triple fame;  
“ And Drusi<sup>2</sup> glorying in their foreign name.  
“ Torquatus<sup>3</sup> there his Gallic collar wears,  
“ His stern right hand the fatal fasces bears: 1085  
“ And there Camillus,<sup>4</sup> in triumphant car,  
“ Brings back Rome’s standards, and restores the war.  
“ Behold those shades<sup>5</sup> that in like armour shine,  
“ Their country one, and one their kindred line.  
“ Let these to earth from Night’s dark womb return,  
“ And mark their souls with rival fury burn. 1091  
“ From Alp’s rude mountains, and Monacus’ height  
“ The sire descending, dares the son to fight,

<sup>1</sup> Three of this family, at different periods, devoted themselves for their country.

<sup>2</sup> Taken from Drususa, leader of the Gauls, slain by one of the family.

<sup>3</sup> He received his surname from “torquis,” the collar which he stripped from a gigantic Gaul, slain in single combat. He also commanded his own son to be put to death for engaging the enemy, though successfully, contrary to orders.

<sup>4</sup> He had been banished, but, when the Romans had suffered a severe defeat from the Gauls, they recalled him; and, appointed dictator, he restored victory to the Roman arms.

<sup>5</sup> Cæsar, and Pompey, his son-in-law.



- " Whose marshall'd legions on the plain display  
 " Their gorgeous<sup>1</sup> arms in disciplin'd array. 1095  
 " O, let not rage to deeds so dire proceed,  
 " Nor, Roman, on thy country's life-blood feed!  
 " Do thou, my son,<sup>2</sup> more heavenly virtues show,  
 " And, nobly yielding, civil strife forego.  
 " Triumphant this<sup>3</sup> the capitol ascends, 1100  
 " When haughty Corinth to the victor bends;  
 " This Argos vanquishes, which Troy o'erthrew,  
 " And slays the sons whose sires the Dardans slew.  
 " Subdu'd a new Æacides<sup>4</sup> shall lie,  
 " And fierce Achilles in his children die; 1105  
 " Pallas confess her deity appeas'd,  
 " And with the offering Hector's shade be pleas'd.  
 " Who would not Cato's godlike virtue sing,  
 " And him<sup>5</sup> who triumph'd over Veii's king?  
 " What tongue that would not of the Scipios boast, 1110  
 " Twin thunderbolts to fall on Libya's coast?  
 " Or shall the Gracchi's name remain untold,  
 " With good Fabricius, unsubdu'd by gold?  
 " Or great Serranus,<sup>6</sup> who, from humbler toil,  
 " Replumes Rome's eagle, and divides the spoil? 1115

<sup>1</sup> Pompey's troops were collected chiefly from the East.

<sup>2</sup> In these two lines Anchises addresses the shade that is to be Julius Cæsar.

<sup>3</sup> L. Mummius, who triumphed over Achaia, and razed the city of Corinth.

<sup>4</sup> Argos is placed for Greece generally. Perseus, king of Macedonia, was led in triumph by Paulus Æmilius, who thus broke finally the power of Greece. Perseus is called the son of Æacus, in Propertius:

" Et Persen proavi simultantem pectus Achillis."

<sup>5</sup> Cornelius Cossus, the second who won the Spolia Opima since the founding of Rome.

<sup>6</sup> Quinctius Cincinnatus, surnamed Serranus.



“ Why on my vision do the Fabii throng,  
“ Forcing my voice, already weak, along?  
“ And thou,<sup>1</sup> the greatest, who, by wise delays,  
“ Shalt check proud Carthage, and thy country raise?  
“ Others, perchance, with more creative art, 1120  
“ May make the marble into being start,  
“ Or warmer life to molten brass impart;  
“ With eloquence defend or mar the laws,  
“ Amid the thunders of a crowd’s applause;  
“ On the wide sphere the heavenly bodies trace, 1125  
“ And watch the planets through unbounded space.  
“ Be thine the art, O Rome, the nobler skill,  
“ Mankind to bend to thy majestic will;  
“ With gentler sway disperse the gifts of peace,  
“ To the mild captive bid the conqueror cease: 1130  
“ Oppos’d, awake with valour’s sterner soul,  
“ War to the proud, and to the world control.”  
He paus’d, then added to their wondering ears,  
“ Behold, who,<sup>2</sup> cloth’d with warlike fame, appears;  
“ Proud is the step with which the conqueror goes, 1135  
“ High rais’d o’er all his martial figure shows:  
“ His fiery steed tumultuous ranks withstands,  
“ And quail before him Afric’s humbled bands;  
“ Beneath him Gaul’s redoubted leader falls,  
“ And the rich spoil adorns the temple’s walls.”<sup>3</sup> 1140

<sup>1</sup> Quinctius Fabius Maximus, who broke the power of Annibal by his wise conduct of the war in refusing to give him battle.

<sup>2</sup> Claudius Marcellus, who slew with his own hand Viridomarus, general of the Gauls.

<sup>3</sup> The Spolia Opima were placed in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius.



To whom Æneas:—for his eye was bent  
On one who with the great Marcellus went;  
A boy, whose lustrous beauty charm'd the sight,  
His carriage graceful, and his armour bright;  
Yet youth and grief had there familiar grown, 1145

“And melancholy mark'd him for her own:”—  
“What youth is that the hero's steps attends?  
“His son, or one who from that son descends?  
“How strong his likeness to the elder shows!  
“How crowd the young around him as he goes! 1150  
“Yet o'er his form a gloomy pall is spread,  
“And night's dark shadow settles on his head.”

To whom his sire, while tears his anguish show:  
“Seek not your people's deeper griefs to know;  
“His youth to man shall envious fate display, 1155  
“To shine, and pass like meteor light away.  
“Too vast the height imperial Rome might gain,  
“Should such pure virtue as her own remain:  
“And ye, O gods, who gave the gift to man,  
“Perchance with envy would her greatness scan. 1160  
“What wails of sorrow from the Campus rise,  
“Where cries of multitudes invade the skies!  
“What funeral pomp deforms the Tyber's side,  
“Past the fresh tomb where mournful waters glide!  
“No youth again of Dardan blood shall raise 1165  
“In Roman hearts such hopes of godlike praise,  
“The land of Romulus no more aspire  
“Such son to hail, or sprung from such a sire.



“ O for that piety, that faith so bright,  
“ That arm that ne’er had yielded in the fight, 1170  
“ Whether on foot he led his country’s ranks,  
“ Or dash’d the metal in his charger’s flanks !  
“ Ah, hapless youth ! canst thou but fate’s decree  
“ Prevail to turn, thou shalt Marcellus<sup>1</sup> be.  
“ White lilies here, funereal offerings, bring, 1175  
“ And purple roses of the breathing spring :  
“ The fading flower may fond affection prove,  
“ Though frail memorial of undying love.”

’Tis thus, Anchises leading, they survey  
Those airy realms of unsubstantial day ; 1180  
Then, when his lips had told each shadow’s name,  
And rous’d Æneas with the hopes of fame,  
Before his eyes his words prophetic bring  
The Latian people, and Laurentum’s king ;  
What wars the settlers on their coast must wage, 1185  
What toils endure, and with what tribes engage.

Two gates there are : transparent one with horn,  
The next the ivory’s polish’d bars adorn ;  
Through that true visions wander forth to earth,  
False dreams fantastic hence derive their birth ; 1190  
And through the last Anchises sent the pair,  
His words complete, to seek the upper air.

<sup>1</sup> At the pronouncing of this name, which Virgil, with delicate art, had never introduced through the whole of this, one of the finest passages of the whole Æneid, Octavia, the sister of Augustus, and mother of the young Marcellus, swooned away. The Emperor presented to the poet ten Sestertia (each Sestertia was equivalent to a thousand Sesterces, about £8) for every line.



Æneas turns, his anxious friends to meet,  
Then to Caieta's harbour steers his fleet:  
The anchor from the prow the sailor heaves, ·  
The sandy shore the lofty stern receives.

1195



END OF VOL. I.

Bayerische  
Staatsbibliothek  
München





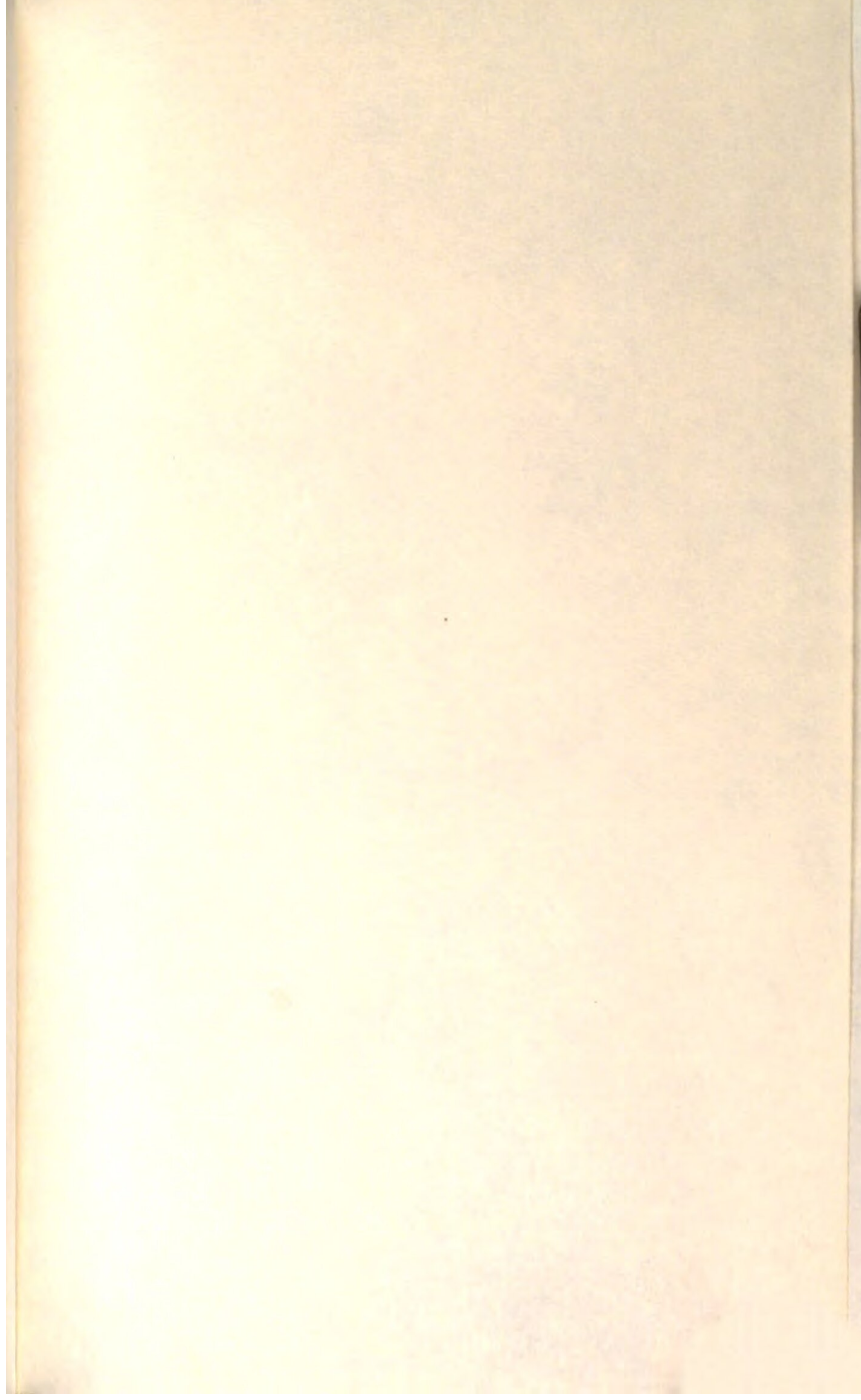




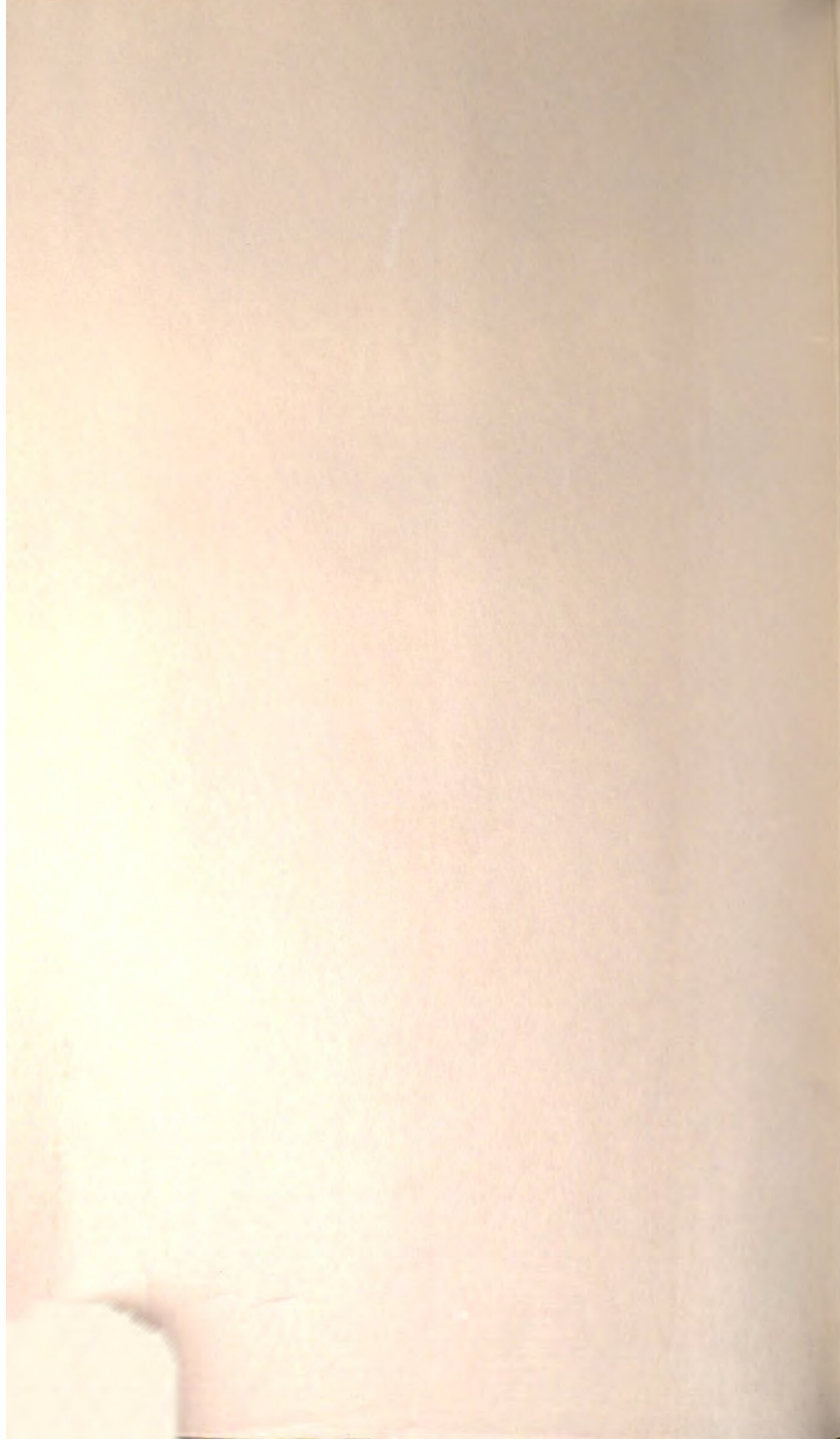






















Vergilius Maro, Publius,

The Aeneid of Virgil, translated into English verse By J(ohn) M(yers) King.  
In 2 vol

Bd.: 1

London 1847

A.lat.a. 2612 u-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10243589-4